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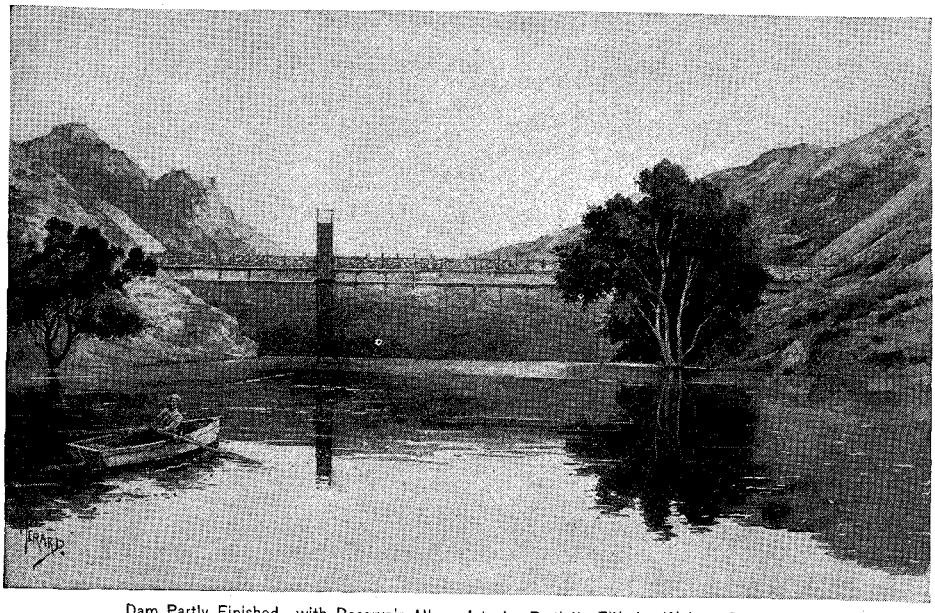

Dam Partly Finished—with Reservoir Allowed to be Partially Filled. Walnut Grove, Ariz.

WATER-STORAGE IN THE WEST.

By Walter Gillette Bates.

FOR various purposes, scientific and historical, we find writers treating of the United States under the three great divisions of the Eastern Highlands, the Central Plain, and the Western Plateau. This rough natural division is also useful from an agricultural stand-point. These three sections show certain general differences in climate, in the lay of the land, in the fertility of the soil, in the presence or absence of forests, and in the water-supply, which, in turn, lead to a marked diversity in crops, in the size of farms, and in the methods of working them.

Take, for instance, the problem of the water-supply, which is probably, little as Eastern farmers realize it, the most important factor in agriculture. Along the Atlantic coast there is an abundance, in some places an over-abundance, of rain. Heavy snows fall in winter, and are retained by the forests covering the hills. The streams do not run dry in summer, and a drought of a month is a rare occurrence.

In the Mississippi Plain the rainfall is in most places lighter. The smaller streams at times dry up in summer, and a drought of over a month is not uncommon. Still, the lack of rain has never yet caused a failure of crops over any extended area.

As we approach the one-hundredth

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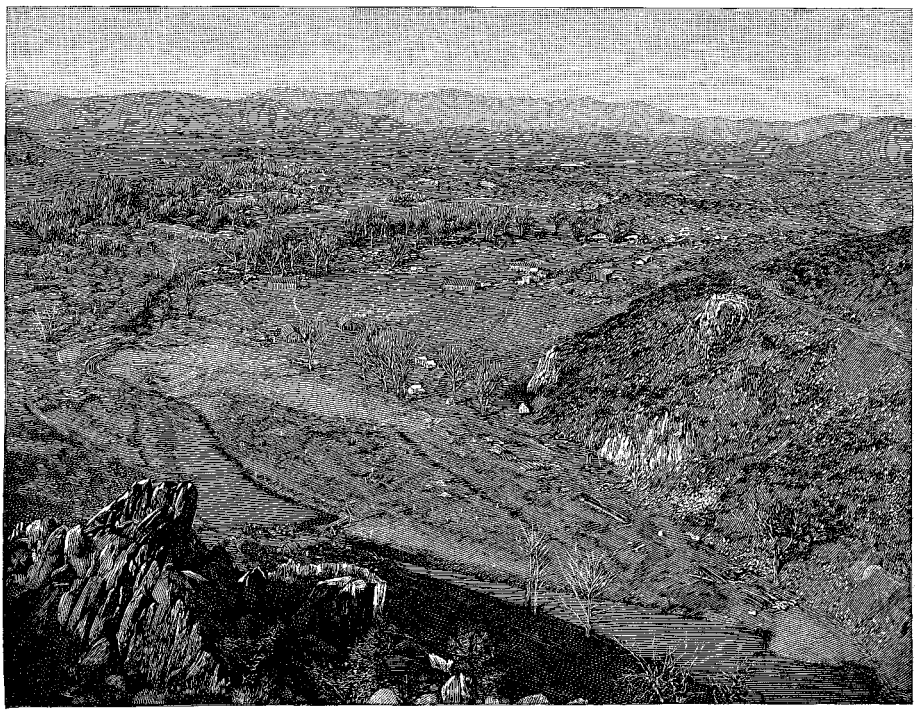

View of Lake Basin, Walnut Grove, Ariz., Before Building of Dam.

meridian, however, we discover a new phase of the water-supply. The one-hundredth meridian cuts into two parts Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Indian Territory, and Texas. Somewhere in the western half of these States there runs an irregular, shifting line, across which the unaided natural rainfall is not sufficient to raise a crop every year. To the west of this line lie about one million two hundred thousand square miles of land, over two-fifths of the entire United States. Of course, this vast territory is not all arid. One block of magnificent land, including northern California, western Oregon and Washington, has an ample rainfall. And scattered everywhere, on rich bottom-lands close to rivers, on high *mesas* partly covered with forests, or in narrow mountain-valleys, lie many farms which depend for water on the rainfall and the natural humidity of the soil.

Nevertheless this great territory is properly called the arid region of the United States. The annual rainfall is not only small, ranging from about twenty inches in the north to a little over two inches in southwestern Arizona, but is exceedingly variable. Signal-service reports that show a rainfall of forty inches in one year will show perhaps not more than ten inches the following year. The greater part of the rain falls at one time, in the winter, when it cannot be used. A large portion of the country is overdrained. The streams do not flow on the surface of the ground, but have cut their way deep into the bed-rock—in the case of some of the larger rivers, like the Colorado, thousands of feet. The country is completely overlaid with a net-work of these artificial drains. Whenever a heavy rain happens to fall in summer the water at once rushes off the thin soil into these washes or cañons, which for a few hours or days are raging torrents, but before a week is past are entirely dry. The water that has fallen, perhaps several inches, has disappeared without doing the slightest good to the soil. In the Southwest, where the streams flow through sandy rather than rocky beds, many of them reverse the natural conditions, being largest at their source and gradually dwindling to noth-

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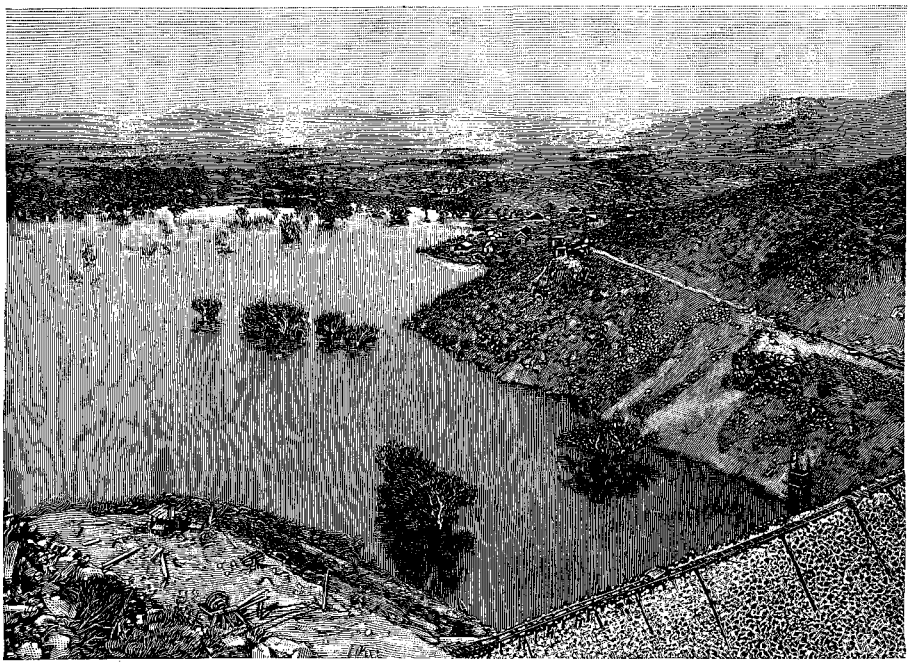

Walnut Grove, after Partial Filling of the Artificial Lake.

ing as they sink beneath the sand. In short, the rainfall of the arid region is not only small and variable but it comes at unseasonable times and drains away almost as soon as it falls.

Until very recently the people of the United States have not been much interested in this section, from an agricultural stand-point. Up to this time there has been an abundance of good land unoccupied in the Mississippi Valley. The far West has been the land of mines and ranches—a desert terrible in its vastness and barrenness. But nearly all the good farming-land of the Central Plain has now been taken up. The Dakotas, which have been receiving and absorbing the mass of immigrants since the lands of Nebraska, Kansas, and Minnesota have been appropriated, are now well-settled States. When Oklahoma was recently opened, twice as many settlers stood ready as there was land for them to occupy. Still the great stream of European immigration rolls in upon us. The Eastern States still send their young men west. Where are all these new farmers to find the farms to work? In their search for them they are making their way into every part of the Western Plateau. They are at last, by necessity, forced to turn to the arid region, hitherto unthought of as a field for agriculture.

As these pioneers press on into this unknown land, they find the common picture of it misleading. They find that, if the country be a desert, it is so only from lack of water and not from the sterility of the soil. Wherever water is found in sufficient quantity, they see crops in nowise inferior to the best grown in the Eastern or Central States. In the Southwest they find many productions which cannot be grown anywhere else in the country. Most important of all, they find that the rainfall, though small, is almost everywhere sufficient for farming, if it did not mass itself in unfavorable times of the year and disappear so rapidly.

The problem is so to regulate, increase, or store this small water-supply as to make fruitful this rich but idle soil. It is a problem full of interest to every farmer in the great West, but, on a larger scale, a problem of the utmost moment to the whole United States, if not to the

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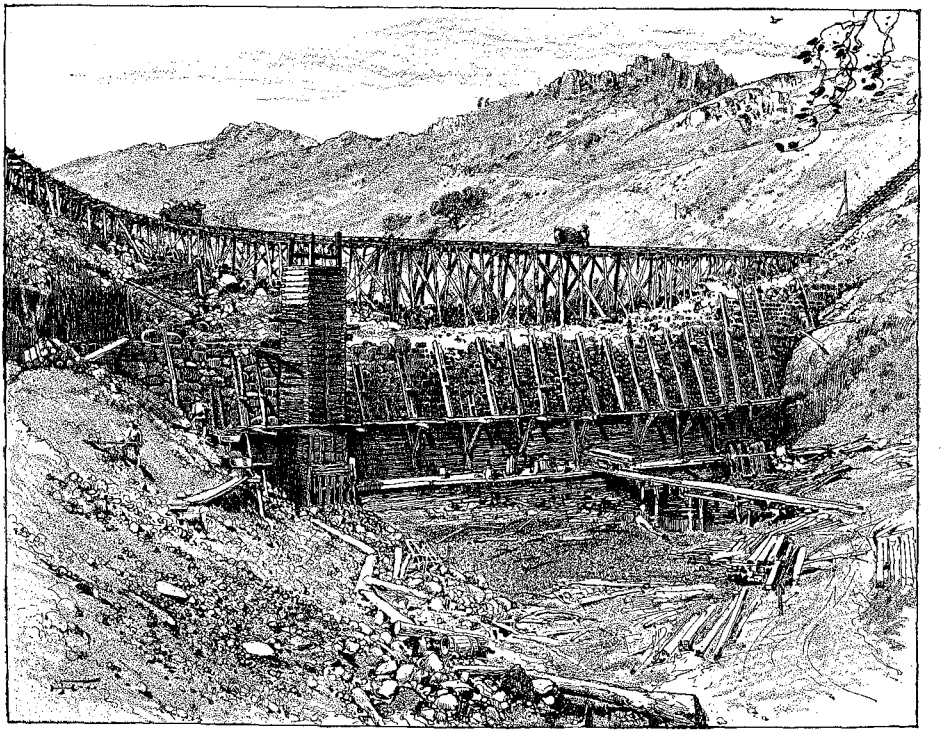
world. All land in the East is either in the hands of private owners or covered with forests on mountain-sides which are almost untillable. Nearly all the land of the Central Plain that can be cultivated by the natural water-supply is already appropriated, and every acre will be taken up within a decade. In the West lies this immense territory—two-fifths of the whole—the greater part of whose soil is capable of rich return but which now lies unproductive. Can this land, in any way, be covered with farms, and these millions of acres made productive? What a problem is this, both for the present and, still more, for the future of our country and the overcrowded world. It is the problem of the reclamation of an empire.

The people of the West, in their restless, American way, are attacking this problem from every side. The simplest theoretical solution would be to increase the rainfall or to shift it from the winter to the spring and summer months, but no practical method of accomplishing this has yet been suggested. In practice, the search is first of all for a subterranean supply of water. Wells are sunk, and if, by any peculiar formation of the soil, water is found near the surface, windmills are used to irrigate small farms. Artesian water is sought for persistently everywhere, in some places with great success, in many more with blank failure. Private companies are boring holes in every level, unwatered *mesa*. Territorial legislatures offer rewards for the first artesian well flowing so many gallons an hour. Again, a trial-well may be driven in the bed of a dry wash and disclose a stream of water flowing below. If so, a tight dam sunk to bed-rock brings this to the surface, to be drawn away in the irrigating ditch. A deep, narrow trench dug directly across a narrow valley will often fill with a good-sized stream.



Construction of the Walnut Grove Dam.

Water "developed" from any of these subterranean sources is applied to the soil by the well-known method of irrigation. But these methods are unimpor-

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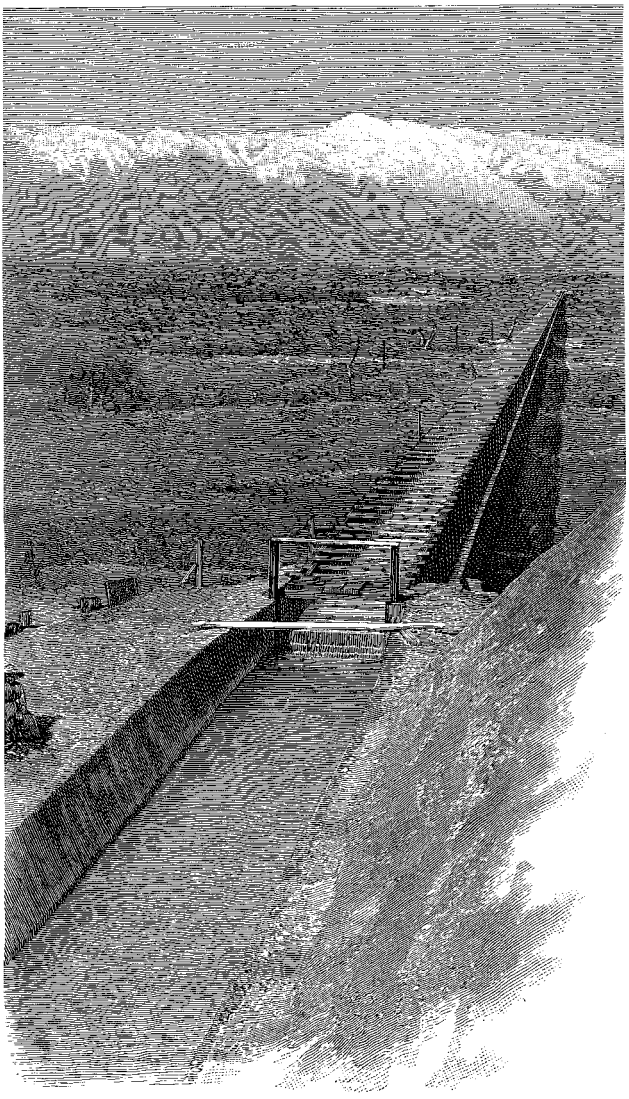
tant compared with irrigation from such living streams as exist. These living streams are either small creeks, high in mountain-valleys, or the larger rivers which do not run dry at any time of the year. The corresponding system of ir-



Flume across the Santa Ana River, Riverside Water Company, Cal.

rigation is either on a small or a large scale. The settler in the mountain-valley throws a rude dam of sand or brush across the little creek that flows through his land, digs a ditch a few feet wide along the hill-side as far as his farm runs, turns the water out of it across his land as he needs it, and, as long as the stream flows, raises his crops independent of the cloudless sky. The dam very likely washes out every year and the ditch must be redug each spring, but this work is slight compared with the certainty of a good crop.

But this is not the system of irrigation whose fame by much advertisement is spread everywhere. This is irrigation on the characteristically large scale of

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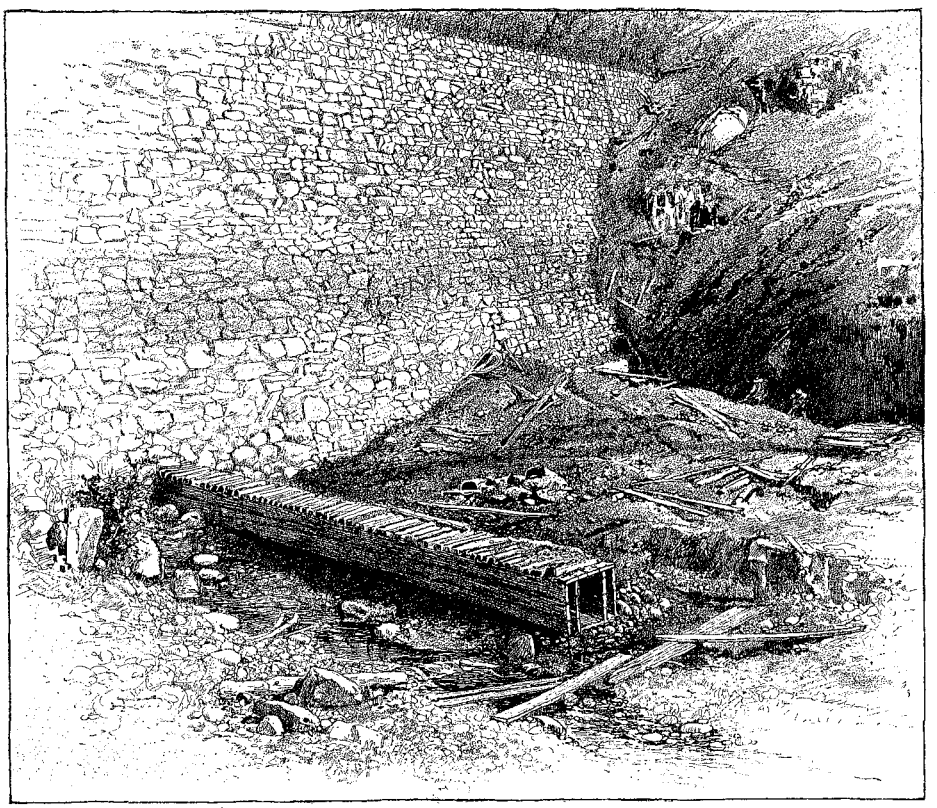
the West. Its genesis is simple. The laws of the Western States and Territories everywhere recognize and protect the rights of the first or "prior appropriator" of water. If the first settler on the banks of a stream draws off, in his ditch, one-half or the whole of the customary flow to irrigate his farm, he has the right to take this one-half or the whole flow forever, to the entire exclusion of any subsequent settler. But the same rule applies to rivers of large size. As the quick-witted Westerner stands by the side of one of the great rivers and looks over thousands of acres of desert land along its banks, he sees a fortune in the situation. Only get capital enough together, organize a great company, dig an immense canal which will "appropriate" all the water in the river, and you command the whole valley. It is the position of the Western railroads repeated. Instead of waiting for settlers to come and dig little ditches as they need them, an immense capital digs one huge canal watering thousands of farms, and then draws settlers by advertisement and boom. So all over the West, throughout Colorado, in central and southern California, in Montana and Idaho, on the Salt and Gila Rivers in southern Arizona, there are great companies, with capitals running into the millions, putting this idea into effect. The canals they dig are twenty, thirty, or even fifty miles long. The largest are a hundred feet wide and ten feet deep, very rivers in themselves. They follow the contour of the country, running back farther and farther from the river as the latter falls away. The main canal gives off lateral branches at frequent intervals, and by an ingenious system of gates, crossings, and ditches sends water to every foot of arable ground between it and the river. The land belongs to the Government, and is taken up by individual settlers at mere-



Beginning of a Flume at Walnut Grove.

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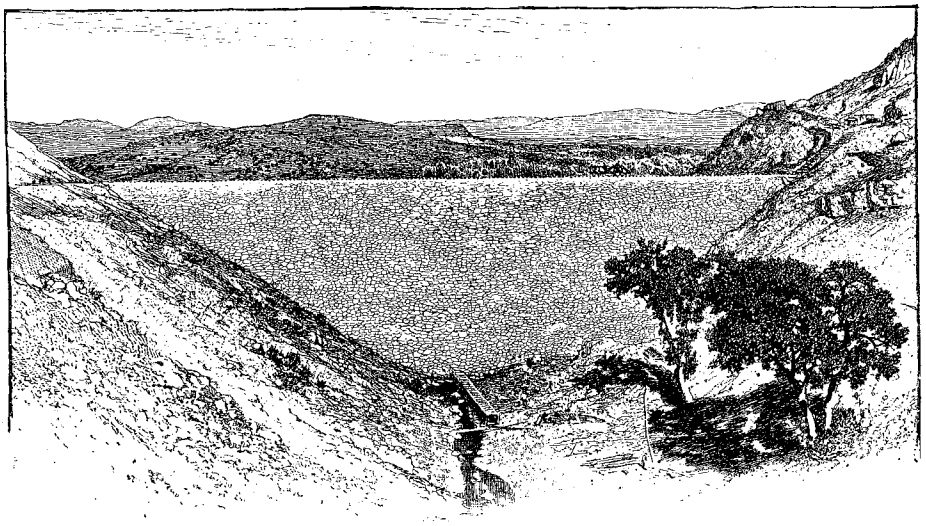
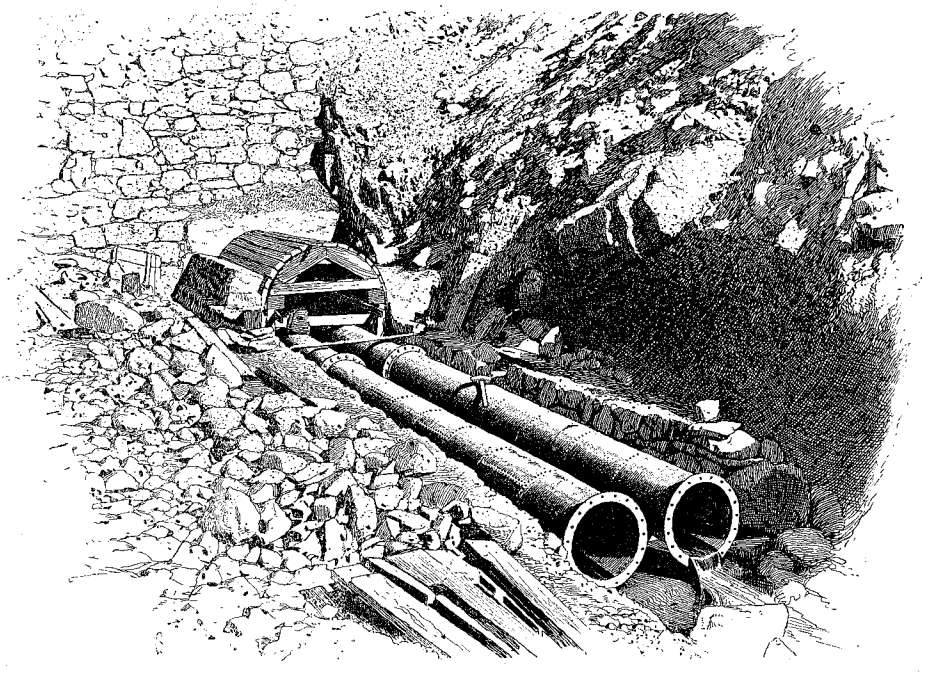


Completed Dam at Walnut Grove, rear view (410 feet across, at top; 110 feet high).

ly nominal prices under the "Desert Land Act." But the water belongs to the canal company, and it is this water that the settler really pays for. He sows his one hundred and sixty acres with grain or alfalfa, or plants his twenty acres with grapes, oranges, or olives, and under a cloudless sky in a few years has a farm producing as no Eastern farm ever does. A dozen or a hundred square miles of desert are transformed in five years into a wonder of blooming fruitfulness.

Yet even this meagre description of the marvellous development of the power



Two 25-inch Delivery Pipes Running through the Walnut Grove Dam.

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of water through irrigation shows its limitations. It is of necessity confined to those streams that never run dry, and is confined to a comparatively narrow strip of level land along such rivers. Even the largest canals seldom run more than ten miles away from the stream and, of course, irrigate only on

that can be cultivated from subterranean water is limited, so the amount that can be irrigated from living streams is also limited; and, at the present rate, that limit will be reached in a comparatively short time. The problem of making the great arid region productive must be attacked upon some other side.

Irrigating Orange Grove, Riverside, Cal.

one side, toward the river. It is not too much to say that this system of irrigation from living streams is already approaching its limit. The first large canals were built only a few years ago; yet so fast does enterprise move in the West that it is probable that every available river of any size either has its canals already in operation, or all of the water appropriated and the canals laid out. The Southern Pacific Railroad was built across southern Arizona in 1880, practically opening up a new country. There are now over two hundred and fifty miles of main canal in the Salt and Gila Valleys of that region, and many more under way. Colorado in 1886 had nearly one thousand miles of irrigating canal.

In short, just as the amount of land

The latest solution of the problem is that of water-storage. Its idea is this. Although not many of the streams carry water throughout the year, they all run full at some time within the year. As described before, many of them are raging torrents in the early spring or for a few days in summer after a "cloud-burst" in the mountains. This water is now wasted or worse than wasted, denuding the land of its soil and carrying destruction to dams and irrigating canals. The plan of water-storage is to impound this water as it runs to waste in the season of flood and use it in the season of drought. Select the proper valleys for water-basins, close their outlets with dams, store great lakes of water when the mountain-snows melt, and then let it out slowly and at will

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through flumes and ditches to the lands below—this is the essence of the new idea. It is to this solution of the problem of aridity that all eyes are now turning in the West. Governors are urging its importance in their messages, and legislatures are memorializing Congress to turn their attention to the unrivalled fitness of their particular State or Territory for its trial. The Government is investigating its feasibility, both through a Congressional commission and by a hydrographic survey. Private companies are locating dam-sites, laying out colonies and towns, and building enormous dams.

The main essentials of successful water-storage on a large scale are three: a water-basin, a lake-site, and the land to be irrigated, in proper relation to one another. The water-supply must be sufficient to fill the dam every year; if possible, twice a year. The "catchment basin" or area drained by the stream to be dammed should therefore be as large as possible. To ascertain the supply that can be relied upon, the flow of water in the stream should be carefully measured many times during the year. If possible, the average of several successive years should be taken, for it must never be forgotten that the efficiency of any system of water-storage is measured by the very smallest amount of water stored in the very dryest year.

As to the lake-site, this must generally be a large and level valley, everywhere enclosed by hills except where the water escapes, which should be through a cañon narrow enough to be dammed at a reasonable expense. The valley must widen out at once above the dam-site, or the lake-capacity will be small whatever the height of the dam; its bottom must be nearly level for a long distance, or the dam will have to be built too high. The larger the lake-surface and the smaller the gap to be closed, the cheaper the dam and the more water stored.

Finally, the dam must be situated somewhere near and at a higher level than the land to be irrigated. For there must be some cheap and easy way of transferring the water from the point of collection to the point of application.

It is obvious from this that every cañon in the West is not a natural dam-site, nor every mountain-valley capable of becoming an artificial lake. It is to ascertain more accurately where these natural dam-sites are that the present hydrographic survey is being made. The Government at present does not propose to build any dams, but to "investigate the extent to which the arid lands of the West can be redeemed by irrigation, to select sites for storage-reservoirs, and to segregate the irrigable from the non-irrigable lands." The survey corps will measure proposed lake-basins, find out how many gallons of water they will hold with dams of various heights, measure the flow of water in streams, and determine the amount of arable land commanded by any particular reservoir. This is work which corresponds very closely to that done by the Hydrographic Survey in mapping the coast-lines of the country. It is well that it should be carried on by the Government, as such work is generally done badly or not at all by individuals eager to complete their proposed design and get "returns." Whether the Government should build such dams and irrigating works as are found feasible is a very different question.

But Western enterprise has not waited for Government aid. Although the storing of water for the purposes of irrigation is a new idea in this country, private capital is already making the experiment. In particular, there have been four very large dams finished within the last few years which it may not be uninteresting to describe briefly—particularly as each of them represents a different type of structure, and the four together, probably all the kinds that are likely to be built. They show clearly, moreover, the influence of their situation on the type followed—such as the presence or absence of abundant building-stone, and the cheapness or dearness of cement, as the dams lie near to or far from railroads.

Near Merced, in central California, a large irrigating canal, seventy-five miles long, has been in process of construction for six years. A few miles from the city the course of the canal lay across a wide valley or depression, around which the canal must either make a wide de-

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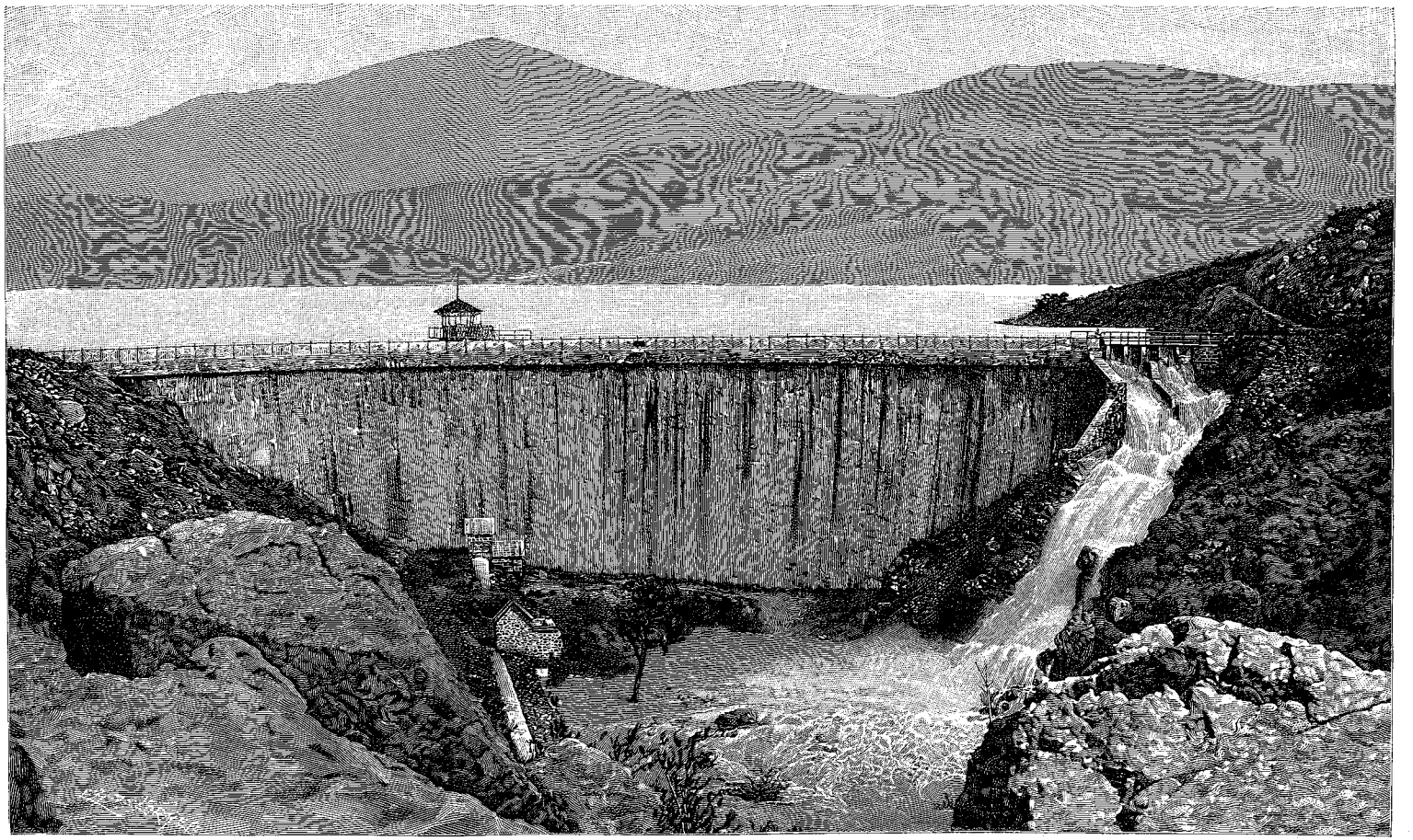

The Sweetwater River Dam, near San Diego, Cal.

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tour or cross it by an expensive flume. It was finally decided to dam up the lower end of the valley and convert it into a storage-reservoir. The dam, of necessity, is one of earth, which was scraped and hauled into place by men and teams. It is nearly a mile long and, in places, sixty feet high. It took five years to build and, as its position is not a favorable one, was very expensive. The lake formed covers six hundred and fifty acres, and holds five thousand five hundred million gallons when full.

At Walnut Grove, forty miles south of Prescott, Ariz., a dam was completed in 1888 which also depends upon gravity as the principle of its construction, but is built of stone instead of earth. It lies in the typical position for such structures, closing the narrow outlet of a wide valley. Its situation, in the interior and many miles from a railroad, precluded the use of cement, while the sides of the very cañon it closes furnished an inexhaustible supply of the best granite. The dam is a huge wedge-shaped core of loose rock thrown in just as it was blasted from the hill-sides, and kept in place and shape by wide back and front walls. These walls are hand-laid, but are without cement. With no further protection the water would, of course, flow away almost as fast as if no dam were there. This protection is supplied by a double apron or skin, of three-inch planks, lined with tarred felting, calked, and painted with water-proof paint, covering the whole water-face of the dam, and resembling in many ways the side of a ship. The dam is one hundred and ten feet high, and the lake, which now forms the largest body of water in Arizona, covers a surface of seven hundred and fifty acres, and impounds four thousand million gallons.

The third dam is the one across the Bear Valley in San Bernardino County, Cal. Its principle, that of the arch, is entirely different from that of the two dams already described, and the structure would attract attention anywhere for the boldness of its design. Popularly speaking, it is a carefully constructed but surprisingly thin wall, curving upstream and keyed securely into the rocky banks. It holds back the water not on account of its weight, but because the arch which it forms transmits the pressure to the sides of the cañon. It is but twenty feet thick at base and less than three at the top. By occupying a position of great natural advantage this reservoir, with a dam but sixty feet high, covers an area of two thousand two hundred and fifty acres, and holds ten thousand million gallons.

The aristocrat of the four, however, lies near San Diego, Cal. It has been built by a company closely allied to the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad Company, across the Sweetwater River, and commands a large tract of land owned by it about National City. It is most carefully constructed of cut rock laid in Portland cement. It combines the two mechanical principles already mentioned, depending upon its weight for stability, but being built in the form of an arch for additional security. The dam is about ninety feet high, and the lake, now full, covers seven hundred and twenty-five acres and holds six thousand million gallons. The water is conveyed to the land below in iron pipes instead of the cheaper flumes and ditches. Of these there are already sixty miles in place.

This brief description of these four dams already constructed may show something of the variety and magnitude of the work begun, but it shows little of the peculiar and picturesque conditions which surround it. The building of a great dam anywhere is a most difficult task, involving the best, and often the boldest, engineering skill, great administrative ability, and the most scrupulous fidelity in minute details. But the difficulty is multiplied many times when we transfer the point of operation to some wild, unopened mountain-cañon in the extreme West. The railroads are far away; even a wagon-road must be cut for miles in the sheer mountain-side. The engineer and his assistants must be brought together from distant places and will probably be totally unfamiliar with the region, its climate, and the class of labor employed. In the Southwest this labor must be largely Mexican, now that public opinion prevents the employment of Chinese. If not Mexican, then it must be the scarce, highly paid, independent white labor of the West.

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With a road constructed to the scene of action, work must begin at the very foundation. The ground must be cleared of trees, a camp laid out, sleeping and eating houses built for workmen, a store and saloon provided and stocked—a little town, in fact, built up in a day, and this on land that was but yesterday an unbroken mountain-cañon. Work on the dam begins at once, and, if it is to be pushed forward to any advantage, must be carried on under the most thorough system of oversight and division of labor. One gang of excavators attack the dam-site and push their way rapidly to bed-rock; another begin to blast the stone to be used in the dam from the quarries, to be transferred by carmen, and placed in the hands of a fourth gang of masons or stone-layers as fast as place is made for them. Dynamite or giant powder is used freely and recklessly, and the air resounds with tremendous blasts at all times of the day and night.

If lumber is to be used, either in the dam or flume, timber must be located, a saw-mill put up, and a complete lumber camp equipped, often many miles from the dam. Freighters, those most essential adjuncts of camp-life, must be gathered together and their work organized. If it is considered necessary to "push the work," as it generally is, with impatient stockholders awaiting results, then operations must be carried on by night as well as by day, and electric lights shine over rocks which have seldom seen even the camp-fire of the hunter or cowboy. Much expensive machinery must be hauled in over the steep mountains. This machinery must be put together and worked under the rudest and most primitive conditions, at a time when the slightest delay may mean great loss. The stoppage of a single pump may allow a hole to fill up which has taken weeks to excavate. The breaking of a single important piece of machinery at that distance from the place of manufacture often causes intolerable delay.

Irrigation for Alfalfa, by Flooding the Ground, Arizona Canal Company, Salt River Valley.

Moreover, the several hundred workmen must be well housed and fed, especially the latter, if they are Americans. Indeed, the wishes and prejudices of these laborers must be catered to in every particular. The work must always be hurried, not only to satisfy stockholders, but in order to complete

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a substantial portion during the dry season. The engineers are at the mercy of the laborers, for the latter are few and most offensively independent. They work when they choose and lay off in the same way. A pay-day sees saloons and gambling-houses in full blast, and but little work is forthcoming for a week.

Yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks — the extreme roughness of the country, the distance from the base of supplies, the lack of experienced foremen, the turbulence of the laborers — if the engineer in charge has true American administrative ability the work goes forward with astonishing rapidity. Supplies, tools, and machinery are ordered by car-loads and hauled in from the railroad by twenty-mule teams. Men adapt themselves quickly to new positions and are made foremen of the various gangs, store-keepers, or managers of the food-supply. The store, the boarding-house, the "corral," even the saloon, if moral principles do not interfere, are managed by the company and turned into a source of profit. A stage-line to the nearest railroad station is started, a post-office is established—in short, a town of four or five hundred inhabitants springs, full-grown, into existence.

As the dam rises from its firm foundation on bed-rock, it is time to think of the means of transferring the water to the irrigable lands below. If the country is rolling, this will be by means of a ditch or canal; if rocky, by a flume or pipe-line. The surveying corps, which up to this time have been engaged in plotting the lake-basin in order to ascertain its exact capacity at every level, are now put to work in the field. As many surveys are necessary for a flume-line as for a railroad, and the final one must stake out the ground with the utmost precision. If a ditch is the plan adopted, gangs of excavators, aided by machinery where the country is level, are started simultaneously on sections of convenient length; if a flume, the excavators level off a flume-bed and are followed by gangs of lumbermen and carpenters. At places, as in the case of the Merced Canal, long tunnels must be cut through impeding highlands. Supplies, pipe or lumber, tools and machinery, must be rapidly and continuously forwarded to all these moving camps.

So the work, more and more systematized and simplified as it goes on, comes finally to an end. The dam and flumes are finished, the floods come, the lake fills, and at last the water is drawn off to do its appointed work on the lands that are waiting for it with the thirst of centuries.

Of these great reservoirs, although many are planned, not many have been completed, no others as large as the four described. But these are looked upon only as the forerunners of a great system. The prescient Western eye, as it looks across one of these artificial lakes, sees not one dam but hundreds, not a billion of gallons of water stored but thousands of billions, not one waste turned into a garden but a Sahara made to bear fruit. To a large extent this enthusiasm is justified. Congress is acting in the matter in a most commendable way. Private enterprise is eager to seize the golden opportunity before it is too late. One can scarcely pick up a newspaper without reading of the organization of a water-storage company, or the beginning of work on some reservoir.

Many of the projects thus gravely put forward would seem the wildest folly to conservative Eastern men. This company proposes to close a certain valley by an enormous dam, then pierce the enclosing mountains with a tunnel several miles long, throwing the water thus stored into the valley next across the ridge, but lying at a lower level. Another proposes to tap and drain in the same way a large natural lake in the Sierras. A third plans the diversion of a river as large as the Colorado, and the reclamation of a whole territory by irrigation. The West never shrinks from a proposal on account of its boldness, and, indeed, is often justified by its success.

It is, however, possible that these people are too sanguine in their new faith, and that the storing of water is not destined all at once to convert a million square miles of desert into a garden of plenty. If this is so, it will not be be-

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cause there is not fertile land in abundance. Nor will it be because the rainfall is not sufficient when properly conserved to irrigate the soil. But it is possible that sites for storage-reservoirs which can be utilized by private enterprise will not be found in as great numbers as is confidently expected. This fact will be authoritatively settled by the hydrographic survey now in progress. The gist of their work is to locate possible reservoirs, and criticism must be suspended until their work is completed, at least in part. Their survey will undoubtedly point out many valuable reservoir-sites and not a few surprisingly fine ones, but it is also likely to demonstrate that the mountains are not full of them. The conditions of success which have been mentioned — a stream affording enough water, a large lake-basin, a very narrow dam-site, and proximity to irrigable lands—are rigid conditions and absolutely essential to any development by private capital. If the supply of water is not large enough, if the storage-capacity is too small, if the dam or the flume costs too much, the enterprise will not pay, and that is the end.

This, of course, is from the stand-point of private enterprise, which asks, Will it pay, and pay quickly? There remains the question of Governmental construction, the building of permanent dams on a large scale at public expense. To this there are, of course, obvious objections — the enormous outlay involved, the opportunity for jobbery, the danger that the work would be badly done. Yet the arguments in favor of Governmental construction are not without force. The main one is that governments can afford to do what private enterprise can not. It is not absolutely necessary that their work should pay dividends from the first or second year, nor that it should pay at all, in the strict commercial sense. The Government, therefore, could build reservoirs where none would otherwise be built, and look for returns in the water-rents of hundreds of years to come.

Another argument is found in the fact that the United States owns the land, which private speculators do not. The latter must look for dividends from the rent of the water—the land, however valuable, being sold by the Government at a nominal price. But the Government, if it owned the dams, could not only charge a yearly rental for the water, but could sell the land at greatly increased prices.

Again, it is urged that the publicity of Governmental construction would result in better work than can be hoped for under any other system. If there are any engineering works that call for the most scrupulous honesty in their construction they are these reservoirs, which are planned to stand for ages, and whose destruction menaces not only the property but the lives of whole communities. A private company is always anxious to spend as little as possible, and so gravitates toward the lowest limit of safety and expense. It may be that under Governmental construction, notwithstanding the great temptation for jobbery, the very magnitude and publicity of the undertaking would enforce more careful designing and sounder work.

Whether it is best for the Government to enter upon this momentous work is a question not to be answered in a day. Nor is this necessary. Although nearly all the available land in the country which can be cultivated by the natural rainfall has been appropriated, it is by no means all in full cultivation. Yet this state of affairs is approaching, and it will approach all the faster if the present immigration from Europe is allowed to go on unchecked.

When this time comes, when the great Mississippi Valley begins to feel some of the European evils of over-population, which the East already feels, and cannot relieve itself, as the East has always done, by drafting off its surplus population to the West, the Government may well ask itself whether it can any longer afford to leave one-third of its domain a desert. It may seem far better to begin the construction of public works on the very largest and most extended scale, on a plan which aims, from the first, at the utilization of every drop of water that falls within the area of the arid region. Such a system would require very many years for its completion, many years even for elaborating the plan.

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It would perhaps be an undertaking as foreign to the present character of our Government as the system of agriculture it contemplates is to the good old methods we have inherited from England. But with the future in view, the growth of population, the filling up of all the countries which now welcome colonists, the consequent dearth of land, the impossibility of desert-reclamation by private capital, it is not altogether visionary to say that Governmental interference on the largest scale will be the inevitable result.

AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE-SONG.

By H. C. Bunner.

Tell me what within her eyes
Makes the forgotten Spring arise,
And all the day, if kind she looks,
Flow to a tune like tinkling brooks;
Tell me why, if but her voice
Falls on men's ears, their souls rejoice;
Tell me why, if only she
Doth come into the companie
All spirits straight enkindled are,
As if a moon lit up a star.

Tell me this that's writ above,
And I will tell you why I love.

Tell me why the foolish wind
Is to her tresses ever kind,
And only blows them in such wise
As lends her beauty some surprise;
Tell me why no changing year
Can change from Spring, if she appear;
Tell me why to see her face
Begets in all folk else a grace
That makes them fair, as love of her
Did to a gentler nature stir.

Tell me why, if she but go
Alone across the fields of snow,
All fancies of the Springs of old
Within a lover's breast grow bold;
Tell me why, when her he sees,
Within him stirs an April breeze;
And all that in his secret heart
Most sacredly was set apart,
And most was hidden, then awakes,
At the sweet joy her coming makes.

Tell me what is writ above,
And I will tell you why I love.

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THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

NOTES AND IMPRESSIONS.

By W. C. Brownell.

I.

IT was fitting that one of the very greatest events of modern history should be celebrated by one of the greatest spectacles of modern times; but it is a little curious that the political should exceed even the spectacular interest of the latter. This was, nevertheless, true of the recent Paris Centennial Exposition, I think. At least its political importance was very great, and that a mere world's fair should have had such an importance is a phenomenon positively unique. The Exposition, in fact, appealed to the mind as forcibly, as brilliantly, as it did to the eye. Its significance was as salient as its splendor, and it was very splendid indeed. It was a great national reassurance, the embodied triumph of the Republic at home and abroad, the witness of the present Republic's soundness and strength, and the attestation of the practical puissance of, in general, the republican ideal.

The Republic and republicanism were very fortunate. The commemoration of 1789 is a very different thing from a commemoration of 1793. Only to a pedant, one would say, can even the fall of the Bastille seem typical of anarchy, and really the celebration might have been taken as the apotheosis of constitutional government—a fête in which every nation of Europe, but that of Russia, might, one would think, cordially join. Every cabinet of importance, however, held aloof; and the effect of the monarchical abstention was very dramatic. It gave France at once a position of relief and distinction. Her isolation in reality placed her on a pedestal. It gave her the same position in the impartial imagination that she occupied a century ago, when she was preaching the emancipation of "the people" everywhere, before she had begun to enslave the nations they composed. European hostility, in a word, did her the very great service, in this practical age of politics, of rendering her politically interesting. And republicanism shared the benefit of this service with her.

The opposition and the lukewarmness of the monarchical world, moreover, gave a distinctly French aspect to the Exposition. It was not so much universal as national. Except the exhibits of South American republics, and the sensational Oriental contributions, there were in the general and cursory view of the grounds and buildings, almost no elements that were not French. Speaking loosely, wherever one wandered idly, or whatever department he inspected closely, the most interesting and admirable objects were French. And, of course, in mere mass, French preponderance was overwhelming. In this way a very strong

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impression of French superiority was very subtly instilled. So that by frowning on the Republic, Europe not only gave it relief and interest, but indirectly magnified France herself in every civilized and impressionable mind.

The domestic opposition was equally maladroit. There can be but little doubt but that, could they have divined the great success of the Exhibition, the conservatives and anti-parliamentarians would have united with the Government in its support, in order to have reaped a share of the credit for it. Had they done so they would certainly have minimized it as a political event. As it was, when the enterprise was in its inceptive stages they "gambled on" its failure. They withdrew a support which would have assured success at the outset (though, as the event proved, it was really needless), and thus, instead of discrediting the government with the sober classes for extravagance and display, it demonstrated not only how admirably the government could get along without them, but how well France herself had got along all the years that she had been deprived of the benefit of their direction. With such resources, and such an admirable development of them as the Exposition witnessed, the demand for a "saviour" of the country, in the person of either the Comte de Paris or of General Boulanger, became ridiculous. The country appeared to have been already saved, and the monarchists and anti-parliamentarians did their best to prove that it had been saved by the Opportunists. The electors seemed, at all events, to take this view on September 22d, in the result of which election the success of the Exposition, made as it was by Europe and by the domestic Opposition the test of the parliamentary Republic's efficiency, was a factor whose importance it is probably difficult to exaggerate. Defamation and detraction at home and abroad, the necessity of keeping "authoritative measures" within the limits of republican liberty, of preserving order and freedom together, of washing in public a certain amount of soiled linen, dissensions in the ranks of its own followers — all these phenomena, from which in countries less alive or more despotic government is free, had had an undoubted discrediting effect on the prestige of the government. The success of the Exposition, by demonstrating a national prosperity and improvement wholly inconsistent with inefficient administration, restored the people's faith in its representatives and its system.

It is interesting to note, furthermore, that the Exposition's success throws a good deal of light on our habit of applying certain principles of our own Anglo-Saxon political philosophy to French politics. These principles clearly have not the *a priori* universality which we attach to them if what we deem "stability of government" is not necessary to a nation's progress and prosperity. To many foreign observers—especially to England, the old ally of Napoleon III., from whose journals we hear the most about French politics—the state of French affairs during the past few years has seemed extremely alarming on account of the "instability of the government"—a phrase referring partly to the short life of French ministries, but particularly to the existence of large and powerful political parties opposed to the very form itself of the government. A country in this condition — to say nothing of M. Zola, whose eccentricities fascinate English attention — must be in rapid decadence, it is argued, because this is what decadence is. Yet the Exposition is a monumental demonstration of the contrary. In its five months of existence it probably convinced many per cent. more Anglo-Saxon political philosophers than any amount of written exposition could do, that if France is in decadence her decadence is one which it would be grotesque in any other European country to commiserate—certainly in one which has still to settle its land, its social, its religious, and its Irish questions. What is "stable" in France is *institutions*, and the Exposition is a convincing proof of the comparative unimportance of the "very form of the government itself," important as this is, and as Frenchmen feel it to be, as is witnessed by the heat and violence of their discussion of it. Owing to the Exposition, as I have implied, the so-called fundamental differences between French political parties will seem less significant than they have seemed. This is witnessed by the recent

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elections, with the consequent disappearance of the grosser side of Boulangism. And if there should also result a practical acceptance of the Republic by any considerable share of the reactionary party, of which there are now some signs, the political effect of the Exposition would be in the highest degree sensational. But what it has already proved, and proved abundantly, is, that these differences are in reality much less fundamental and significant than we are apt to fancy them.

For no such concrete exhibition of a nation's power and civilization could have been created by one political party alone. The Republicans deserve the credit of it, in the way I have indicated: because it was abandoned to them by the Opposition, and because they conceived, created, and administered the enterprise. At the same time it was pre-eminently the work of the whole nation, politicians apart, and stood as a monumental attestation of that prodigious force, French patriotism. Whatever differences might divide it as to the form of government best in itself, or best adapted to the needs of France, the great mass of Frenchmen forgot these so soon as the project took shape and the honor of France was engaged. The politicians apart, there were no abstentions. Every class, from the artist to the artisan, contributed its best, and the result was the product of national enthusiasm on a grand scale and carried into minute detail. The hostility of Europe probably served only to fan the flame of this enthusiasm among even the ranks of the reactionaries; French royalists are essentially more democratic than most European liberals who are liberal through conviction merely, and not interest, and they have found the rule of the Republic so elastic that practically they have little fault to find. Doubtless, had the *régime* been monarchical instead of republican, there would have been the same striking consensus of patriotic effort, the same evident predominance of patriotic over partisan feeling. But the *régime* had been republican, truly republican since 1877, and the result not only proved the prosperity and progress of the country under it—not only proved that very great industrial and intellectual eminence could be attained under it in the face of quite unparalleled difficulties; that a nation, eschewing militarism on the one hand, and making of every citizen a soldier on the other, might nevertheless excel nobly in the arts of peace—but proved also that under it French patriotism was as puissant as ever, and could so show itself in rational, and, so to speak, routine, as well as in dramatic impressiveness.

II.

As a spectacle the striking feature of the Exposition was the Exposition itself—the *ensemble*, the general *coup d'œil*, its unity, in a word. The advantageous side of the French passion for subordinating the detail to the mass was never better illustrated. One need only think of the enormous scale on which this was done, the dimensions of the elements of the gigantic organism, to appreciate how grandiose must have been the effect of composition, scrupulously manifest in every part. Such an effect is the end and aim of whatever is truly pictorial, of course. And such a picture as the Champ de Mars and the Trocadéro in this sense presented can never have been composed. The sense was constantly impressed by it, even in moments of special study of particular exhibits. Interesting as these were in detail, there was always something more interesting, more absorbing, namely, the whole to which they contributed. The Tour Eiffel itself took its place tranquilly and sedately among the members of the organism.

It need hardly be said that this effect was not fortuitous. It was, of course, very carefully calculated; and this calculation, as felicitous as it was careful, was distinctly and sensibly one of the chief elements in the delight of the eye which it produced. There was probably never so large a space of the earth's surface, covered by works by the hand of man, from which the element of the picturesque was so definitely absent. One felt that everything had been arranged, considered, combined, composed, as I say—that nothing had been left to itself, to the inequalities of the

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ground, to the necessities of hampered means, to the chances of conflicting interests, to the whim of individuals or the notions of cliques, to the haphazard of independent initiative and private enterprise. This is the first, and perhaps the most essential, effect of a work of art, and an international exhibition is, as a whole, a work of art or it is nothing; constructed picturesqueness on the one hand, or a mere convenient medium for the display of industrial and æsthetic objects on the other, can never attain the effect of unity which gives to a composition its attractiveness and its independent *raison d'être*.

You entered the grounds anywhere, and were in the presence of this picture. At first, and remembering the convenience of the little railroad at Philadelphia in 1876, I was inclined to moralize on our superior sense of utility and necessity. There was a steam tramway, to be sure, which united the Champ de Mars with the Esplanade des Invalides, but it was useful chiefly to convey persons from one end of the Exposition to the other when they found the grounds between them and home. It conducted no one to "points of interest." There were, I soon found, no points of interest. There were, that is to say, no interstitial waste places. Large as the grounds were, the buildings were not scattered over them in isolated individual interest, but were interdependently combined. They fringed the great parallelogram of the Champ de Mars in almost unbroken succession; a fence was needed only to secure places of entrance and exit; the only view was, like that of any other theatre, from the inside. On the Esplanade des Invalides they were arranged in files and ranks like a town, with outlying suburbs of cafés, and the slighter colonial structures. Standing under the great arch of the Tour Eiffel, with your back to the Trocadéro, stretching its enclosing and concentrating wings around one end of the quadrilateral, you faced the Central Dome, which rose some two hundred and twenty-five feet into the air, with a diameter of over one hundred feet. On either side of it were the wings of the Palais des Industries Diverses, of which it formed the central entrance. At their lateral limits the porticos which bordered these joined those of the buildings devoted to foreign industries, which came toward you till they reached on either hand the Palais des Beaux Arts and the Palais des Arts Libéraux. These, identical in general structure, and thus contributing a very marked effect of symmetry, extended nearly to the Tower. Around and back of you were numberless buildings, mainly the special pavilions of the Spanish republics, those of the French aquarellists and of the French pastellists, of the different theatres and casinos, deftly distributed among grassy mounds and clumps of trees. The lawn between the Tower and the Central Dome was a carpet of brilliant green bordered by broad gravel walks, and accented by gleaming sculpture, glistening fountains, and a decorous profusion of flowers that seemed to have strayed down from the Trocadéro gardens, where they formed an essential part of the display. The concentric effect of the spectacle, the manifestly contributory function of each part, may be readily imagined.

This effect of unity was powerfully assisted by the general excellence of all the structural details of the Exposition. There were no jars, no discordant notes of eccentric taste, nothing to break the agreeable uniformity of a high level of competence and cultivation. The color effect was particularly charming. The Central Dome was a dusky gold bronze, heightened by the brilliant bits of burnished gold and primary color which decorated the portal it surmounted. It left, in color, something like the general impression created by the interior of St. Mark's at Venice. The twin domes of the Fine Arts and Liberal Arts Palaces were of a delicate blue-green faïence pricked out with fretwork of yellow and white, not unlike Persian tiling, and, indeed, bearing a strong resemblance to the color of the Dieulafoy find recently set up in the Louvre. The palaces themselves were of masonry, made of large bricks of terra-cotta delightfully mottled in tints of gold and fawn and salmon, and flecked here and there with the white of sculptured figures in relief and in the round, the piers carrying the sumptuous entablatures running along the build-

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ings on either side of the arcaded portals being of skeleton iron painted a pale flat blue, and inclosing light terra-cotta tiling decorated in relief with much structural sense. So that in color as well as in form the great mass of buildings was a composition indescribably bright and gay as a whole, and in detail exhibiting a crescendo of gravity and richness, from the clear transparent notes of the extremities to the sober sumptuousness of the Central Dome.

The architecture was architecture in the sense in which few modern buildings are, namely, perfect expression of purpose—the style developed out of the necessities of the problem rather than a conventional style arbitrarily adopted and adapted. Its origins were traceable enough, of course, and it was clearly enough French. But it was, as one may say, of the Universal Exposition style. It was open to strict criticism here and there, no doubt—as, for example, the unstructural imposts of the central portal, which seemed more like mammoth modelling than true construction, and such a building as the pavilion of the aquarellists, which was a trivial even if a dainty bit of pistache stucco. But ordinary criticism was hardly in order, so important an element of the general expression was the transitoriness that is so essential a trait of a Universal Exposition. If the architraves of the Liberal and the Fine Arts Palaces were carried on piers of skeleton iron-work filled in with terra-cotta, their portals made of brick and decorated with plaster, and if terra-cotta garlands and cupids ornamented their friezes; if the imposing building of the War Department was of plaster modelled in forms consecrated to lasting stone; if much of the purely decorative sculpture of the grounds was of the same material; if the Central Dome was too laden with gold and color to serve as anything but the focus of a prodigious fête—the sense of nice adjustment of form to function was so much the greater. Just such a light and gay and airy effect was in this way secured as the inner feeling of fitness demanded. Everything was simply as solid, as substantial, as thorough, as complete as its motive demanded, without the excess of simulating a permanence foreign to its idea.

And yet so lavishly had the oil in the "lamp of sacrifice" been burned, so little compromise had been made with inevitable impending demolition, that, to an American at least—accustomed to a much more radical expression of transitoriness—perhaps the liveliest impression to be obtained from the Exposition was that it was as fine as the French people could make it. If it had faults or shortcomings—and I believe Mr. Edison found the machinery ill-arranged in some respects—their conception and not at all the execution of it was responsible. They, at all events, illustrated their ideal of a world's fair. They had just what they wanted. No expense of time, care, patience, talent, or money had been spared. In these regards the consideration that a building was to be erected for only a temporary purpose had manifestly been allowed no weight. Attention had obviously been concentrated on the end to be attained. No detail was neglected, no general effect deemed too costly. Had the Tour Eiffel sprung from the motive of the Tower of Babel it could not have been constructed and decorated with severer scrupulousness. Had the twin palaces of the Liberal and the Fine Arts been designed for the permanent housing of the treasures that for less than half a year filled their spacious halls, they could not have worn a more unstinted and exuberant aspect.

The buildings, indeed, were decorated with a freedom and fulness of fancy in the highest degree creditable to French architects, who certainly do not usually err on the side of the *rococo*. Not only were they decorative and festal in color and general conformation, but they were ornamented with a gay profusion of gala whose prodigality was nevertheless strictly subordinate to decorum and good taste. There was no hint of the note which German, Italian, or Spanish Universal Exposition architecture would be sure to strike. One need hardly speak of the decoration which the French sculpture of the past ten years, variously distributed about the grounds, constituted; or of the special decorations of the grounds and buildings by

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the numerous and cultivated guild of French sculptors and painters, except to chronicle the success of the monumental fountain by Coutan—a work full at once of *brio* and of elevation, besides being immensely clever in more conventional respects. One need only mention that the façade of Machinery Hall was decorated with a group representing "Electricity," by Barrias, and one personifying "Steam," by Chapu; that the Central Dome was surmounted by a "France Distributing Crowns," by Delaplanche; that Rodin contributed a heroic "Architecture" to the Fine Arts, and Aubé a "Printing" to the Liberal Arts building; and that the interior of the Central Dome was decorated by Lavastre with a fine frieze representing the procession of the nations. Few of these works were to be regarded as masterpieces. It is, indeed, difficult to conceive of a masterpiece by M. Delaplanche. But as decoration of a world's fair they, of course, far surpassed the result that any other people could hope to obtain. And the lavish work of the well-known sculptors and painters aside —though it should be added that this was often invoked by private exhibitors as well as by the administration—the taste displayed in the general framework of the Exhibition was very noteworthy. The exhibits were classified with that order for which the French are famous. Each department of art or industry counted as a separate whole in the general spectacular composition. Each had its own kind of portal, hangings, cases, and canopies, all designed with the taste obtainable only where this sort of thing is a tradition, and thus, even in the most industrial portions of the Exhibition, contributing to the general effect of unity and excellence.

III.

In ability to secure these qualities the French have, it will hardly be denied, an advantage over any people in the world. As one of our commissioners remarked to me, "the French are naturally exhibition 'sharps.'" Doubtless the Exhibition of '92 will be an extremely interesting one. It may attest our progress, and indeed our eminence, in many fields besides the industrial and material ones. It will, of course, offend those who have the interests of art deeply at heart more than did even the Tour Eiffel at Paris. If it is representative it will have its share of corn-palaces and butter-women; perhaps the slight success obtained at Paris by our reproduction of the Venus of Milo in chocolate will not discourage those to whom Parisian taste seems deficient in imaginativeness. But these may very well be taken as superficial incidents in what may very well prove a truly important, interesting, and significant display. I hope, however, it will be deemed neither supercilious nor unpatriotic if I suggest that, should the Exhibition of '92 as a spectacle possess the unity and excellence of the Paris Exposition, we shall certainly have cause for congratulation.

There are three disadvantages against which, as compared with the French, we shall be compelled to struggle. One is the disadvantage of possessing no site which can be compared for fitness with that which Paris possesses *en permanence*, and the impossibility of our constructing one. A fit site for a Universal Exhibition is not a *belvedere;* nor are topographical inequalities and sylvan potentialities pertinent features of such a site. We have been talking for the past few months as if they were; but the moment we get down to practicality we shall discover that we have been using the word "site" as if it were a universal "norm," so to speak, and that a "site," and a site for a Universal Exposition are two different things. The site at Paris is in the latter sense an ideal one. The Trocadéro palace, with its tall towers and wide sweep, dominates a large acreage of gardens which decline toward the Seine and communicate by the Pont d'Iéna with the vast space of the Champ de Mars immediately opposite. Along the left bank of the river extends, as far as the large Esplanade des Invalides, a sufficient width of unoccupied ground to prevent any interruption of the Exhibition, so that whether you are in the Trocadéro gardens, the Esplanade des Invalides, or the Champ de Mars, you are merely in a part of a compact exhibition divided formally rather than really into

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three grand divisions, which thus furnish opportunity for grouping in a large and effective way without the disadvantage of mutual isolation. But the great advantage of this site is that it is within so few minutes' walk from the centre of Paris that it may be justly called central, and the advantages of a central site in Paris are simply incomparable. No site in the world for a world's fair can compare with that which makes it the nucleus of Paris. And this by no means because of accessibility by land and water, by tramway, cab, 'bus, and walking—which nevertheless means that the Exhibition may be as much an evening as a day exhibition—but because Paris itself is a perpetual spectacle, and merely incloses in its inner *enceinte* the spectacle of the moment. The parks, the boulevards, the theatres, the museums—everything in the way of distraction and instruction for which Paris is famous—border a Universal Exhibition at Paris with a zone of far greater attractiveness for a world's fair crowd than can elsewhere be obtained. A Universal Exhibition in Paris, in a word, has not only the interest of being for the moment the nucleus of the greatest spectacle in the world, but the advantage of sharing the burden of entertaining its guests with surroundings which are in themselves of unequalled attractiveness and interest.

A second spectacular disadvantage which it would be greatly to our credit in any substantial degree to overcome is the fact that, unlike the French, we have no competent organization, directed by a long and splendid tradition of æsthetic dignity and taste, to create and control the Exhibition of '92. For everything but formal initiative we are dependent on that immense, that salutary, but in some respects that ineffective force known as "private enterprise." There is no need to praise the manifold beneficence of private enterprise. An American can hardly open his mouth on this subject without uttering commonplaces. And we may maintain that not only in such matters as building ever so many more miles of railway than we really need, or in fighting a gigantic war on an essentially militia basis, we have demonstrated the utility of private enterprise, but also that officialism is very disastrous in the sphere of æsthetics itself—and at the same time appreciate the fact that, for the creation and control of an immense spectacle whose worst dangers are dissonance and heterogeneity, officialism with a conservative and cultivated æsthetic tradition has an immense superiority. In such a matter officialism is not divorced from general enthusiasm, it directs it. It is not an artificial but a co-ordinating influence. Compared with a world's fair due to the "private enterprise" of a number of public-spirited plutocrats and interested business houses, one born of "government interference" is intensely popular, and has a rational and natural sanction. The French Government, in the case of the Paris Exposition, was eminently a "popular exponent," as our phrase is, and merely organized the national enthusiasm, which its machinery, in already perfect condition for such a function, enabled it to do with admirable ease and efficiency. It was not embarrassed by the selection of a site, nor by the question of raising funds, nor by the best means of employing the funds at its disposal. Sure, like ourselves, of the national and popular support, but able to dispense with the cumbrous and snail-like necessity of assurance of it, it could attack the problem of organization with directness. All it had to do was to call together the engineers, architects, sculptors, and decorators, and lay the general problem before them. To say that a "committee," however representative, enthusiastic, and intelligent, can do this as easily and effectively, is like saying that training and experience are of no value in the conduct of enterprises of this kind. The architects of the Exhibition of 1892 will doubtless be the last functionaries appointed.

The absence of any body of engineers, architects, sculptors, and decorators at all commensurate in numbers, solidarity, and æsthetic tradition, is the third, and perhaps the chief disadvantage, the recognition of which is a first step toward overcoming it. We are famous for our engineering feats, and no doubt we can look forward to something as interesting and impressive in this sense as either the Tour Eiffel or the Palais des Ma-

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chines. But spectacular composition is quite another matter (and it will be understood that it is of this exclusively that I am speaking) and it may certainly be doubted if to this end our engineers and architects would pull together as sapiently and harmoniously as the famous corps of the Paris Exposition. Possibly the engineers would feel that they had little to learn from the architects, even in the direction of æsthetic adaptation. Speculation aside, however, and engineering apart, it is clear that the city which in architecture, painting, and sculpture is the world's school at the present day, must, for that reason, possess an amount of "talent" to be drawn upon far in excess of that existing elsewhere. If we had anything corresponding in amount, we might argue advantages from our freedom from the dry and sapless character of "official art." We certainly have no "official art," and certainly what art we have is free as the air of heaven. But it happens that not only is "official art" the ideal kind for the construction and decoration of a Universal Exhibition, up to a certain point, but that beyond that point Paris has the advantage of the free art which the present extremely liberal Ministry of the Fine Arts is doing so much to encourage. Still, "the greatest poem," says Scherer, speaking of "Faust," "is not that which is most skilfully constructed, but that in which there is the most poetry;" and however little a poem and a world's fair resemble each other, perhaps in 1892 the contents of our Exhibition will atone for any possible shortcomings in form. We may be sure they will, in any case, in the eyes of persons who think it will need no great effort to eclipse the Paris spectacle even as a spectacle.

IV.

So much had been said against it that a visitor to the Exposition might have been excusably surprised not to find the Tour Eiffel vulgar. But the unprejudiced visitor must have been still more surprised to find it a positively agreeable object. It was, however, not only not vulgar, but agreeable. *A priori* objections to it were certainly reasonable enough. Everyone must have sympathized with the protest of the Paris artists made before the Tower was begun. The chances were entirely against the æsthetic success of something that was supposed to aim exclusively at height; though after all, nowadays, since we have discovered that motive is of no importance in art, what does it matter if the motive of a work of art be height? Do we not all know—certainly, if we do not we are not "modern"—that technic is what counts? If technic be generally competent and specifically admirable, the result must be successful. And technically the Tour Eiffel was superb. It may have been intended merely to be astonishing, but in reality it was in the highest degree impressive.

Height, indeed, was not its sole motive. M. Eiffel has said, I believe, and there are advocates of essaying such an enterprise at our Exhibition in 1892, that it would be perfectly easy to erect a tower twice as high. The English, as usual perhaps not quite seizing the point of view in a non-utilitarian and foreign matter, consoled themselves by reflecting that it would take two Tours Eiffel to make a single span of the great Forth Bridge. Its motive was impressiveness. To the end of impressiveness size is certainly an important consideration. No one would pretend that a model of the Brooklyn Bridge would be as impressive as the original, any more than people who care chiefly about the looks of things (and who were the chief critics of the Tower in advance) would maintain that its utilitarian function is an element of its impressiveness. And size rather than height, was the main source of the Tower's impressiveness as an extraordinary structure. It did not appear extraordinarily high; probably it would not have done had it been double its actual height; everyone who saw it for the first time expressed disappointment; its height was something which had to grow on one, so largely had the imagination discounted it. But it appeared from the first extraordinarily big. The immense anchorage and piers, the tremendous spans of the lower arches, the enormous mass of iron wreathing upward, the vast platforms, containing spacious

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cafés and promenades and a large permanent population, hardly required the reflection that all this was a mere mechanical necessity to the end of placing a stationary point a thousand feet in the air to impress one with a sense of the grandiose in pure construction such as few other works can.

Impressiveness on this scale and of this unique sort seems to me, I confess, all æsthetic theorizing aside, an extremely laudable end for the main feature—the novelty—of a universal exhibition. There is a certain dignity in a mammoth object of the kind erected solely for a commemorative purpose, provided it be kept within the limits of taste and sense, provided, that is to say, it be, although a monster, distinctly not a monstrosity. The mere fact that the Tour Eiffel was a prodigious structure, and gave to thousands of people, through its mere size and height, such a sensation as they had never experienced in their lives, without appearing architecturally absurd, is, I think, its very sufficient excuse. But in addition to this the tower was, as I have said, a distinctly agreeable object. Its lines were fine, its proportions harmonious, the entire structure agreeable in its evident slenderness and obvious strength. From some points of view—sufficiently distant for one to lose the sense of construction—the curve of the outline seemed perhaps weak, owing to the spread of the base and the tenuity of the top. But it should be remembered that it is particularly true of architecture that the mind has always to come to the assistance of the eye, or, in other words, that the eye should be a trained one. In the numerous reductions of the Tower the base undoubtedly appears too heavy for the top; but in looking at the Tower itself one instinctively recalls the tremendous service the base has to perform, and the curve becomes thus truly a line of beauty. If the essence of architectural beauty were, as is sometimes maintained, the complete expression of function, then the Tour Eiffel would rank high as a work of architecture. This is not, however, the essence of architectural beauty, but only an essential condition of it; and perhaps the most that one can say of the Tower, accordingly, is that it is a beautiful work of engineering. But it can be said of it with entire sobriety that in virtue of its obviously logical structure it far surpasses in beauty such works of architecture as are essentially constructed decoration instead of decorative construction. Eliminate the pleasure to be derived from association and from the sculptures and mouldings and foliations—the thousand felicities which belong to stone and belong to stone alone—and I am not sure that the delight to be obtained from looking at the myriad thrusts and points of resistance, the bolts and rivets, the long upward-springing shafts, the manifest communication of accumulated power from tier to tier of rods and girders, was not in its way worthy to be compared with that to be derived from standing before the façade of a cathedral.

Moreover, the Tower was eminently a part of the Exposition. It dwarfed nothing. It composed delightfully. It dominated easily, but not arrogantly, the buildings and landscape, and though you were generally, when out-of-doors, half conscious of its presence, it did not obtrude itself. In a word, it took its place—the place that had been provided for it in the general plan. It was a central point of interest from its character, and of observation from its prominence; but it distinctly contributed to the *ensemble* rather than formed an eccentric and discordant note. Its eminence had nothing exclusive and egoistic about it. It helped, indeed, to decorate, to embellish the Champ de Mars, which was by no means merely its abject environment. This effect was due partly to the interest of the other constructions, the beauty of the Central Dome, the charming color and delightful aspect of the lateral palaces, the brilliance of the lawns, the fountains, the groups of sculpture, the scores of isolated structures scattered about; but it was due also to the sobriety and good taste with which it was itself decorated.

V.

No part of the Exposition was more conspicuous than that contributed by what it is convenient to call the Orient—though in this case the Orient ex-

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tended to the Pillars of Hercules. Paris, especially artistic Paris, was delighted with these examples of an exotic civilization. Cairo Street was in some respects the centre of the Exhibition, though it only fringed a portion of one of its sides. It was very well done ; the illusion was as complete as possible. There was nothing cynical about the reconstruction of an Egyptian or other street—nothing obviously superficial and clumsily imitative. The street was, to use the current slang, manifestly sincere. The bronze Egyptian donkey-boys, clad in long blue tunics, were very genuine. They thumped and shouted to their beasts, laden with most incongruously Occidental freight, as it is probable they do on the banks of the Nile. The carved jalousies and oriels, glued to the perpendicular walls of whitewash, and hanging over and just out of the reach of the bustling, elbowing, clamorous crowd below them, were express importations. The caves and cellars and gloomy recesses, redolent of perfumes and dusky with pastilles, contained indubitably genuine carpets and trinkets, and were presided over by genuine, if polyglottic, followers of the Prophet. Genuineness must have been the only excuse for the hoarse cries, the strident calls, the orchestral cacophony, which bewildered the sense of hearing even more than the barbaric color and form did the eye.

But in spite of the genuineness of it all—in spite, moreover, of the typical nature of it all—it was impossible, I think, for the wholly sane sense to avoid being depressed by a feeling of its essential artificiality. Is this, after all, what Islam has to give us? Is this the sum of its contribution to the delight of the eye, the pride of life, or the gayety of nations? These raucous girls and decrepit men pressing upon our attention filigree, little boxes, scent-bottles, cigarettes, pipes, bits of lacquer, beads, bangles, slippers, embroideries, and the thousand Oriental "notions" of their trivial bazaars are melancholy in direct proportion to their reality and representative character. Pass on to the stucco India Palace, filled with Hindostan stuffs and inlaid gewgaws, varied, marshalled, and commercially organized by English commercial tact, and the same sensation—the same impression of the Orient—oppresses you. It is picturesqueness run to seed, the scum of a civilized decadence, the flotsam and jetsam of a worn-out world, the frivolity and cynical puerility of a taste grown absolutely mechanical, the sordid squalor of an intelligence utterly disillusionized.

This effect was of course immensely heightened by the incongruousness of the whole Asiatic exhibit. Over all hung the gray sky of Paris, the white mud of the Champ de Mars was underfoot, the crowd was a crowd of *badauds* and foreigners from the three remaining quarters of the earth, Paris showers sprinkled the court-yards and pattered against the chiselled lattices—in the fairest of fair weather the Paris atmosphere was cruelly indiscreet and uncompromising beside the intense sunlight and warm blending of the Eastern air. Apart from its environment, at any rate, one concluded, the things that Cairo Street and its dependencies stood for were not properly to be appreciated. Just what they need, namely, a subordination and absorption into an *ensemble* which retreats and retires and does not justify itself in such emphatic and defiant fashion as here, here is lacking. Judged by the criteria which the *rue du Caire* supplied, Gautier, Fromentin, Regnault, Pierre Loti are incomprehensible. The grime was more salient than the color, the chaos more prominent than the picturesqueness. Perhaps, indeed, the reason why the Orient pleases artists so much is because it furnishes only the elements of a picture ; because it is magnificently heterogeneous and haphazard ; because, in a word, it is so truly unpictorial. Perhaps, even in the Orient, as well as in the *rue du Caire*, it is the imagination that is stimulated rather than the sense that is pleased. But so far as the ordinary amateur is concerned I don't know that it makes much difference in the resultant effect on the sense and nerves whether the barbarism that one is experiencing be rudimentary or decayed. We may say, perhaps, that crudity is more refreshing morally, because one is accustomed to think of it as the beginning of better things and unconsciously credits it with the virtues of a fancied future. On the other hand,

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there is undeniably a certain harmony in the *débris* of elements once composed and still united which is æsthetically a shade more agreeable; the picture has tone, however the parts may lack distinction, and however purposeless and puerile the *ensemble*.

But to appreciate how utterly lacking in distinction was all this vaunted picturesqueness, this fancied romanticism of color and costume and custom which made up the *rue du Caire*, one had only to turn into the neighboring rooms of the Japanese exhibits. The contrast afforded one of the acutest and most elevated sensations of æsthetic pleasure it is possible to experience. One was at once in a rarer atmosphere, and exchanged tumultuousness for serenity, a ragged and dishevelled disorder for intelligence, refinement, elegance; the dregs of a dissipated relaxation for the true tension of cultivated exertion; an abandoned orgy for the repose and sanity of the pursuit of perfection. This general effect of the Japanese rooms was perhaps more remarkable than the excellence of the special exhibits, though this was, of course, very great indeed, and —as the tickets on bronzes and porcelains disclosed—many museums and private collections will be the richer for treasures of delicate and sensitive art. Outside and right and left was glitter and tinsel — the gaudy *grotesquerie* of Siamese imagination, the trumpery trinkets of Egypt, Morocco, Asia Minor; within, space and quiet; beautiful objects grouped, without sacrifice of individual interest, in tall black and glass cabinets; wide passage-ways between these, the courtesy of civilization manifest in the demeanor of the attendants, and the purely decorative features of the framework of the whole distributed with a chaste abstention from profusion and a dignified reserve in display in the highest degree impressive. It seemed difficult to fancy the *danse du ventre* going on amid the abominable cacophony of gongs and castanets a dozen steps away.

Going on, however, it was the livelong day. Every hour, every half-hour of the afternoon and evening, in half a dozen grimy cafés the Terpsichorean ideal of the Orient was illustrated anew, and so absolutely mechanical and listless was the spirit that infused the performers that, to a reflecting person, it was the audience that was really the spectacle. The audience was at all events a study. The number of women was ludicrously disproportionate, and the number of American women was noticeable. Some of them seemed slightly pensive, but all were interested. Their large eyes grew larger still. They almost forgot decorum in crowding for a better view, in leaning over the backs of chairs, in concentrated, absorbed attention. They seemed to be making the acquaintance of a new world of phenomena, to be learning something — which it is well known is the state of mind most exciting to the American girl. But it is perhaps doubtful if their acquisition was capable of formulation. In most cases it must have remained in the state of pure impression; and probably most of them will agree that, important as impressions are, this one was, on the whole, unsatisfactory.

If there were anything distinctly sensuous about the *danse du ventre* it might be more reprehensible, but it could not fail of being more interesting. Greater reprehensibility would have secured what was, in fact, most lamentably lacking, namely, a *raison d'être*, and a *raison d'être* always makes a thing more interesting. Doubtless, in its origin, its primordial idea, this series of contortions had significance, just as much of the symbolism of more spiritual ceremonial which now subsists in equally empty though more decorous fashion was once full of meaning, however esoteric and Eleusinian. At Paris and to-day it is absolutely hollow and dull. Fatima had the air of a bored contortionist. Her movements were extraordinary, and I was not surprised to hear that one of her comrades, forced to perform them from morning till night, and thus robbed of the recuperating repose which undoubtedly she enjoyed in Cairo or Salonica, had died of peritonitis at one of the hospitals. But anatomical paradox has in itself really no excuse for existence if it be both ugly and insignificant, and if in addition there be no heart in it.

There was, on the contrary, "heart," and little else, at the other end of the

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Champ de Mars, where the *Gitanas* were —appropriately—installed in the Palais des Enfants. These Spanish gypsies, mainly female, with enough of a masculine intersprinkling to give variety and conventional point to their performances, seemed veritably to have *le diable au corps*—which is perhaps merely a modern rendering of the old phrase "possessed of the devil." Their entertainment seemed the incarnation of caprice. Nothing more riotous, formless, and abandoned can be imagined. It was impossible at first to get the thread of it, to reduce it to anything like coherence. After a time one became habituated or demoralized enough to fancy he could divine the point of view. But this point of view once seized appeared all the more wildly extravagant, all the more impudent and atrocious. The noise was deafening. The music, to whose accompaniment the antics of the dancers were adjusted, was furnished by little tambourines absolutely echoless and non-vibrant, the national castanets, and a remorselessly persistent handclapping, which was first mystifying, then maddening, and finally, by dint of tireless continuance, stupefying. Its measures were marked at irregular intervals, suggested by the whim of the individual members of the company, by shouts and cries of the most epileptic violence. Happily, to most of the audience they probably seemed inarticulate. The dancing was mostly of a kind whose essential indecorousness was no doubt essentially modified by its calm deliberation and technical correctness. But I think the fondness for it of artistic Paris was an acquired taste.

The Javanese dancers were a troupe of an altogether different character, and it is only just to credit the *goût faisandé* of the Parisians with preferring them to the flagrant and turbulent contortions just mentioned. They were neither noisy nor abandoned. The music was slow, regular, and savage only in *timbre*. It tortured the nerves in an insidious and unsuspected way only—like certain forms of Chinese punishment, which at first seem wholly bearable—and did not assail them violently, as did that of the Spanish and Egyptian *virtuosi*. And to its unphrased, unmodulated monotony the dancers moved with trailing steps in slow—infinitely slow—curves, wreathing their arms, or rather their hands, with the wrist as a pivot, in a sinuous sedateness quite impossible to characterize or describe. As they circled about the little stage, a solemn-visaged youth in—perhaps—full canonicals, surrounded by a group of attendant girls, they seemed to be performing a series of barn-yard evolutions, as of a slowly strutting cock encircled by his harem of hens. It was decorous to the point of solemnity, and the sense of measure was certainly preserved to an almost measureless degree. The dancers were never carried beyond themselves by the *entrain* of the dance, but very visibly and agreeably controlled and regulated their gestures and poses. In this sense the performance was clearly an artistic one. But at the end of a half hour the observer who did not find it monotonous must have been a determined seeker after sensations. The elaborate but limited sinuosity of the waving hands and flexible wrists seemed at last perfectly insipid, and, instead of being intentional, merely the reduction to a factitious appearance of order, of movements in reality hap-hazard and fortuitous, by a slowing of the pace to such an extent that the sense of slowness disguised the lack of character in the design. After the *Gitanas* any exhibition of decorum was agreeable, but before long the emptiness of pure decorum made itself dismally perceived, and one could not help thinking that the Parisian amateurs who went into ecstasies over the Javanese did not analyze their sensations with sufficient assiduity. They must have seemed a little *naïfs* to the Javanese themselves, whose resigned expression was now and then apparently varied by a shade of amusement at the simplicity of their audiences.

In themselves, however, the dancers were more interesting than their serpentine posturings. There was one, especially, a girl of fourteen or fifteen, but evidently at the acme of maturity, over whom all artistic Paris was excited. Her skin, of which a great deal was visible, was of the most beautiful golden hue, with citron shadows, and her arms were modelled with an extraordinary delicacy.

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Her face was decidedly of a moon-like character, with eyes wide apart, and a rudimentary nose of concave outline. But, as a venerable and philosophic Frenchman who sat behind me remarked, "What difference does it make—a line like this or a line like that? What is really beautiful is youth." And this young woman was the incarnation of youth. It seems that our noses appear ridiculous to Javanese connoisseurs, and that the unvarying mark of a Batavian caricature is an exaggerated nose; perhaps it was our noses as well as our *naïveté* that amused the performers. It is well to have a standard, an ideal, even of noses, however; it is a great simplifier; and one reflected that even people who believe in concave noses have an advantage over those who believe only in "youth." In the first place, they have more "youth" themselves. In this sense the Parisian delight in all this transplanted irrelevance seemed extremely old.

VI.

The industrial display was doubtless very good, though special competence is required in order to speak of it intelligently. Our own exhibit made a poor showing, for example; but judging by the *grands prix* and medals it obtained it must have been a valuable contribution to a world's fair, considered as an institution for the development of industry and manufactures. No one, however, could fail to note the immense commercial preponderance of Great Britain in these respects over the protected countries of the Continent—even that part of the Continent which enjoys the superiority over England of artistic instincts, a tradition of culture, and the *Code Napoléon*—and as at Philadelphia, in 1876, the English exhibit constituted a vast object-lesson in political economy which the dullest might learn by mere dint of looking. The educational side of the Exposition, too, was extremely prominent. Everyone has read of the street of the habitations of man in all ages, of the history of labor series, of the scientific congresses held in almost unbroken succession from the opening to the close of the Exposition, and of such conspicuous importance as to induce the London *Spectator* to speculate in a long article on the worth of such congresses after all. But for the ordinary observer, of all the contents of the Exhibition, the art therein gathered was the most interesting—whether this be or should be the case at a world's fair or not.

Naturally here France reigned unrivalled, both because the French attach so much value to art, and the Exposition was so eminently French, and because there is, comparatively, so little modern art outside of France. But the French display was rendered far more impressive than otherwise it would have been, more impressive indeed than its warmest admirers could have expected it to be, by the happy idea of the retrospective exhibition of French masterpieces in painting and sculpture executed during the past hundred years. The *Centennaire* was, in truth, the very core and centre of the Exposition. The Louvre and Luxembourg together give no such vivid sense of the value of French art, of the title of French schools to rank with those of Italy and Holland, as the splendid array of sculptures and canvases spread out under the spacious blue dome of the Fine Arts Palace and overflowing into the contiguous galleries on either side. Here only could one get a just notion of the richness, the long career, and the vitality of distinctly French art after its emancipation from Italian leading-strings. For Fragonard, who was painting in 1789, almost carries it back to the days of reaction from Italian influence, and from Fragonard to Rodin stretched a line of works illustrating every phase of its later evolution amply and splendidly. How much, too, there was in each successive phase was a lesson in catholic appreciation hardly otherwise to be obtained. The *Centennaire* was almost a demonstration of the truth of Mr. Henry James's wise remark, that "art is only a point of view, and genius mainly a way of looking at things." Prudhon, David, Ingres, Delacroix, Couture, Corot, Millet, Courbet, Manet, Puvis de Chavannes—how much to say for itself here had each of these interhostile points of view over which

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such fierce battles have been fought, and such heated intolerance exhibited. Fragonard's witchery and abandoned *insouciance;* Prudhon's grace and lambent color; David's sense of self-control and perfect power of expressing what he deemed worthy of expressing; Ingres' linearly beautiful demonstrations of his sincerity—his sanity, indeed—in proclaiming that drawing was the "probity of art;" Delacroix's splendid proofs that color and action are alone worth attention; Corot's triumphant assertion that blithe serenity is nature's truest note; Courbet's superbly stated proposition that only the petty lies without the domain of artistic subject, and that one motive is as good as another — even elegance itself — provided you take it largely enough—all these various points of view seemed invincible when you stood before the splendid illustrations of them that the *Centennaire* contained. You might theorize at your leisure, and note among other things the steady evolution of technic which these masterpieces of French art attested during the past hundred years; but philosophizing in their presence seemed professional and almost priggish.

Both the *Centennaire* and the exhibition of current French art, the paintings and sculpture of the past ten years, showed one tendency or trait of the utmost significance, namely, a perfect catholicity of official selection. Canvases and statues figured in each which had either been rejected at the *Salon* or treated with contumely there. Courbet and Rodin had apparently become the head of the corner. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this apparent divorce between the Government and the Institute, this enthusiastic adoption, and not mere countenancing, by the former of "free," in spite of the frowns of academic art. It is not fanciful to say that it would never have happened under a monarchical *régime*, that the republican faith and its triumph have broadened the artistic as well as the political horizon, and in the field of æsthetics as well as of politics now reigns the genius of liberty and an ideal impatience of restrictions and conventions so far as these tend to hamper, hinder, or exclude *talent* of any kind. The careful cherishing of salutary, the careful curbing of dangerous influences, the timid and perhaps selfish trades-union spirit, which hitherto the Administration has more or less warmly supported in the Institute, have for the moment given way. Ultramontanism has indeed given place to radicalism, one may say, and possibly the pendulum has swung over far in the direction from which it has so long by main strength been withheld. But no one can doubt that whatever extravagance may be considered to accompany the change will, in its turn, be sufficiently curbed by the great forces of conservatism always at work in French art, and in the public to which French art appeals, and that the Institute knows its trade too well, and really possesses too fine a sense of sobriety and measure to lose more than the surplusage of power which official aid once gave it and gives it no longer. So that the change I speak of cannot fail to be as salutary as it is notable. Much dissatisfaction was expressed at the prominence of Manet and the presence of Monet at the Exposition, and there need be no fear that any school of "free" art will permanently receive the government support which will make it in turn "official."

This, however, does not imply acquittal of the "modernists" themselves of the charge of intolerance, and in their contributions to the exhibition of current art there was, I think, abundant evidence of the fanaticism which is perhaps an inevitable accompaniment of the energy requisite for effective Protestantism. What can you accomplish in attacking any system unless you attack it systematically? And the French *plein-air* painters, as a rule and in the mass, seem really to paint as if nothing else in the world were worth a moment's thought except the just reproduction of out-of-doors "values." These painters made the most vivid impression of any of the various French schools to whose works gallery after gallery was devoted, perhaps owing to our having grown familiar with the Bonnats and Benjamin Constants, and Henners and Laurenses and Detailles. They are the painters not, I think, of the indefinite, but prob-

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ably of the immediate future. They date from Manet as a matter of fact, though, as so often happens in a movement of this kind, Bastien-Lepage's modification of Manet's uncompromising attitude has been adopted by most of them. Monet and *luminarisme* are yet to come, perhaps, and though it is hard to imagine what phase of nature will be left after that upon which a "school" may concentrate its attention, yet as the phases of nature are infinite the succession of schools will doubtless continue.

No one not a traditional adherent of the academic conventions can fail to appreciate the excellence of the *plein-air* painters. It is not to be doubted that their procedure is worthy of a scientific age, and mathematical to the last degree. The doctrine they advocate and illustrate simply demands an exact *correspondence* in the light and dark scale of a picture to that of the natural scene represented, exact *imitation* both of local tints and general tone being impossible, owing to the difference between nature's highest light and lowest dark, and the potentialities of the palette. In other words, as you can squeeze absolute white out of no tube, you must first determine the scale of your picture, and then make every note in it bear the same relation to every other that the corresponding note in nature bears to its fellows in its own different scale. And what this "value" of the note should be, you can figure out with mathematical precision. Only in this way can the effects of light and air—those two most pictorial of nature's effects—be caught, it appears; and some of the painters, indeed, sketch in figures instead of colors, marking the values of their different notes; for example, "65," "80," "45," etc., instead of endeavoring to match local tones. Color? One scheme of color is as good as another; it is light that brings colors into harmony, and harmony is the end to aim at. Form? Get the "value" right, and let the object model itself. Chiaro-oscuro? An antiquated artificiality! Sentiment? Mere literature! Pedantry here naturally results in the phenomenon known as *trompe l'œil* (optical illusion is hardly so good a term), but it is undeniable that the *plein-air* painters have established a technical standard by their undivided attention to "values" which must prove of very great importance in painting. They have spoiled for everyone the old, hot, studio-painted works. They have raised the standard of naturalistic representation by still another degree, and have accordingly performed a service comparable with those associated with the names of the great technical innovators in the same line of development—Giotto, Signorelli, Ghirlandaio, Claude, Rembrandt, Velasquez. And they have imposed their view everywhere — Germany, Norway, Russia, America most of all—and even England.

At the same time much honor as is the due of reformers who raise the standard of technic in painting, it is impossible not to reflect that technic is, after all, machinery, and that in art what a man says is of importance, as well as how he says it. We may hereafter require of painters that in attempting naturalistic representation they commit no solecisms, and that to that end they pay as much attention to atmosphere as to form, color, and chiaro-oscuro. We may come to find M. Gérôme as *naïf* in this sense, as we do Cimabue in drawing. But something else may be demanded as well, something besides machinery, something besides good painting. In this something the French painters who are now the leaders in their art are distinctly lacking. They show you how nature looks to you, if you have looked closely at her manifestations. What *they* think and feel, how *they* are impressed, seems a matter of no importance. Their art is objectivity reduced to system, and consequently to artistic barrenness. For what permanently interests and attaches in art is personal impression, or, in the case of a "school," the sharing of some personal impression, some way of looking at things by a number of artists that is not *the* way, the scientific way — the way in which Raphael and Michael Angelo were impressed by line and form and mass; Titian and Tintoretto by color; Velasquez by reality; Rembrandt by chiaro-oscuro; Corot by the morning; Millet by toil and resignation; Delacroix by energy; the "school" of Leonardo, of the Della Robbia, of the fifteenth-century Floren-

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tines, by some spiritual view of life, appealing indirectly to the mind through the eye, as formal poetry appeals to it directly. In a word, the essence of painting is poetry and not science. And the French painting of the day, with its preoccupation with the niceties of naturalistic representation, can be regarded only as a powerful agent in perfecting the medium through which the painting of the future will have to express itself. This in itself is a very honorable distinction, it need not be said, and perhaps it is inconsistent with a more spiritual accomplishment. But it was impossible to avoid turning with pleasure, and, indeed, with a certain sense of relief, at the Exposition, from the galleries of clever and sapient current French art to the *Centennaire*, where from every canvas you got a personal impression, a definite and distinct "point of view;" where, in fine, every picture was a synthesis instead of an exhibition of impersonal cleverness, and where imagination counted for more than observation.

After the French galleries the American rooms I should think would have been found by an impartial spectator the most interesting, partly because they were interesting for other than purely æsthetic reasons. They furnished subject for much discussion that was really of an ethnological character. Whatever we do in an æsthetic way interests Europeans in this way first of all perhaps; their attitude to it is one of curiosity. To the mass of the French especially, perhaps, Chateaubriand is still an authority on America; America still suggests to them red-skins and virgin forests, an environment of wildness and savagery modified in these later days by an enviably successful philistinism. As a matter of fact our artists are infinitely less attracted by wildness and savagery than theirs, of course; but the very natural reason for this is something they quite fail to comprehend. They are constantly reproaching us with our imitativeness and demanding originality of us, quite forgetting that a certain objectivity, necessary in order to secure artistic appreciation, depends solely on unfamiliarity, and that originality in art demands art even before originality. Our material may have immense potentialities — though I confess to a feeling sometimes that Europeans exaggerate these — but "the point of view" demands a perspective that intimate association to some extent forbids.

It was inevitable, at any rate, that as soon as we began to pay any systematic attention to painting we should be preoccupied with the endeavor to learn how to paint rather than to be original. Painting is, after all, a difficult matter, and painting well is as necessary as it is difficult, if you are to satisfy any interest more abiding than that of mere curiosity. The American exhibit showed at any rate that Americans have learned how to paint, and French critics who object to their cleverness in imitation modestly forget that it is difficult to paint well nowadays without imitating the French *plein-air* painting. It would be as rational to object to the adoption by a European War Department of the latest invention in arms or ammunition. France has been the pioneer in the progress of realistic rendering of nature, and as nothing but the realistic rendering of nature is thought of nowadays—by Frenchmen at all events—it seems a little superficial in them to reproach artists of other nationalities with a prompt and elastic recognition of the fact. It is true that the defects of the great and distinguished French quality of "modernity" appear rather sharply accentuated in the work of the Franco-Americans, as, artistically, the Americans who paint in Paris may be called. You feel, I am bound to acknowledge, the limitations of this quality more in the Franco-American than in the French rooms. It is a little more express and external, a little less spontaneous and native as exhibited by Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce or Mr. Alexander Harrison than it is as illustrated even by Manet himself. You are more obsessed by the preoccupation with values, *et præterea nihil*. The illusion is more striking and therefore less illusive. The effect of *trompe l'œil* is more arrogant and unabashed. But this is perhaps due to the exaggeration of objective enthusiasm, and as soon as things take their places a little better, as soon as *plein-air* painting becomes as conventional among the Franco-Ameri-

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cans as it has among the Frenchmen themselves, we may fairly expect to see less of the machinery of their work. Meantime the machinery is in admirable order, and is the best machinery to be had. It does not so much matter, after all, who invented it.

As to specific imitation, the imitation, that is to say, by certain Americans of certain French masters, that, I think, was greatly exaggerated by the French critics. To say, as M. Maurice Hamel does, in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, that "Cabanel and Manet, Gérôme and Carolus Duran, Bouguereau and Dagnan, Whistler and Munkacsy, Jules Breton more than Millet, are in turn or simultaneously consulted" by American painters is clearly confused and mechanical rhetoric. Mr. Whistler is himself more of an American than anything else, and much more so than Mr. Sargent, who may be accused of being an imitator of Carolus Duran only in so far as a pupil who far surpasses his master may be. No one imitates Bouguereau or Jules Breton or Munkacsy. But in saying that American painting as exhibited at Paris showed "the gift of assimilation, a quick eye, manual dexterity, the assurance of precocious virtuosi, a liking for effect and sensationalism, little meditation in the presence of reality, slight reflection upon phenomena, few passionate confidences, resulting in æsthetic gymnastics and samples of pure cleverness," and that, finally, it appeared "alert, adroit, and superficial," M. Hamel must be admitted to be on surer ground.

Still, the French critics made the mistake of judging of the American exhibit by the room kept for themselves by the Franco-Americans, to the neglect of that devoted to American painters painting at home. There were three very sufficient reasons for this. Probably we should have to put first of all their *a priori* conviction that America is a veritable Nazareth in art matters, and therefore it would pay only to inspect the work of Americans painting in Paris, whence the induction that as these painters showed more imitativeness than originality, America must be a Nazareth indeed—a kind of symmetrical and circular logic especially French perhaps. In the second place, it was impossible to see any of the paintings in the purely American room as satisfactorily as all of those in the Franco-American gallery, and impossible to see many of them at all; the Franco-Americans had had everything their own way. In the third place, the Franco-Americans paint so much better than their stay-at-home compatriots that anyone to whom, as to French critics, insufficient technic is a dispensation from any scrupulous examination of motive, would naturally devote himself principally to the works of the former. All the same, it is, I think, regrettable that these gentlemen were not as generous as they could well have afforded to be. Our exhibition would certainly have gained had there been no such arbitrary and unpatriotic division of forces in the presence of the enemy. I think, indeed, the French critics would have been more impressed had the Franco-Americans surrendered the better room to their less fortunate fellows, though doubtless that would have been a refinement of patriotic feeling not to be exacted of "foreign colonists" of any kind.

The Dutch pictures were not the most interesting of the Exposition, but I think possibly they were the most sincere. A serene atmosphere pervaded the rooms, a tranquil sense of haven-like aloofness from the storms and whirling eddies of technical discussion; something of the placid quiet that pervades as a decorous mist the tree-lined avenues of the Hague, where most of the distinguished Dutchmen have their studios, and catches up the soft and sober reflections of the low-toned objects it enshrouds; something of the breezy reaches and gusty dunes of Scheveningen and of the sedate picturesqueness of Amsterdam streets. After Manet's staccato how soothing is Mesdag's utmost animation! After Mr. Melchers's astonishing *trompe l'œil* how large and free seem Mauve's stretches of plain and cool gray cloud-filled skies! This is what it is to be in harmony with nature, one reflects, as he remarks the absence of all effort to spy out her secrets, to solicit over-anxiously her intimacy, to treat her as a model and make of her a spectacle. What good sense, what good taste

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every canvas attested! How markedly absent any trace of vulgarity, of intellectual fret, of insecurity, of special and urgent appeal, of pose of any kind!

And at the same time it need hardly be said that the impression made by the Netherlands galleries was very far removed from that produced by an art essentially *bourgeois*. Dutch technic has always saved Dutch art from that reproach; and though it had more power in the days of Van der Meer of Delft, and De Hooghe, to say nothing of such strenuous personalities as Rembrandt and Franz Hals, it never had more distinction than it has at the present time. Distinction is, indeed, one of its very salient characteristics. Clear, cool color, firm and free drawing, a nice instinctive sense of values, without over-emphasis in this regard, never separating, as it were, space and the air that fills it in order to show that you appreciate both, and a certain deft precision of touch bordering on elegance were noticeable in scores of canvases. But, on the other hand, what the Dutchmen, too, seem really lacking in is imagination. Their attitude toward nature is very fine, but it is a trifle tranquil. They sacrifice, efface themselves in nature's presence. They are impressionable, but half-consciously so, by assimilation and absorption as it were, rather than through positive enthusiasm. Enthusiasm, indeed, is a word hardly to be found in their vocabulary. They are rather sympathetic even than impressionable. One feels that they have lived long in the environment they paint, that they were born in it, that they have never left it, that they love it as the son who was not "prodigal" must have loved his home — appreciatively, affectionately, but a little unemotionally. And they might, of course, show far more impressionability than they do and still show a defective imagination; the impressionable and the imaginative genius being so different as sometimes to seem mutually exclusive. They exhibit less temperament, less personal feeling, even than the Frenchman, who is given over to technic, and whose great defect is the sacrifice of temperament to technic, because the latter, however impersonal and unsympathetic his attitude toward nature, nevertheless pursues technic with a personal ardor quite absent from the composed competence of the Netherlands painters. But how triumphantly they rise above the defects of their admirable qualities must be one's last reflection as he turns from the Netherlands rooms to those wherein he will find more imagination, more enthusiasm, and more perturbation.

The French appreciation of the English pictures was significant — both of the catholicity of French appreciation and of the merit of English pictures. The extreme unlikeness of the American and English contributions struck everyone, but it was curious to note how much more the French cared for that foreign art which differed most from their own than they did for that which resembled it most. The reason clearly was the individuality of the English pictures which as a whole, however they might witness either antiquated or elementary technic, nevertheless testified to a belief in the imagination as the most important factor in the production of fine art. And it would be difficult to conceive a more striking attestation of the value of imaginativeness in painting than the manifest respect which the French showed for works which in many other respects invited their clemency. Elsewhere the French ideal reigned supreme. Madrazo and Rico illustrated it in the Spanish rooms, though, of course, a decided trace of Fortuny was noticeable in the canvases of each of them. The Germans, too, and Russians, who were nevertheless very impressive—especially counting the striking street-studies of Marie Bashkirtseff—were more careful about expression than about idea. Finally, and I confess that to me the fact was disappointing, both Segantini and Nono showed that Italy is still occupied mainly with technical problems. That, after all, one must conclude, is the "note" of the moment in art.

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ATONEMENT.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Thou repentest, and thy tears
Flow for those misfeatured years
That, with old reproach and taunt,
Thine amended footsteps haunt.
But thou mayest not, in sooth,
Placate thine aggrievèd Youth.

Thou repentest, and wouldst heap,
From thy bin and coffer deep,
Store upon their nakedness
Whom thou spurnedst all pitiless.
But thou mayest not find peace
In late doles of thine increase.

Thou repentest, and wouldst yield
All the trophies of the field
Where a great heart vailed to thee
That thy fame upreared might be.
But thou mayest not rebuild
What thy lustier growth has killed.

Thou repentest, and thy breast
Heaves for one that (well at rest)
Once thy crossed or wanton will
Could with cruel tremor fill.
But thou mayest not confer
Aught upon that slumberer.

Thou repentest!—dost thou deem
Heaven is lent unto thy scheme
That thou mayest now undo
What thy writhing heart-strings rue,
And with dealings sooth and kind
Of their aim thy Furies blind?

Thou repentest, and wouldst press
Forward to a sweet redress.
Ay; but if a God prefer
In thy wakened breast should stir
Grief to keep thy purpose pure,
What for thee but to endure?

Thou repentest! Well, repent.
Urge naught else, but be content
That the callous chord did break,
That thy heart at length could ache.
Ache! thou heart long proof to pain,
Though thy prayer no God constrain.

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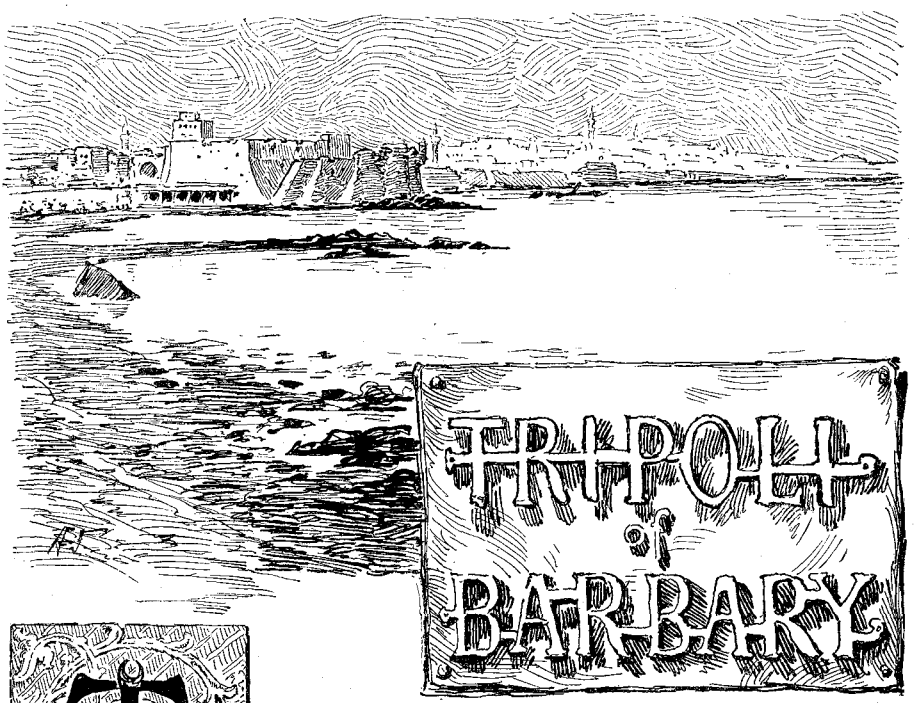

AFRICAN STUDIES.—I.

By A. F. Jacassy.

THE traveller passing for the first time out of the boisterous wintry storms of an Atlantic voyage into the glowing tranquillity of the Mediterranean cannot but feel its spell steal over him. The winds and surges of the mighty ocean have perhaps left on his mind a sense of disquietude, but at the gates of this Southern sea the goblins of ice and storm that haunt the dark imagination of the North shrink back discomfited. Incongruous hues, violent contrasts of outline and color no longer startle the eye; the sea sleeps on beaches of ruddy sand, vast skies of tender blue reach out boundlessly, and between them the line of the shore stretches away like a bank of mother-of-pearl. Even in her capricious and dangerous moods the Mediterranean fascinates like a Cleopatra and in frowns does not lose her bewitching beauty. Who can withstand the magic of this Sacred Sea? Who that has felt the uneasy strife of a Northern nature can resist the soft influences of this sunny climate, the gentle conspiracy of its elements lulling to rest cares, regrets, ambitions, even the stern call to Duty? Effort, strife, find no place here, and with the souvenirs of most of the history of the human race written on its shores, the old world and the new are blended into one and the tyranny of Time is forgotten.

Our course lies to the southward. The ripples that fret the burnished surface of the long undulating billows tinkle continually on the sides of the black vessel. All day we have gazed upon the light that never wearies, and now in the late afternoon we begin to be aware of a low-lying, spectral-pale band of shore. That portion of Africa whose nudity is only covered by the fallow mantle of the desert gives, notwithstanding its tenderness of color, a most sad impression, the Moors have found its true name—they call it "Bled el Ateusch," the Country of Thirst; and, as there is an intimate relation between the character

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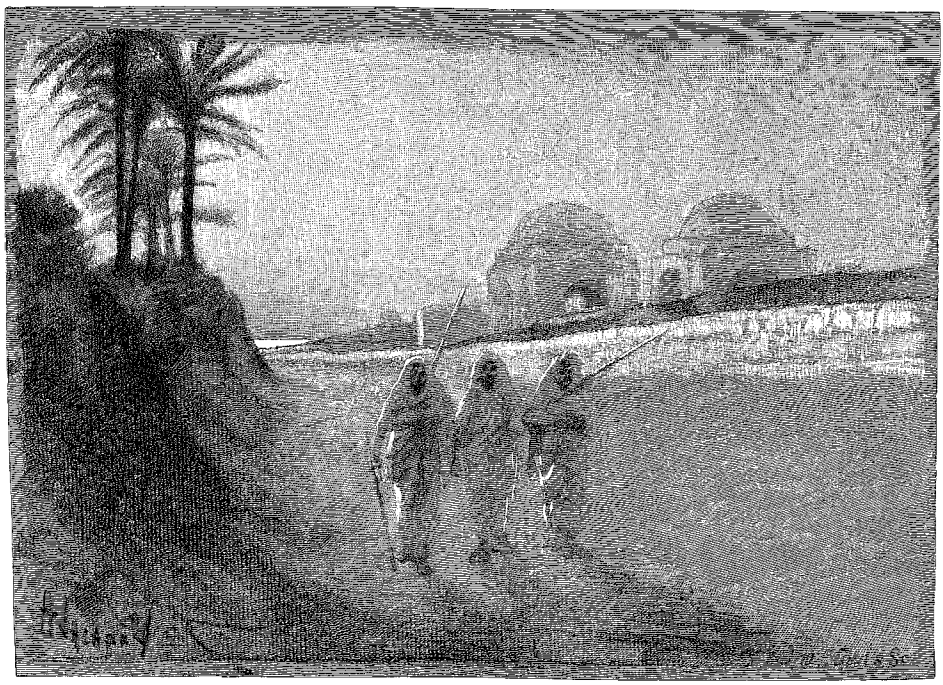
of a country and that of its people, one realizes that the race who dwell here must be different from those of the rest of the world. The struggle against the rough and adverse elements of Northern climates, the necessity of fighting them in order to live, the possibility of finally mastering them, have developed the best capabilities of the human race; while the contemplation of this desolate land, lying prostrated like a helpless slave under the tyranny of a sun implacable, has engendered idleness and fatalism—pure vegetative life.



Outside the Walls at Sunset.

At twilight, Tripoli, the last Turkish town of northern Africa, outlines itself faintly, then disappears in dusky haze. One by one the stars come into luminous life until the heavens are all a twinkling blaze; the sea, murmuring ever her soft and vague refrain, sleeps with the transparency of a mirror, flecked here and there with fugitive traces of phosphorescence. In the morning we enter an open space pompously called harbor: no forest of masts, hardly three or four ships at anchor, no signs of activity, and involuntarily our thoughts travel to far away natal lands and contrast their busy scenes with this African torpor. In the profound silence, the most trifling sounds of earth are heard with perfect distinctness. At a few cable lengths Tripoli, shimmering in a luminous atmosphere, smiles at us in her matinal parure; she is circled with an oasis of palms studded with hundreds of domes and minarets that the rising sun kindles into dots of scintillating light: behind old Spanish walls the houses stand forth white and delicate against a sky of amethyst: the slightest details are visible, and all touches one with a penetrating charm. It is the eternal enchantment of the cities of the Orient seen at a distance; but, alas! set foot within them, the illusion vanishes and disgust seizes you. They are like beautiful bodies having the appearance of life but within which the worm of death and decay eats ceaselessly. It is related of a dilettante that, during his sojourn at Constantinople, he contented himself with admiring the marvellous aspect of the city from the deck of his yacht refusing to go ashore,

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lest closer acquaintance would bring disillusions too cruel. He was right; the Orient of dreams and poesy is not the Orient of reality; magic appearances conceal the desolate spectacle of a society arrived at the last limits of decadence. The depravity of manners, the immorality and corruption of the administration, the enervation of character, have ruined Turkey. It is not only an Empire which is falling, but a civilization which is passing.

Willing or not, you are made to take part in the noisy scene on deck when a horde of dirty rascals try to waylay you. How much talent is then wasted! how many ruses and combinations of all sorts over the few cents they make by carrying you and your luggage to the Custom House. There also what jostling, what a noise; all this little world is in uproar, everyone signalling, gesticulating, speaking at once. Such a fray bewilders a civilized man, but those familiar with Southern exuberance regard it tranquilly, well knowing the disorder is more apparent than real and that these people who bawl so loudly always end by understanding one another. The traveller who has acquired that most necessary art not to be in a hurry procures rapidly enough the examination of his luggage. An instant after, following some robust porter, he

A Gunsmith.

traverses an open place encumbered with the tables and benches of a "café," and is not a little surprised to find himself the object of general curiosity to the international representatives of the Christian colony. Coffee and nargiles are there merely as a pretext, in reality the gathering is in his honor—the arrival of a respectable traveller being an event rare enough to interest an entire population. The name, the quality of this novelty are known before he reaches land. "Will he do this, will he do that? He has a smart look. Who knows but

On the Beach.

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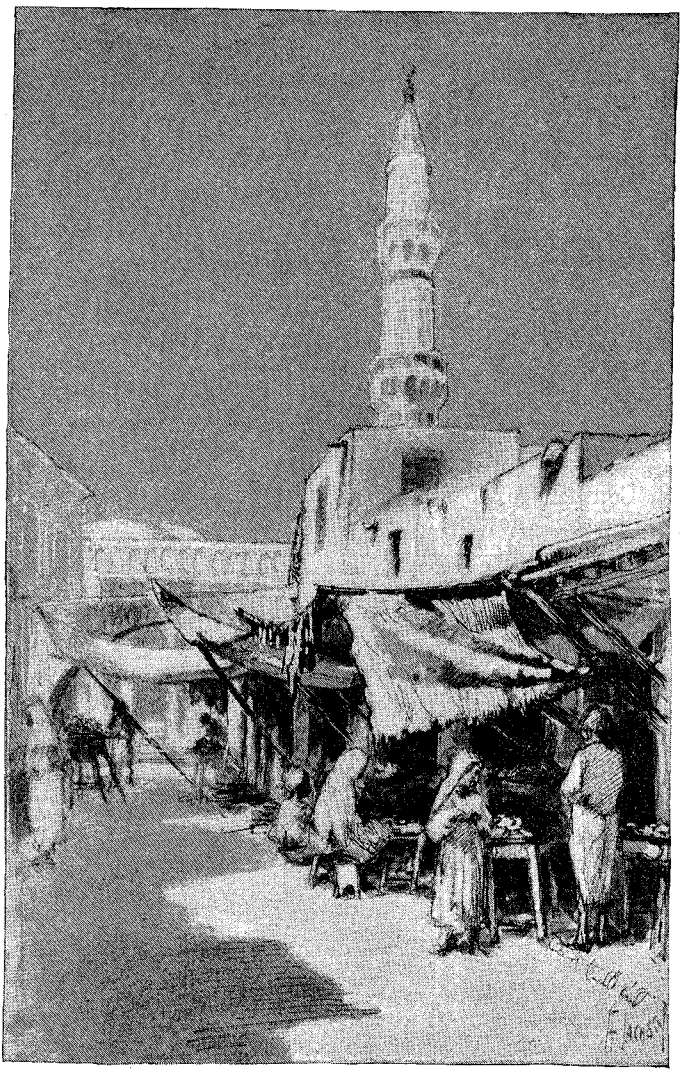
he is one of these *spies!*" France and Italy covet this country and, as seems to be the custom of the day, have sent officers hither on secret missions. As a result, all conscientious tourists making slight inquiries as to what they see run the risk of being taken for spies.



Minaret of the Mosque el Gourdji.

The portal passed—Tripoli being a fortress, as one infers from the wretched-looking soldiers seated about cross-legged, mending stockings—one enters a maze of crooked and irregular streets. What is nowhere else seen, and what gives them an original aspect, is that the houses, scarce six feet apart in the widest streets, are connected by numerous arcades, felicitously preventing the walls from nearing each other in a too dangerous kiss. All is a trifle primitive here, the architecture like the rest. There are scarcely any handsome or even decent-looking houses except consular residences and a few habitations of wealthy merchants, which are rich and vulgar. However, what some despise others enjoy. If one cannot ex-

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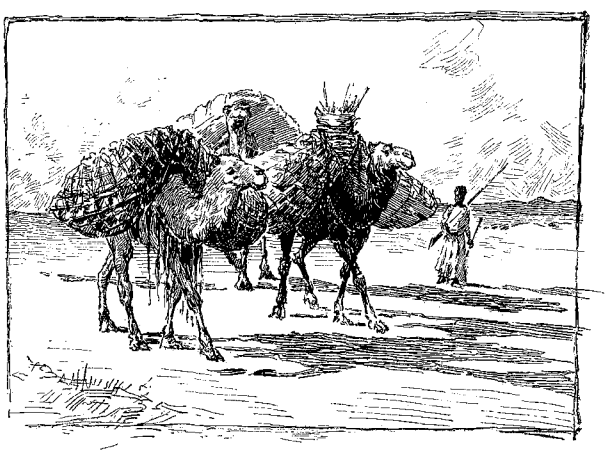
In a Shop.

pect to live comfortably in Tripoli, as in Tunis or Cairo for example, at least it has the advantage of not being half-civilized like them. Under the Sultan's rule it has remained the capital of a truly barbaric state, still virgin of improvements and with just enough dilapidated abandon, dirt, and picturesqueness to make the delight of the artist.

In the variegated crowd filling the streets scores of types may be distinguished: Arabs of the town, draped in their blankets like Romans in their togas, and, in fact, the "jaram" is the direct descendant of the toga and, judging from its looks, seems to have retained all the dirt of those intervening centuries; others, whose costume consists simply of a flowing robe, generally white, or, to be precise, which was once white! Sometimes this robe is of silk of vivid hue, and the effect of that gay note in a bit of street is like a poppy in a wheat-field. Bedouins, whose limbs, wiry and strongly muscled, shine a superb bronze color through their scanty coverings, elbow Jews in ridiculous costumes, half native and half European. In a few moments one has met with an infinite variety of negroes, from the pure type almost without nose and with enormous jawbones and huge lips to those whose lineaments are absolutely Caucasian. Porters, in simple tunics corded about the waist, carry heavy swinging bales on long poles resting on their shoulders, cheering their progress the while with an invocation to Allah and his innumerable prophets, chanted by an old man and repeated by the chorus; a true song of savages, bursting forth like a fanfare of trumpets. Veiled women, voluminously wrapped, pass by like ambling bundles of clothes. Officers by scores, those of the new school stiff but neat, trying to resemble their German confrères, since the fashion in Turkish circles is to imitate the lions of the day; the older officers kindly looking enough, but in what miserable costumes! Moorish dandies stroll and pose languidly about, seemingly absorbed in preserving their immaculate patent-leather slippers from any impertinent fleck of dirt. Crafty-featured Greeks and Levantines thread their insinuating way among the motley groups. At each step it is a new tableau, and the desire seizes you to stop while the eyes follow a curious type, and turning from it with regret fall on ten as interesting. We must move on, however, but not without looking at that fat bon-



Carrying "Halfa."

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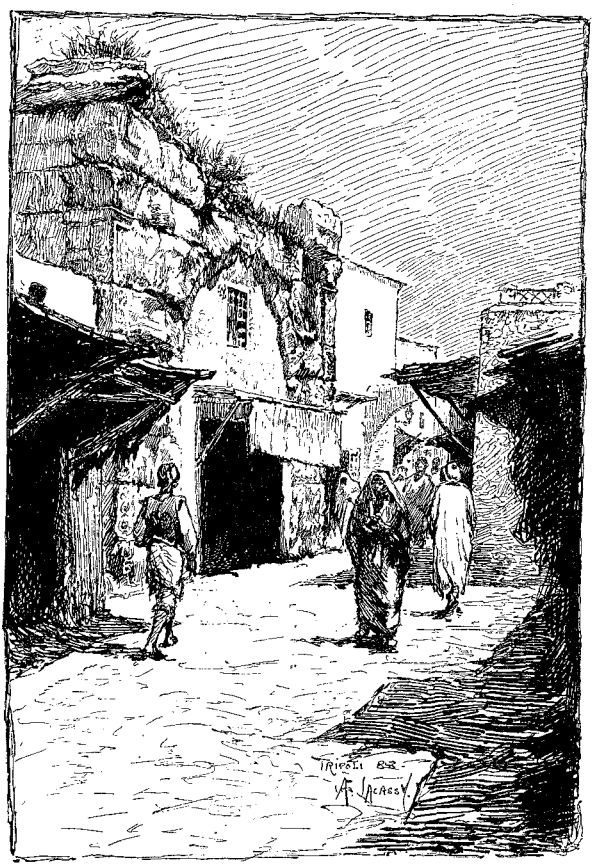
bon merchant squatted in a corner before a little table whereon are spread unrelishable sweets. He stirs them lazily with fingers of doubtful cleanliness, psalmoding the while the Pharisee's prayer, interlarded no doubt with maledictions addressed to us "dogs of infidels!" Notwithstanding his dirtiness, he does not lack a certain dignity; his eyes are half-closed, but their glance is fine and piercing. Is he not a fitting personification of that enigmatic Orient, bountifully gifted by nature, but which chooses to remain immobile among the peoples who march forward?



The Roman Triumphal Arch.

From the window of our chamber in the *Locanda* we see a bit of blue sky, deep and luminous as a precious stone, against which a "koubba," melon-shaped, outlines itself all white and incandescent. The sun makes resplendent a perspective of houses and gives an air of nobility to the most vulgar and common details. The light, vivid as it is, does not hurt like the reflections from our skies of tin. The shadows bathed in such light become cool and transparent; caressing zephyrs pass from time to time. What is better than to abandon ourselves a whole day to that irresistible charm, eloquent preacher of Horace's philosophy?

Only a portion of the Mediterranean coast has remained out of the beaten track of tourists, yet thousands of them pass every month within a day's sail of it. It is that long reach of shore which extends from Tunis to Egypt, and nowhere in the entire length of northern Africa does the Great Desert advance so near the sea. The dike of the Atlas range, rising from the Atlantic Coast and extending far eastward, protects a large strip of fertile lands, once the granary of Rome, against the invading Sahara. This range loses itself and is finally effaced at the gulf of the Little Syrta, and the vast, long-pent up element, knowing no more barrier, spreads its yellow, sandy waves as far as the Nile, enveloping the last half-submerged summits which form a rosary of oases. That estuary of the Sahara is the port of the Black Continent. It is the natural road by which central Africa has been attacked by many illustrious explorers: Clapperton, Dr. Barth, Gerhard Rohlfs, Nachtigall, to cite only a few, have taken Tripoli as their starting-point because of the relative facility of communication with the "Baad el Aabid," the Country of the Blacks. That fact explains the past and present importance of the town. The only vestige of antiquity spared by the iconoclastic mania of the Moslems is a triumphal arch erected to the glory of a forgotten Emperor Aurelian. It rises amid minarets, and the

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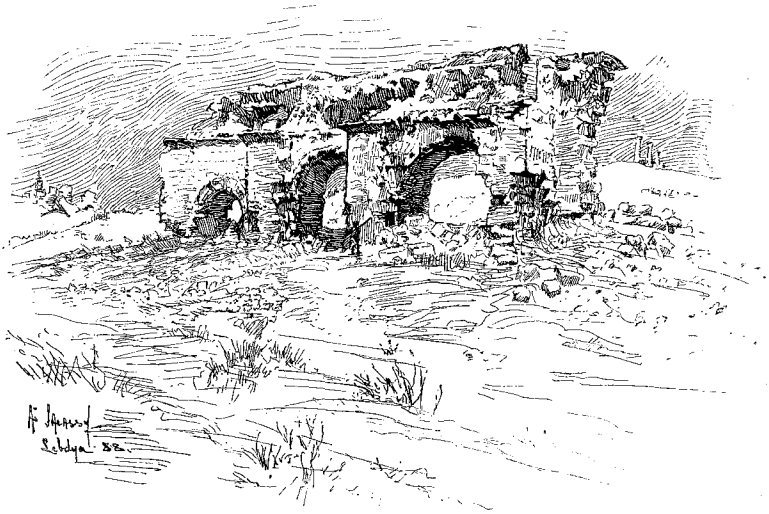
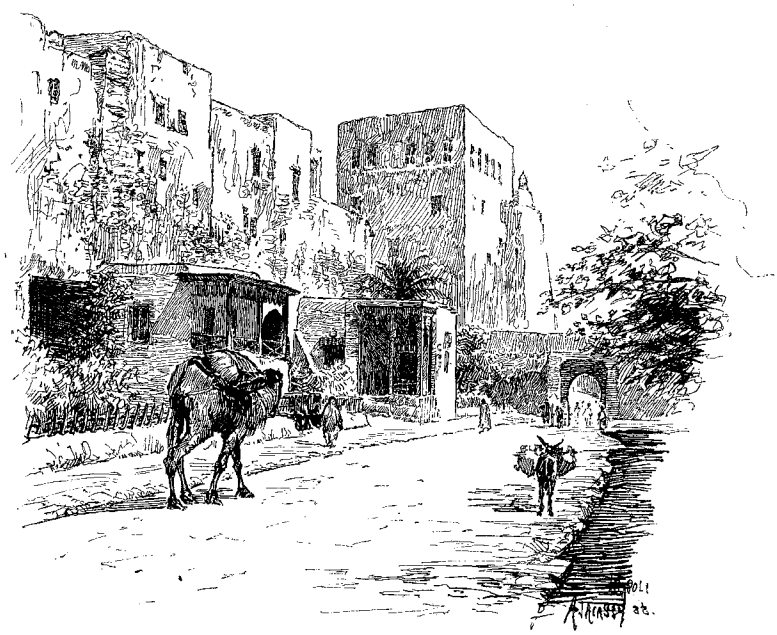


Ruins at Leptis Magna.

little shops of a Maltese market, and, despite its mutilations, its disfigured bass-reliefs, and the butcher's stall that finds shelter under its marble blocks, that hoary witness of the past preserves a stamp of noble grandeur. Groaning camels stalk slowly past it, and crowds of noisy Moors take the place of the Roman legions. Under the domination of Rome Tripoli, however, was not the most important town of the province. It was from Leptis Magna, situated some sixty miles to the east, that the caravans of Phœnicians, those sturdy traders of antiquity, and of Greek and Roman merchants started for the interior. Leptis, sharing the fate of the once prosperous African colonies, is to-day but a heap of ruins buried in the solitude, majestic and without boundaries, of the



The Castle.

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desert. A young Bedouin, watching his meagre flock at their scant pasturage of herbs, was the only human being I saw there. Leaning on his staff, he seemed to listen, like Virgil's shepherd, to the

In a Negro Village.

noise this vanished past had once made in the world. A destiny as mysterious as that of the distinguished generations of which these ruins are the forgotten remains leaves them to disappear slowly under the gnawing breath of that infinitely small—the sand! and a near century will not perceive even the traces of their obliteration.

The province of Tripoli, if measured by its official frontiers, which exist only in theory, presents an area larger than the German Empire; but while the name Germany signifies for Germans the work of unity elaborated during centuries, the ideal of right and duty, the home where floats the flag for which one dies, in short, that chain of traditional solidarities linking the cradle of the child with the venerated tombs of the fathers of the country, the land of which we speak has no other name for the million of men she sustains than that of "Bled el Mouley," the Country of the Master. Between the state of things this one fact reveals and the social conditions implied by our ideas of nationality there is, therefore, an abyss.

The nomads are bent on avoiding tax-paying, which is easily done. Who cares about pursuing them in a district without roads, water, towns, resources of any sort? The Governor insists on the payment of taxes only when his soldiers can make such insistance successful. On this condition alone can he accomplish his other duties, protect the caravans and oases against the aggressive pirates of the desert, and prevent fights and thefts among the tribes. It is easy to understand that beyond the collecting of taxes along the coast he can do nothing. The little he can do he does only too well. The country which fifty years ago was prosperous under the Arab rule has fallen into terrible misery. The Pashas, one after another, have pressed the life out of her so that she is now like a squeezed lemon.

The Turkish shepherd of the Tripolitan flock has at command about ten thousand men, a force much greater than necessary to retain the country in vassalage, and intended chiefly to resist a possible annexation by France or Italy. These soldiers remind one of their ancestors, those disordered hordes who hurled themselves like a devastating torrent on the Lower Empire. Their life, encampments, manœuvres are an anachronism that would amuse a man of the profession. To say that they are dressed in rags is but to hint at the truth. Their shoes, for example — but have they any shoes? What name can be applied to those pieces of wood, shreds of stuff or skin, that are nailed,

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glued, pieced together with marvellous ingenuity? The appearance of a marching regiment is like that of a flock of

A Negro King.

sheep, each going according to his fancy if not pushed by his neighbor. These poor wretches can every day study the value of the proverb of *Harpagon*, *Shylock's* brother, that it is necessary to eat in order to live, but not to live in order to eat: indeed, they prove it is not necessary to eat much to live. At least, their lives pass untroubled by gout, if gout comes, as is said, from excess of table. Even their pay, ridiculously small as it is, exists only on paper. The pay-days are as rare as the happy days in the life of Abd el Rhaman, the Magnanimous, Caliph of Cordova, who, the Arab historians assure us, found, after careful search, but fourteen in his whole life. The same rule applies to the officers, the highest only escape it. A field-marshal gets his 3,400 francs a month, but the captains do not receive their 80 francs, and being married, without fortune, and disqualified for other occupations, how do they manage to live? The weak point of the army is there, in its officers, whose daily fight against misery destroys their devotion and emulation. But here we see conscientious Turkey, always full of good intentions that are never realized, seeking a remedy (naturally not the needed one) by asking of Germany superior officers to organize and instruct her own. This little story is typical enough to be worth telling: The Prussian staff sent men of *élite*, among them the celebrated Van der Goltz, whose military writings are classical, they were largely and regularly remunerated, gifts, decorations, flatteries were showered upon them, but, of course, their advice was not listened to. As men of conscience and endeavor they were chagrined at this result and, finding themselves unable to fulfil their mission, have wanted to resign. The Turks tried to retain them with gold, which proved a secondary consideration to men of such stamp, and formal orders from Berlin were necessary to keep them at their posts. A Pasha said one day to one of these Teutons: "Dear Excellence, why do you lament? You are paid, consideration is heaped upon you, and in return but one thing is asked of you—to do nothing. Go to the Brasserie, drink your beer, smoke your pipe, and trouble no more the tranquillity of your conscience."

Yet, despite its vices and shortcomings, the Turkish army presents a redoubtable mass; other armies treated in like manner would revolt, but it preserves its spirit of passive obedience. If the resources of tactics are lacking, the soldiers do their duty with admirable *ensemble*, enduring privations and sufferings, fighting with stubborn fury, dying cheerfully, because of a perfect unanimity of sentiment and a common tie, less elevated but more powerful than patriotism —fanaticism! This was proved in Turkey's last war. The time of conquest is past with her, but there is no doubt that she will resist an invading enemy with a glory, even an efficacy, born of her despair.

Type of Negro.

The gnawing worm of the army, that misery, making of the soldiers mendicants who solicit public charity in

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a sometimes brutal manner, is also that of the administration, whose employees ought to receive a regular salary, but do not. They have to do something to procure the necessaries of life, and have no other resource except to sell their influence. It is easy to believe that such a state of affairs engenders injustices, arbitrary acts, and that the Turks, as a result, are not loved by the natives whom it would have been so easy to conciliate. Although they cleverly inspire themselves with the Machiavellic principle of Louis XI. of France, "de diviser pour règner," and, like the English in India, adroitly use the tribes one against another, yet had they been Christians their rule would have been brief. But their force lies in the fact that dominators and vassals belong to the same religion. It is also fanaticism that unites them. Very unlike the Christians, the Faithful of today are *en masse* the same fervid Faithful as in the time of Omar and Mohammed. Incredulity, indifference, so widely spread among other sects, are unknown among them.

A Snake Charmer.

Mohammedanism, already twelve centuries old, has, after a period of inactivity, awakened anew in Africa, and is rapidly spreading. The reason of this vitality is found, I believe, not so much in the Koran, which contains, among incoherencies, many grand and beautiful things, as in the genius of the Arab race. It was not alone the beauties of the Koran that made the success of the religion which surrounded the Mediterranean with a crescent, extended over Africa, whose points were at Saragossa and Stamboul. No! behind the New Idea was the Scimitar, that most historians have seen alone, and above all, there was a luminous pleiad of scientists and artists, its best propagators. It is necessary to study the places subservient to Arab rule to gain an adequate idea of that civilization which followed the lieutenants of Mohammed, simple men of the sword, and agents of a progress they probably did not themselves see. The Unique God (for Mohammed, imitating Moses and preceding Luther, instituted the cult of the One God) was affirming himself through the most beautiful literary and scientific conceptions, the perfecting of agriculture, manufactures of all kinds, a new architecture, algebra, medicine, the intelligence of practical things united to a lofty idealism. Such was the civilization the Cid destroyed in Spain, the Turks have allowed to die in their hands, the Arabs have forgotten. It is with the Turks, that is to say, with the Tartars, of Turkestan, that Islam is waning. Those invading Tartars never knew how to realize prosperous results from their conquests, while the Arabs at one time almost civilized Europe. It is in Constantinople Mohammedanism lowers her crescent, and there she will fall, but to revive again among the Arabs, and through them yet play a great rôle in Africa.

The characteristic note of Tripoli is its diversified population, and as Con-

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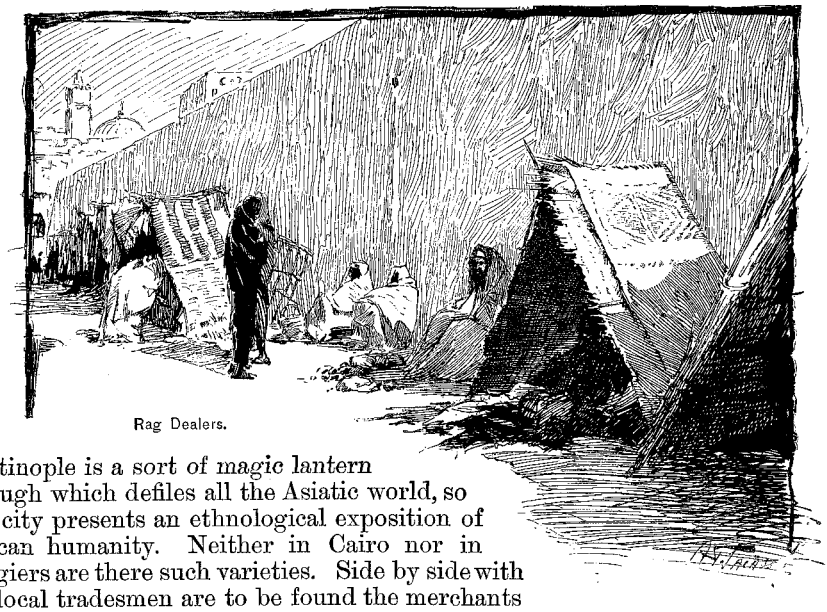

Rag Dealers.

stantinople is a sort of magic lantern through which defiles all the Asiatic world, so this city presents an ethnological exposition of African humanity. Neither in Cairo nor in Tangiers are there such varieties. Side by side with the local tradesmen are to be found the merchants of the interior and the caravaneers, fierce types, with wild looks and noses like eagles' beaks. It is from the centre of Africa, that little known home of exclusiveness and barbarism, where nature imprints on man her rudeness and savagery, that come the passers-by you meet with in the bazaars of Tripoli. Untouched by our refinement of thought, possessing violent organizations, listening to all appeals of the brute nature, they examine you insolently, nor move aside to let you pass. But beware how you treat them, and God forbid your jostling them unthinkingly, for here you are in an enemy's country. Yet in view of the fact that the large Asiatic element, composed mostly of convicts, is of the same unsavory order, it is remarkable that the town should be so quiet. Murders are almost unknown, and as to theft, sad to say, Europeans of the lower order have the monopoly of it.

An Arab Merchant.

I have said that the Arabs are oppressed by their masters, the Turks; these in turn, as well as the Arabs, are victimized by the Jews. The Eastern Jew has remained what he was in mediæval times, a scourge; and the hatred he excited then, a hatred understood in visiting these countries, had other than purely religious grounds. He disgusts us to-day by his sordid habits as he did Tacitus (*Judeorum mos sordidum*). No matter what his trade is, apparent or confessed, he is essentially an usurer—the perpetual motion of the duro (dollar). The Moslem, having the bad habit of contracting debts which he never troubles to pay, is seldom ready to meet his obligations; our Hebrew knows that, and cheerfully consents to prolong the loan, naturally doubling or trebling the rate of interest. Thus the fortune of the Arab is like the sand in the hour-glass, and dribbles atom by atom into the pocket of the usurer.

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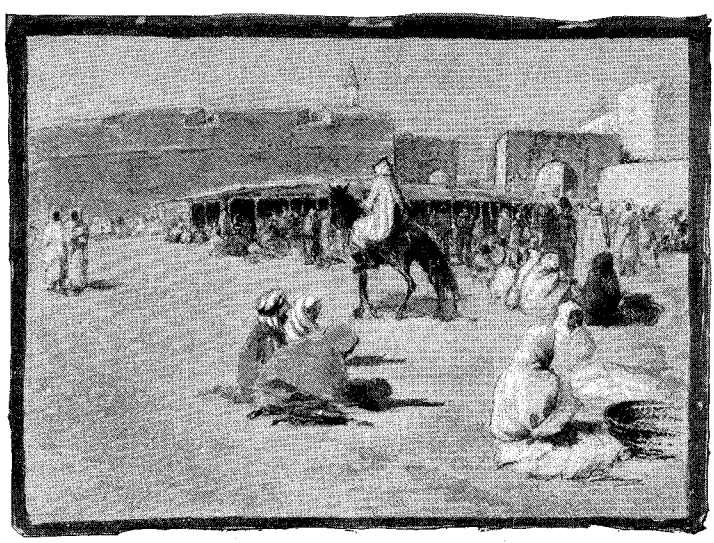
A Corner of an Arab School.

In the Jewish quarter we find ourselves in a new world, for the rest of the town, by contrast, is cleanliness itself. If elsewhere, walking is often difficult on account of the narrowness of the streets, here it is a torment to drive one mad. Flocks of scrofulous children of all ages cry, shout, roll in the gutters. As soon as a foreigner is seen, they gather around him, looking curiously at every detail of his costume, guessing at the significance of his gestures or glances, and begging in all possible styles, from the most heartrending to the most impudent. On all sides a hundred petty trades find shelter in fetid holes, haunted by types that seem to have just escaped from Rembrandt's brush. Through the open doors of the schools one sees the little ones bending over their Hebrew text, spelling, with guttural modulations and rhythmic movements of the head, the verses of the Prophets that promise the re-establishment of Zion. The Jewish, as well as the Moslem universities preserve intact the great divisions of the scholastic, all based on the Holy Book, and are copies of European universities of the thirteenth century. That immobile Orient always keeps the key and illustration of our past.

In the synagogues, crowded during hours of service, the people walk about, talking business as if in an exchange, while nasal detonating voices scan the lessons of the Old Testament. What a contrast the mosques offer to such a spectacle, with the long series of white-robed Faithful, their simple and dignified gestures, their repose and meditations soothed by the trembling voice of an old *imam* murmuring a prayer. The large Maltese population is the bulk of a flourishing Catholic church, and there are also many other sects, but all, without exception, have that point in common, fanaticism. These faiths, degraded as they are by superstition, nevertheless offer to the miserable, consolations the rationalistic sciences cannot give, a res-



Outside the Gates of Tripoli.

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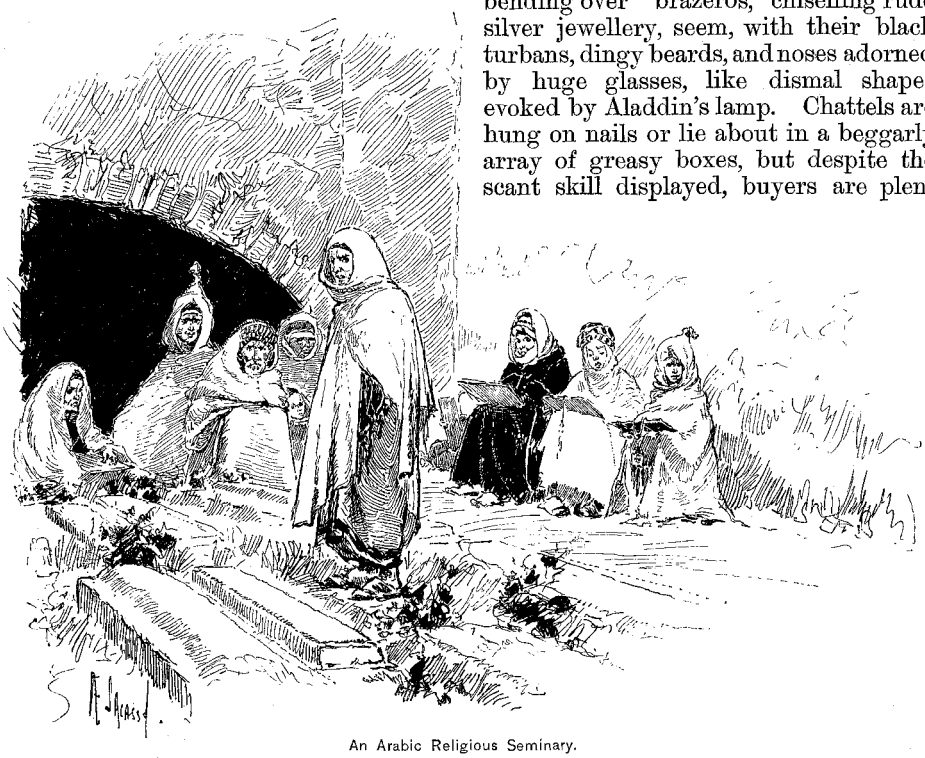
ignation to the evils of the present life because of the blessed hope that foresees at the end of it a paradise of reward and happiness.

I cannot leave the subject without speaking of the admirable devotion of the Sisters who come to pass a life of



An Arabic Religious Seminary.

sacrifice in this exile. They dedicate themselves to the education of little Christian girls, a task rendered nearly hopeless by the spectacle of vice constantly before these children. Rolling without complaint their rock of Sisyphus, insulted by the crowd, hardly respected by their co-religionists, they excite our truest sympathy, and one bows with respect to these charitable women, who pass in that Oriental mire as the personification of purity and sacrifice, giving an example unfortunately too sterile.

The life and animation of the town centres at the *Souks* (bazaars), and it is most interesting to walk through their vaulted galleries, watching the Tripolines at their different vocations. As each trade has its section the shops of competing tradesmen are side by side, with here and there small coffee- and barber-shops. Gaudy cotton goods attract the Oriental taste, and dark-skinned Bedouins haggle fiercely about them with calm Moors sitting cross-legged and imperturbable. In dusky holes bordering a narrow lane, the old men bending over "brazeros," chiselling rude silver jewellery, seem, with their black turbans, dingy beards, and noses adorned by huge glasses, like dismal shapes evoked by Aladdin's lamp. Chattels are hung on nails or lie about in a beggarly array of greasy boxes, but despite the scant skill displayed, buyers are plentiful. Especially on market-days, the street is crowded with villagers who have come to sell their products, and who never fail to invest what little money they have made in presents for their wives—from gallantry? Oh, no! but because Arab women fulfil the office of the family safe, and carry on their backs the common fortune in silver ornaments. These peasants press together like a flock of sheep before each shop, scrambling one upon another, the better to see, and turning the desired object many times in their hands before buying it.

The Tuesday market, held outside the gates, is the event of the week. Early in the morning a large open space near the sea is invaded by a swarm of people and beasts; little by little the merchan-

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A Marabout.

dise is unloaded and spread on the sand under the shelter of mats or small tents, and the merchants squat, cigarette in mouth, patiently awaiting customers. "*Esabrou min Allah!*" Patience is a gift of God! The Friday market, held in the oasis, a little distance from the town, is a less important replica of this in all but the situation, which is picturesque in the extreme. The sandy roads, that form a tangled net through the gardens, are on that day traversed by cavalcades of all kinds which make a continuous procession of charming little pictures. This feast of the eye has its thorns of discomfort, for in these incased roads the heat is extreme, the least motion raises the dust in whirlwinds, and the vegetation exhales a heavy, suffocating odor. On all sides the exasperating grating of well-pulleys produces a motif too Wagnerian for uneducated ears, in a pastoral symphony played by a full orchestra of buzzing insects, grasshoppers whirring shrilly, and the sun-scorched palms crackling their dry branches. In each garden rise the two arms of a well, between which an enormous leathern bag mounts and descends on a rude wooden pulley, the chief instrument of the above-mentioned music, discharging at each trip a flood of water. The negro laborer uses a camel, an ox, sometimes his wife, to give the motion to the machine by going up and down an inclined plane. The movement does not stop day nor night during the nine months of the dry season, and it is thanks to that water, which is life, thanks to constant care, that the verdure of a semi-tropical vegetation blooms gayly in the sand. Under the protection of pomegranate, fig, orange, lemon, and banana trees, through whose heavy foliage the sun percolates, flourish maize and wheat, vegetables and flowers of all sorts. Above it all, the stately palms balance their heads in the superheated atmosphere.

The nomads often pitch their encampments on the limits of the oasis; under the protection of some "zaptié" (policemen) we could approach their black tents, raised but a few feet above the ground, without fearing either the hostile attitude of the inmates or the dogs, whose hair bristled fiercely at sight of the Christian. These miserable tents, furnaces in summer, ice-chests in

The Pipe Bearer.

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winter, are preferable as a habitation to the hovels of the villages, for the wind at least, carrying away the deleterious miasma, purifies them. The dwellers under tents are certainly more robust and better built than the Arabs of the oases. Although poor as Job, they consider themselves free men, their lives are passed in perpetual travels and fights, while the town-people live where they are born and *work*—for which the nomads despise them as poor devils of "*mercantis*," merchants, workers, a very insulting epithet, and they maltreat and plunder them as well as the Christians. Indeed, the Bedouin is in perpetual warfare with all, even with his own kin, fulfilling the prophecy of the angel to Hagar, that Ishmael "will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him."—Gen. xvi. 12.

A Douar, or Bedouin Encampment.

Town and oases are studded with small domes piously adorned with floating rags and tatters marking the tombs of saints. Marabout is the name for the tomb and its saintly occupant. The genus marabout has not been inaptly described as either a drivelling idiot or a predatory fanatic, more commonly the first. In fact, the greater lunatic, the holier saint! "Allah has taken his senses aforetime to paradise!" They each have some novel mode of prayer, and promenade the streets with flags and drums. Of course, they deign to receive the offerings of the Faithful, for it is well understood that God's chosen people cannot work like common mortals. One is thankful that they do not assail passers-by with the wail of the professional mendicants. These latter are intolerable with their eternal "Give alms, in the name of God." Most of these beggars are strong and healthy, except for the prevalent Oriental disease of laziness. Asking one of them what is his profession, he will answer tranquilly, "*chemmess*," a substantive that can only be translated by the phrase, "I sun myself." Another will naïvely say: "I have a brother who is a camel conductor," meaning, "My brother works, I am dispensed from doing the same."

The best idea to be had of the flat-lying city is from the lofty minaret of the Djemã el Gourgi, largest and most modern of the mosques. It is difficult to obtain permission to visit these sanctuaries, but the Pasha's word was a powerful *Sesame*. Up the narrow, winding staircase we climbed until our limbs ached, but at last we stood on the sacred spot where the *Muezzin* calls to prayer, and, leaning over the parapet, were rewarded by a splendid panorama.

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The doves came flying round us, and into the stillness of height the hum of the city rose from the busy bazaars, while from the strong lungs of street dealers came up strange Oriental cries. A plain of blazing white roofs lies baking under the sun ; here and there rise creamy domes and a few delicate minarets ; narrow streets wind between them where camels kneel and Arabs gesticulate. The city walls engirdle all, and beyond them, in the harbor, are two sad-looking Turkish men-of-war, a few Levantine craft of queer shape and rig, and occasionally a European steamer. The sea is of the loveliest turquoise blue imaginable, and near the shore transparent, light-green patches show the rocks at the bottom. Yonder a dangerous reef encircles the harbor ; it might easily be formed into a useful pier, but a former Pasha decided that the rocks were *too old to bear the weight of masonry !*

Framing the town between two bands of sand, like an emerald necklace on the brown breast of a Bedouin girl, lie the greatest oases of palms in the world. The dunes of the Sahara rise faintly, shadows trembling in an atmosphere of diamond dust. Though so *chatoyantes* from afar, they are, nevertheless, nude and arid. Thus it is with that Orient made so enchanting and fascinating through poetical distance. Is it not a little the same with all that dazzles us at a distance in life ?

A Negro Orchestra.

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THE BALLAD OF TONIO MANZI.

By Graham R. Tomson.

But the folk *nell' pianura,*
Two leagues distant, who will tell them?
Who will brave the rush of waters
Should, perchance, the flood outstrip him?
Who will bear the news to Rocca,
Far beneath us on the lowlands,
That the reservoir is broken,
And the water rushing, roaring,
Like a wild bull in his madness,
Like the sea let loose upon us,
Wasting farm, and field, and village,
Soon must speed to overwhelm them?
We are safe enough, God willing,
By the grace of the Madonna
Warned beforehand of the danger:
Ay, but who will warn the others,
For the way is long and weary,
And the path is full of peril?

In the blazing summer sunlight,
Swift adown the rugged footway,
Down the rocky road and barren,
Through the scattered, gnarled gray olives
Leaning low, their twisted branches
Stretched, like withered hands, to stay him,
On and on sped Tonio Manzi,
Fleet of foot and gay of courage,
In the race with Death for rival.

At the entrance to the hamlet,
Where the tavern-door stands open,
In the dusty golden sunshine
Blithely went the game of *morra,*
With a quick, uneven cadence,
Short and same as dropping water:
Eager voices, outflung fingers—
"*Uno—quatro—otto—cinque!*"
By the door a hooded wine-cart
Waited, and the beasts in harness
Now and then awaking, stirring,
Set their listless bells ajingle.

Blithely went the game of *morra,*
To a quick, uneven cadence—
"*Due—otto—quatro—nove—*"
Till the hard, short thud of footsteps
Hastening toward the village
Roused the players from their pastime:
And, behold! a dusty figure
Running breathless and exhausted;
Bare his breast, his lips were parted,
Gasping on the windless noontide,
And his feet were bare and bleeding.

Laughing rose they up to seize him,
Drew him, laughing, in among them;
Noisily they strove together,
In a jovial contention
Drowned with jests his breathless pleading;
Laughed to scorn his words of warning.
Boon companions, mad and merry,
Still they held him there among them
In the dusty golden sunlight;
Challenged him to drink and gamble,
Dazed him with their empty laughter,
Till, at last, he strove for freedom,
Roused to wild despair and anger.

"Let me go! oh, fools, unloose me!
Save yourselves, the flood is coming;
Loose me, I have come to warn you.
Holy Gésu! listen to me—
Let me go to warn the others—
Curses on you! it is coming,
And you hold me here among you,
Waste the precious time in brawling——"

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"Hear the fellow, Giaconino!
Is he drunken or demented?

"What, *birbante!* would you strike us?"

"*Aiuto!* call the *Guardia!*
Rid us of this foolish fellow.
For the knave comes running, look you,
Stumbles, panting, in upon us,
Stammers out some idle story,
Raves of floods, and prates of dangers
Was he drunken or demented?
Chi sapera? Maledetto!
Yet we rose to bid him welcome,
Bade him join our bout of *morra*,
Set a flask of wine before him—
And the stubborn beast requites us
With his fury and his curses,
And his lies about a deluge.
Mad he is, or drunk—believe us!
Let him cool his frenzied fancies
On the stone flags of the prison."

Still, exhausted and despairing,
Piteous, he told the story
Of his fruitless strife to save them,
And the fast-approaching danger—
Of his race—with Death for winner.
None would hear him, none would heed him,
Who would heed a drunkard's ravings?
Mad or drunken—nay, what mattered?
Through the village street they haled him,
Bound his feet with iron fetters,
Bound, and cast him into prison.

And the swart, black shadows lengthened,
And the wine-cart started homeward
With its tinkling chime of mule-bells.
Sprang a cry athwart the voices
Of the players—sharp and sudden—
"*Nove—cinque—*" "God of mercy!"
"Fly! the waters are upon us—
Run! the reservoir is broken—
We are lost!—are lost already!"

All the twilight rang with voices;
Shouting men and sobbing women,
Like a herd of frightened cattle
Running headlong all together,
Each one striving to be foremost,
Filled the street awhile, but quickly
Passed, and left it blank and silent,
Till the flood roared down upon it.

When the fear was past and over,
And the folk flocked back to Rocca,
Wailing for their ruined homesteads,
And the gear all waste and worthless,
Some there were that gossiped, "Surely
There was one who ran to warn us,
But he stayed to brawl and gamble,
And they thrust him into prison—
And—so quickly came the waters—
They forgot him, *poverino!*"

On the gray stone floor they found him,
Stark hands clinched, and face turned downward—
Poor dead face! distorted, blackened,
With the agony of drowning.

In the dusty golden sunlight,
Where the tavern-door stands open,
Blithely goes the game of *morra*—
Eager voices, outflung fingers,
"*Uno—quatro—otto—cinque!*"
And beyond there, in the prison,
Thus it was—like many another—
All in vain, by all forsaken,
For his world died Tonio Manzi.

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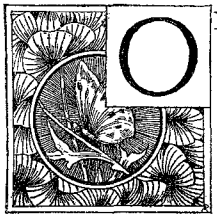
EXPIATION.

By Octave Thanet.

I.



NLY the puddles and sluices of water showed, unless the rider flashed his lantern down the road. Then a disk of landscape, a kind of weird etching, was struck out of the night. Huge gum-trees dripped on either side; a stealthy patter of rain-drops dribbling through the thicket of trumpet-vines, "tar-blankets," and briar which masked the swamp beneath. The rain had ceased, but not a star appeared to illumine this surly and dismal nature.

North and south, as the lantern-bearer knew, the rotten corduroy was drawn in a straight line across the morass. North and south, east and west, only a few lonely cabins with their clearings broke the monotony of the forest between the Village River and the Black. Wherever the land was creased by a depression, the water covered the roots of the cypresses and tupello-gums.

"What a country to live in!" muttered the rider; "is all Arkansas like this, I wonder?"

Anyone could guess from the voice that he who spoke was not a Southerner. It was a very pleasant voice, however, with nice modulations, and when the lantern rays swerved at a stumble of the horse, they showed a slender, well-knit figure, and a delicate, bright young face, with gentle brown eyes, and not enough down on the upper lip or cheek to hide a mobile mouth and rounded chin; altogether a handsome young fellow. Tiny wrinkles at the corners of the eyelids and a dimple in the cheek hinted that this was also a young fellow who laughed easily. He was laughing now, swinging the lantern above his mud-splashed legs.

"What a figure of fun you are, Fairfax Rutherford," said he, gayly, "and yet you don't look half the native either."

With a praiseworthy notion of suiting his dress to the country, Fairfax, before he left England, had bought such an outfit as they sell you in Regent Street "for the bush." Therefore he was clad in a wide, cream-colored soft hat, a shooting-jacket of brown duck which bristled with pockets, and corduroy trousers pushed into leggins.

"Father will laugh at me, I dare say" —so his thoughts rambled on—"but I *think* he will be glad; what a bore to be a stranger to one's own father!"

He tried to recall his single youthful visit to his father's plantation. Only a few pictures would come. A great, white, ill-built house and mysterious clutter of outbuildings; bare-footed negroes tumbling over each other, in their efforts to "make haste wid de dinner;" outside, the river noises behind the willows, the wind in the cypress brakes, the reckless hunts through the cane, the grinning black faces among the cotton bolls, the hogs rooting under the peccan trees, and cattle browsing on the wide fields; the unkempt figures which used to loiter round the store and gin; that good little romp his stepmother's daughter, Adèle; those two mischievous, riotous, soft-hearted lads, his brothers, and the jocular, shabby, easy-going planter, his father; such were the pictures that all at once made Fairfax Rutherford sigh, for the old barbarous, plentiful days were gone forever, and the boys lay in their unmarked soldiers' graves.

Soon his thoughts strayed to a conversation which he had heard that afternoon, just before he started. He had passed through the Federal lines, and his day's journey ended with sunset at a poor tavern, post-office and "store" as well, where he hoped to procure another horse and a guide. Guide there was none to be had, but the woman who kept the house, when she was told his name, greeted him warmly, and bestowed on him her only horse, "a broken-down Texas pony with the string-halt." She set before him her

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best of food, also, fried pork, and corn bread, and chicory coffee. While he ate he could overhear his hostess talking to some wayfarer. The man, with the vigilant curiosity of rustics and of the troublous time, had noted Rutherford's hat in the gallery.

"Who all you got in thar?" said he.

"He done come," answered the woman, briefly.

"Fair Rutherford? Mymy! Mymy! Wun't the ole man be chirked up! Whut like's he, onyhow? Favor Jeff or Rafe?"

"Naw, he pintedly does favor his maw. But he got the same pleasant laffin' turn like his paw. He ain't so tall an' stout like Jeff an' Rafe, but he are a mighty pretty young man."

The man laughed good-naturedly.

"Women folkses is all fur looks. Now t' my mine, Jeff an' Rafe ben the purties' young fellers I ever did see. Run an' ride an' shoot—law me, they warn't nuthin' they'd orter know they didn't done, by gum! An' fightin'—my Lord! I cayn't git satisfied, nohow, with them boys bein' killed up! I ben with Jeff at Springfield—leadin' the charge with three wyounds onto him—jess like the ole man, them boys. He's mighty gayly an' pleasant, but I tell ye he are a painter* in battle. He didn't quit fightin' till he must. An' I stuck tew him, blame my skin!"

"You did, shore, Mist' Fowler," responded the woman, warmly; "better'n some of his own kin. Look at Mr. Fairfax Rutherford stayin' over to Europ stiddier comin' home an' fightin'—not that he'd a got are good neether by comin'."

"I heard tell he ben a abolitionist, an' that's how come he went tuh Europ."

"Shucks, naw, sir. Aunt Hizzie she tole me a plumb diff'rent tale; sayd he ben waitin' on Mis' Rutherford that's dead—warn't she the third?"

The man laughed, and asked how was he to know? he couldn't keep up with the old man's marryings.

"Yes, sir, she ben the third, an' she belonged down t' Little Rock; an' the cunnel he jes' loved her tew kill, but Mist' Fairfax Rutherford got her word tew marry *him*, an' when he diskivered her mind ben a turnin' tur the cunnel, he taken it mighty hard, but he give her back her word an' lit out an' went t' Europ. Didn't do nare meanness tew the cunnel."

"Must a ben a durned fool!" was the man's contemptuous comment; but whether his contempt was excited by Fairfax Rutherford's forbearance or his going to Europe did not appear.

"He was a mighty pretty man," continued Mrs. Crowder, meditatively. "I kin jes' see the way he looked when he come yere on a visit. Never did come but twicet. Hit ben in the fall of the year. Yes, sir. An' if ye please, he wears a coat all trimmed up with fur, kase of it bein' so cole up North. They all sent the kerridge, an' little Fair hopped aout an' ben a limpin' raoun, like he uster. He gives a sorter styart like, when he fust seen the chile, an' I heerd him say t' hisseff, 'Yes, he's got the eyes.' Eyes like hern, ye onderstand. Anybuddy cud see he jes' sot the world an' any† by that ar boy, from the fust minnit. The cunnel let him cyar 'way kase he sayd the doctors in Lunnon cud cure his laig; and they done it fur a fac'. He came back oncet on a visit an' didn't halt a bit. Looked like his paw cudn't bar ter pyart with him that time, nohow, but I reckon he'd guv his word."

"Then he'd stick tew hit," said Fowler, doggedly; "the ole man never rues back.‡ Reckon the young feller will be goin' aout by sun up?"

"He are goin' aout this evenin', Mist' Fowler. He's heerd his paw done broke his laig an' is right feeble, an' he cayn't stop. Says it's a straight road an' he doan' mind mud. He's fixin' t' go naow."

"Looks like he got grit. I 'lowed he had when I heerd baout his letter t' the ole man. Writ it soon's he heerd baout Rafe. Say, wisht I cud cyar the boy longer me, but 'twudn't be bes', I recken. Waal, mud ain't more'n shoe-mouth deep moster the way, an's ye say, Mis' Crowder, hit's a straight road. An'—it's me they all's ayfter, not him. Say, Tobe's like ter be a spell gittin' of that, cudn't I jes git a squint at him?"

* Panther. They were not uncommon in Arkansas at this date—in the sixties.

† Any is often used for "all."

‡ "Rue back" is to try to get out of a bad bargain.

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"Come by and see him."

"Better not, better not, some un mought come by an' see us t'gether, but I'd like fur t' see him."

Apparently Mrs. Crowder acquiesced; for Fairfax, whose ears were abnormally acute, heard cautious footsteps outside, and had a sense of being inspected through the window.

He had listened to the whole conversation with a mingling of interest and amusement. How the half-forgotten dialect returned to him, with its soft drawl and nasal accent, and those singular inflections which seemed to leave the voice poised in mid-air, as it were, at the close of a sentence.

At some parts of the talk he winced. His father's many marriages were a sore point to him, as human nature's compromises with the ideal always are to youth. To be the third Mrs. Rutherford's son seemed bad enough, but to have the fourth Mrs. Rutherford moving about the house, and, in a painstaking way, dusting the portraits of her predecessors, was almost indecent. "I dare say it's the country," he muttered, "everybody seems to be marrying his or her third or fourth—Hello!"

He reined in his horse sharply, and looked down the road. Certainly that was the splash of hoofs through the mud. Instinctively he let the lantern, which was slung about his neck, drop into its natural position, while with his free hand he drew a pistol. The Federal troops had forced Marmaduke and Shelby to retreat; but bands of guerillas infested the country. Offscourings of both armies, outlaws of all kinds, under the pretence of patriotism, they stripped the miserable citizens of what dregs of property war had left them.

Fairfax, hearkening, felt an ominous tremor run through his horse's limbs. In a second the pursuing horse galloped into the circle of light. A man, hatless and coatless, was clinging to the beast's neck; his arms clasped about the neck, his head hanging. The horse, a powerful bay mare, galloped recklessly over the rotten timber. Fairfax shouted; he saw that the man must be wounded, because there was blood on his hair and his shirt. Simultaneously he caught at the flying bridle.

The mare stopped and flung up her head; the rider lay like a limp rag.

"I say, are you hurt?" called Fairfax; "do you want some brandy?" Then he started violently, bent over the man, and touched his hand.

"Great heavens!" he muttered, "what a horror!"

It was the man who had talked with Mrs. Crowder that afternoon, and he was stone-dead. Somebody had lashed the unfortunate creature to the horse, tying his wrists together about the neck, and his feet by the ankles.

The young fellow looked at him with a quivering face. He was shaken by a confusion of pity and horror. It was his first sight of violent death. Bred in the daintiest and smoothest of old-world civilization, bloodshed and personal peril were only printed words to him. Here he was, flung into the arena. And he was conscious of an excited curiosity, besides his pity and his horror. At the same time another obscurer emotion threaded his sensations, more personal, with an edge of pain to it; an emotion haunting and subtle like a nightmare recollection, gone before it can be viewed distinctly.

Back, far back in his childhood, in dark rooms, in negro cabins listening to hobgoblin yarns of conjured victims; once, wringing his hands on a river bank while a girl, hardly a year older than he, wades into the current, branch in hand, and rescues a drowning boy; or on horseback galloping after dogs and hounds toward the horrible tusks at bay; in a hundred similar experiences that intangible terror had its springs. How far back yesterday seemed the old childish spectre; but now——

"I believe I'm afraid of being afraid!" cried young Fairfax.

His thoughts, which take longer in the telling, did in fact occupy the briefest space; and all the while he was holding the bay mare's rein and staring at the livid face flung over her neck.

When the young man shifted his lantern for better examination—not with any hope of finding a lingering of life, for no creature could live a minute with that jagged tear in his brain—he perceived a folded paper pinned very carefully to the back of the dead man's shirt.

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To Rutherford's amazement the paper bore his own name. He unpinned it and opened the folds to find these words:

"This is Mr. James l. Fowler—he was shot by the graybacks. He was a right good friend of your father. For Gods sake, take him to his wife and six childern. *This is importtant.* They live on the yon side of Runing Watter. Rite on your road, the horse knows the way."

The handwriting was cramped and uneven, and there was no signature.

"Well, here *is* a pretty mess," said Fairfax; "Running Water? where the deuce is Running Water? and does the 'yon' side mean *this* side or the further side? Confound it, I used to know!"

His vague terrors had all disappeared; he was occupied entirely with the distasteful errand proposed to him. But he did not consider, for a second, the refusing of it; even had the man not been his father's friend, there were the miserable wife and six children waiting "on the yon side of Runing Watter."

Dismounting, he bound up the man's head with his silk handkerchief, as decently as he could; after which he got on his sorry hack again, and rode on, leading the bay mare.

It did flash across him once that it might be a trap; but he could see no motive for the needless pains, since any guerillas minded to capture and plunder him need only wait on the road. No, it was more likely that some helpless witness of the murder had taken such strange means of sending the murdered man's body home.

Yet, as he pored over the note again, he was struck with the impression of something underlying the words.

"*This is important,*" he repeated, "and why marked? What an extraordinary way to express himself. By Jove, it may be herself, for anything I know."

He wondered if the writer could be Mrs. Crowder. "The man must have been shot directly after I left"—so he made out the story—"and it must have been somebody who knew me and knew where I was going, and what an old signpost I was riding. Overtake me! by Jove, a cow could overtake this brute."

The road grew better for a little space, but presently dipped into a denser forest. Fairfax's lantern showed him the gleam of water. A dark stream wound among the cypress trunks into the night. Plainly, this was Running Water, and on the other side should be poor Fowler's house; yes, he could see the twinkle of a light.

Riding nearer, the shape of a house took outline—a large, low, gambrel-roofed house—and at a window the light. A pang struck the young man's heart as he thought how the light was shining for the father thus taking his woful last ride. A child's white head was close to the lamp, and a woman held up a baby to make futile clutches at its own little laughing face in the window-pane.

Fairfax could have groaned. "How can I tell them?" he thought. "Confound the kind-hearted meddler that saddled this nasty business on me." But there was nothing for it now but to go on. Moreover, at this moment, a couple of yelping hounds burst out of the shadows to plunge at their master's legs with a tumult of howls.

The door was opened, showing a woman who held a rude lamp on high. Even at that moment Fairfax perceived that she was young and pretty. Above the voices of another woman and the elder children rang a sweet, high little treble—"Daddy comin'! Daddy comin'!" Fairfax felt heart-sick.

"We all reckoned you weren't coming to-night," said the young woman, shading her eyes with a slim white hand, while the other lifted the lamp for a wider view. The light brought her a picture which made her run swiftly to the horse's head.

"He's been hurt?" she said, in a very low voice; "oh, poor fellow!"

Fairfax was aware of a quick relief, a sense of companionship; this wasn't the way that a sister or wife would talk; the girl must be some neighbor; and afterward he remembered how sure he felt, with the first glance, that she was a woman to help one.

A few nervous, brief sentences told her all that he knew of the tragedy. She took the note. As she read, the lamplight was on her fine profile, and loosened hair, and the lovely oval of one cheek.

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How admirably pretty she was, to be sure! But it was not her beauty that made the young fellow stare at her. He was looking at the fingers on the note —white, smooth fingers, with almond-shaped nails.

"Why, it's a lady!" he exclaimed.

Just then she lifted her eyes. They were swimming in tears.

"Oh, Cousin Fair, that I should not have known you!" she said.

"It *is* Adèle, then," cried he. Of course; how could he have failed to recognize her before, his little cousin who was his step-mother's daughter?

He might have taken his childhood's privilege on her soft, pale cheek, but a voice from the doorway recalled him, like a blow.

"Looks like you all a long spell out thar," said Jim Fowler's wife; "come on in, I'll be shore chillin' * ef I stan' yere much longer. Fotch the gentleman by, Miss Della, please, w'ile Jim putts up the hosses."

The young man and the girl exchanged a glance of miserable confidence, each conscious of a touch of relief in the other's presence.

"You stay here," whispered Adèle, "get between him and the light so she cayn't see; I'll tell her."

The light wavered above her brown head as she ran into the house. The door was shut behind her. Outside, to Fairfax waiting while the hounds crouched at their dead master's feet, whimpering, and the wind was rising in the cypress brake, it seemed a long time before the door opened again; and, during it all, he could not hear a sound from within.

"I feel as I used to feel when I was a cowardly little cub," was his involuntary comparison; "if only Adèle would come!"

She had come; at least she was on the threshold. A lad of thirteen or fourteen stood behind her, crying bitterly but silently. He held the rude "grease lamp" of the country; and Adèle helped Fairfax lift poor Jim Fowler from his horse. Together they bore him into the house and laid him on his bed, where the widow came and bent over him. She was dreadfully calm, though the children made a din of grief about her. She did not seem to know when the boy coaxed them into another room. But Fairfax saw Della send a compassionate glance after the little fellow.

"They's things t' be done," the widow said, in a dull, hard voice, "things; holp me, Miss Della."

"It would be in his boots," said the girl.

"Yes, we 'lowed to putt it in his stocking," said the woman, bending over him, dry-eyed, but trembling, and straining at the boots. They were the very raggedest, forlornest boots that Fairfax had ever seen; and removed there were revealed strips of rag twisted about the feet in place of stockings, as is done in some parts of Arkansas to this day. Yet otherwise the man's attire was whole, and cleaner than common. The woman fell to unwinding the rags with desperate haste. All at once she straightened herself and pushed something at Adèle, saying: "Didn't you tole me yon was young Rutherford?"

"Yes, madam," Fairfax interrupted, "I am Fairfax Rutherford."

"Then thar's you' paw's money," said she.

Fairfax was at a loss for words. The woman had thrown the package at him, perforce he had caught it and held it, dumbly.

"Caount hit," she said, sharply; "thar had orter be twenty-one thousan' five hundred dollars. Look if hit's thar!"

More and more bewildered, Fairfax assured himself that the roll of "greenbacks" contained the exact sum mentioned.

"Certainly," he said, gently, "you are right, but——"

"He offered Jim five hundred for to go and get it," said the woman, dully, "an' he got it. Gimme that ar five hundred an' git on you' hoss and fly! Them that killed him will be ayfter *you*. Ye better make haste."

The ambiguous wording of the note grew plain to Fairfax. The writer knew the secret and was trying guardedly (for the paper might fall into hostile hands) to help him to his father's money.

* "Chilling," in Arkansas, does not mean catching cold or being cold; but having the chill, which is part of the ague common in low lands.

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But the rest was as dark as ever; he was only sure that he could not leave the widow of the man who had been murdered on his father's errand in such a plight. So he told her.

Her tense mood had snapped the instant her search ended, and she was sitting on the bed now, stroking the dead man's face and whispering in the deaf ears pitiful broken sentences: "Ye know I tole ye—tew great a risk, tew great, tew great—we cud of made out without the money, Jim, if the stock *be* gone—but what'll I do with the children, Jim, without you? Oh, I cayn't bar it! I cayn't! I cayn't!" And so writhed herself down to the floor and grovelled there.

It was a most painful sight to see, but not so painful as to see her, the next moment, totter to her feet and clutch both Rutherford's arms, fairly shaking him in her deadly vehemence, while her voice rang through the room.

"'Twas Dick Barnabas done it! He fund aout an' done it fur the *money*. Ye kin keep ever' cent er that ar five hundred ef ye'll kill Dick Barnabas! Kill him, kill him!"

"Hush, Mrs. Fowler, the children will hear," said Adèle, quietly; "we'll kill him, sure." She slipped her strong young arm about the poor soul's waist and very gently pulled her away.

Fairfax would have pushed the five hundred dollars into her hands. "I will do all I can to bring the assassin to justice," he murmured, feeling sure that he was not saying the right thing, but knowing nothing better.

He saw her eyes glitter. "I want 'em *killed!*" she screamed, "killed and a layin' dead. I want t' see it, myself!"

"I will do all I can to give you that pleasure, madam," replied Fairfax, dryly. "Dear me, what a Rob Roy Macgregor's wife sort of woman she seems to be!" he was thinking.

"An' I'll holp you, mister," piped a shrill little voice. It was the boy, who had stolen back and was listening, unperceived.

"In this extraordinary country the very babes seem to thirst for blood," thought Fairfax.

The boy was a sallow, white-haired lathe of a youngster, such as one may see by the dozen in the Arkansas River bottoms, but his insignificant presence dilated with passion. He went on: "Baby an' Jim's t' sleep, an' sis is a gyardin' of 'em. I tole 'er the big bear 'd git her, ef she come outer the room. I —I know suthin' *she*—" he looked at his mother—"doan know."

"Tell us, Bud, honey," Adèle said, laying a white hand on the sharp little shoulder. So the boy told: "Yestiddy evenin',* ayfter you come, baout a hour, I reckon; I ben aout in the patch snatchin' cotton; an' I heerd two hosses acomin'. One on 'em was that thar big black with a blazed face——"

"Dick Barnabas' horse!" cried Adèle.

"Yaas, ma'am, I ben sorter skeered up, an' I hid 'hind the cotton so they all didn't see me, an' they warn't nare critter raoun', an' Dick he got off his hoss an' projicked raoun the yeard w'ilst you all ben in the haous, ean' I cudn't git tew ye. Then he went back an' they all rid off agin." The poor wife of the murdered man pushed her hair off her forehead, struggling to catch the meaning of the boy's words.

"How came ye didn't tole me?" said she, "ye'd orter."

"I tole paw, right straight."

"What d' he say?"

"Nuthin'; jes' whistled. That thar ain't all. Paw done suthin' you uns doan know. He came out 'fore he went off; an' he guv me a right nice sheet of paper an' a pencil. Sayd he taken 'em frum Miss Della. An' he axed me write on it. I 'member whut I writ. 'Twar like this—jes' good's I cud write. 'Dear Cunnell, the money is gone, yestiddy, by' —then he made me make some queer raound tricks on the paper; sayd they didn't mean nuthin', but they all would reckon they *did*—an' the rest war 'Look aout!' an' it ben signed by two big crosses. That's all."

"What did your paw do with the letter, Bud?" said Della.

"He put it insider the money belt he got frum the Yankees when he ben payroled."

Adèle stooped over the form on the bed. "The belt is gone," she said, quietly; "I thought as much. Oh, it's plain

*There is no afternoon South. Morning, evening, and night are the parts of day.

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enough. He didn't tell us of the danger, he only told us that he would put on those old boots and rags instead of stockings, because he might meet some of those villains and they would be for robbing him, and would find the money stripping his clothes. But he knew all the time, and he took that letter to mislead them and save the money, whatever happened to him. Oh, while there is a Rutherford living we will never forget how he laid down his life for us; nor shall his wife and children want while we have anything left."

"An' you all will kill Dick Barnabas?" the wife cried, "you *will?*"

"We will," said Adèle, between firm lips, "I swear it." She raised her right hand.

"We all sw'ar it!" squeaked the boy's shrill, excited voice.

Their hands were in the air, even Fairfax's, who felt the melodramatic twang of it all as jarring.

The picture remained with him his life through: a bare room where the unplastered walls and uncarpeted floor were of the same rough boards; huge logs crackling and spouting flame in the great crooked fireplace; and the fire-light, rather than the feeble glow of the lamp, displaying the table spread for supper; the "split-bottom" chairs, the coarse, bright quilt that had been half-wrapped about an indistinct and distorted shape, the white pillows shining beneath a ghastly head, and, back in the shadow, these dark figures with their uplifted hands and glistening eyeballs. Enough, also, of the atmosphere of the studio (the elder Fairfax was an artist) had affected young Rutherford's sensibilities to cause a quick perception of the grace of Della's pose and the noble lines of her neck and shoulders.

"We swear it," they said, together, Fairfax's lips moving with the others.

"Now, Cousin Fairfax," said Adèle, all emotion disappearing from her manner, "you *must* go."

"And leave you here alone with the chance of those scoundrels returning," cried Fairfax. "No, thanks, Adèle; you will have to submit to my society for to-night."

"But you *must* go, Cousin Fair," said she, quietly; "there is almost no show of Barnabas troubling us; *we* have no money. He don't know of the five hundred dollars you have left here. He thinks it has gone to Unk' Ralph. *That's* why you must go, Cousin Fair, *he* may need you the worst kind, and I don't need you the least bit on earth."

"But if you should be attacked?" The young man was torn between two motives. He must save his father, yet how could he leave this delicate girl to such unspeakable risks?

"I reckon we can make out," said Adèle; "can't we, Bud?"

"I reckon," said the solemn boy; "she killed a wild cat onct. I kin shoot too; an' we know a place in the woods to hide."

"That's so, Cousin Fair," Adèle added; "don't wait here, fly back to Montaigne. I don't need you, and Uncle Ralph does, for I expect they will have gone straight there. Oh, I'm sending you into danger," she said, choking, "but it's your *place* to help *him!*"

"An' you'll fotch a heap more danger on we uns, mister," said the boy, bluntly, "jes' a bein' here, than you'll be holp. Fur Dick 'll be ayfter *you* nex'."

That argument conquered. Five minutes later the bay mare was carrying Fairfax swiftly through the night.

II.

The plantation of Montaigne is on the Black River. High hills roll back from one shore, the rich, flat, "bottom land" darkens the other with its exhaustless forest of gum and cypress. Long ago the old house was burned; but in Colonel Rutherford's day it was the great house of all the country round. Where the forest receded—for a mere breathing space as it were—stood the little settlement, while from a knoll crowned with sycamores the planter's house overlooked the plantation. A beetling roof shaded the piazza, that is to say, the upper story of the piazza, which was in two stories in front of the house, having a lattice below where honeysuckle climbed and sent out floating tendrils to grasp the rude pillars above, and being bisected by a wide, open hall—gallery, such a hall is named in Arkansas. The gallery, when Colonel Rutherford ruled at Montaigne, bore the sem-

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blance of a museum of arms. There, used to hang the shot-guns, rifles, revolvers, and powder-horns; there, were

"Dat ar ben de mostis powerfullis mixtery dat ebber done pass my lips."

stored hatchets, meat-saws, and axes—supposing them to be in their appointed place, which, to be sure, was not the most likely thing in the world on a plantation; and, there, swung all the finery of a Southern rider, in saddle, spurs, and blanket—truly a pretty sight. Not so pretty, I dare say, were the heaps of flour-sacks and meal-bags and the like stores of provisions which Aunt Hizzie, the cook, never would keep in any other spot than the "back gallery;" or her dingy and tousled bunches of yarbs depending from the ceiling; and, certainly, nothing pretty, only dark mystery, occupied that corner shelf whereon, from a time so far back that no memory of the young Rutherfords ran to the contrary, had rested Aunt Hizzie's "mixteries."

Aunt Hizzie herself regularly swallowed any drugs left by the family, "to sabe dem;" and there was a tradition that she had been cured of a sorrowful attack of "de conjure sickness" by the half bottle of horse liniment which Rafe Rutherford threw into the ash-barrel.

"My word," she was overheard to narrate, "dat ar ben de mostis powerfullis mixtery dat ebber done pass my lips. Hit strike me so heavy I'se a wrastlin' wid it de enjurin' night. But it sho' sen' de sickness off a runnin'. Bress de Lawd, I ain't got take no mo'!"

Aunt Hizzie, in her white turban (economically made out of a castaway flour-sack), with a blue apron trying to define a waist for her rotund shape, was always a figure in the gallery when dinner was under way.

On one side of the gallery was the dining-room, unplastered, as were all the rooms, but painted, and having a wainscoting put up by a clever carpenter from the North, in the Rutherfords' palmy days. He it was who built the tall sideboard in the wall, which made the expensive black walnut sideboard from Little Rock look like a dwarf craning its neck up at a giant. "Before the war" the sideboards held a glittering show of glass and silver. Hues of tawny brown and amber and dusky reds gleamed like jewels in old-fashioned decanters, welcome to every comer.

All the rooms were on the same generous scale, high-studded, with wide windows and deep-throated fireplaces, big enough to hold half a forest; and relics of the faded pomp of old Virginia days were scattered among the primitive furniture of a new country, suggesting gold embroidery (a thought tarnished) on a linsey-woolsey gown.

There were signs of a woman's presence also, fresh curtains draping the windows (by this time darned with a pathetic care), bunches of swamp huckberries and holly twigs in showy vases bought on some of the Colonel's trips to New Orleans or Memphis, a little flutter of feminine fancies in needlework over tables or chairs. And, on the library walls, three expensive frames of dingy gilt enclosed three landscapes in oil, painted by the present Mrs. Rutherford when young. They all had deep-blue skies with cotton-wool clouds, and a rolling green landscape and puffy dark trees. In fact they were about as dreadful as even a young lady's work can be; but it was the custom of the

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Colonel to sit and smoke before them, and contemplate them with innocent pride. From thence most commonly his eyes would go (after a second's pause before his father in his Mexican war regimentals) to the row of the three former mistresses of Montaigne.

The first two were rosy and smiling young matrons, wearing their hair (black or yellow) in short round curls, and shrugging their plump shoulders out of their low-necked frocks; but the third Mrs. Rutherford had been painted by another hand. Fairfax Rutherford, during their brief betrothal, had made this picture. He had painted her, a slender girl in a white frock, plucking flowers in an arbor, and smiling over her shoulder at some unseen comer. Composition and handling were as crude as the treatment was ambitious; but perhaps because the artist's heart was in the work he had succeeded where a more skilful hand might have failed, and captured the evanescent and pensive loveliness of his subject. Long afterward, in a moment of expansion, Fairfax said of his brother's wives: "Ralph was married by father to his first, his second married him, but *he* married poor Daisy."

"And the fourth Mrs. Rutherford?" asked the friend.

Fairfax shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, *she* just happened," said he. "My brother is the most chivalrous of men, and Mrs. Peyton Rutherford was his second cousin's widow without a penny. He married her to take care of her; and really it hasn't proved such a bad arrangement; she is a silly sort of creature, but she has done very well by Ralph."

Besides the pictures the library walls were further adorned by what in antebellum days was known as "a landscape paper," representing innumerable castles on the Rhine. There was one drawback, however, to the impressive beauty of this paper; insomuch as the plantation painter who hung it, being new to the business, had misplaced some of the rolls, a large proportion of the castles were made to stand on their heads. The library, like the other rooms, had an enormous fireplace and a cypress mantel painted black. Library may seem rather a courtesy title for a room containing only a single case of books; but there had been a library in his Virginia home, and a library the Colonel would have in Arkansas. The book-shelves held such books as Montaigne's "Essays," the "Waverley Novels," the poems of Tom Moore and Lord Byron (that was how the Colonel referred to him), Shakespeare's works and Milton's "Paradise Lost," Macaulay's "History of England," some old volumes of Congressional Reports, presented by friends in "the House," "Youatt on the Horse," the "Medical Encyclopædia," and "Niles's Register."

The Colonel (when he was ill or of a rainy Sunday) would occasionally dip into the other books; but Montaigne, according to his wife, he read "every day in the world." And she was sure she couldn't imagine why, because it certainly was a scandalous book, and the Colonel was the most moral of men; he wouldn't even repeat any of those wicked stories gentlemen are so fond of telling among themselves—not unless they were very funny indeed. Doubtless the honest man, of his own motion, had hardly discovered the "Essays;" but he inherited Michel Montaigne, like the family prejudices, his traditions of honor, and his father's sword. His own edition (the English translation of Coste, A.D. 1759) was bequeathed to him by his grandfather, a man of scholarly tastes, for whom he always entertained a tender affection, and who valued the genial old wit and gossip, and often would season his own conversation with Montaigne's high flavors.

At first Ralph Rutherford read for the sake of the old man and his comments, pencilled here and there. It was a labor of reverence and gratitude. But presently, from poring over the book he began to admire it; at last, to love it, as only the men of few books love their favorite. Many was the doughty battle that he had fought with his chief crony, a Presbyterian minister, who owned a farm hard by, concerning the "Essays." Parson Collins called them a profligate book, and gave Montaigne no quarter. It was a sly delight to the Colonel to cull virtuous maxims or worldly sense from his treasure, and

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display them, unlabelled, until the parson was ensnared to praise them, when he would remark: "Yes, sir; Montaigne usually *is* sound. Glad you approve of him!" "Tut! tut! Ralph," the parson used to answer warmly, "of course he has some decent sentiments, but approve of that atheistical, unprincipled old rake, no, sir, never! I'd be ashamed to read him!"

But as for the Colonel, he was vainer of his knowledge of Montaigne than of his shooting, which is a good deal to say in the back woods. He liked to quote from the "Essays," though he seldom stuck closely to the text, and he told Montaigne's classical fables with a beautiful faith. But his crowning proof of affection was to give the essayist's name to his plantation.

A few of the books overflowed into the combination book-case and writing-desk which the Colonel called his "secretary." He was sitting before it on the morning following Fairfax's ride. Mrs. Rutherford had the rocking-chair opposite, her back to the row of portraits; but this attitude was from no design, she was incapable of jealousy, and bestowed the same painstaking dustings and yearly washings and wrapping in pink mosquito netting, which she did upon her own pictures. She did not grudge the dead ladies of Montaigne any posthumous affection. "He likes me better than either of you, you poor things," was the unspoken thought, as she sewed quietly before the painted faces, "and I reckon he cared more for Daisy than for all three of us together. Well, I can't make *him* quite like Peyton either."

Perhaps the fourth Mrs. Rutherford was hardly the fool Fairfax senior esteemed her, notwithstanding her silence, her inability to understand epigrams, and her awful landscapes. At any rate she was pleasant to look upon, being a fair, placid woman, whose hair was still a lively brown, whose cheeks kept a pinkish tinge, and whose eyes were soft as her voice. She was not talking much this morning, but at intervals the Colonel would look up from his book, and then she would smile and make some remark out of her thoughts.

Near them was an open window, for in October the Arkansas sun will forget, for days, that the season is not summer.

A belated bluebird twittered and hopped on the window-sill. Then he rose, spread his wings, and flew past the big white store, over the black chimney of the gin and the whitewashed negro quarters, and grew into a black speck above the cypress wall beyond.

The Colonel's eye followed the mite and his brow contracted. Only a little beyond the brake was the grassy field where the white headstones stood guard over his dead wives and the four little children who had died; but the Colonel was thinking that his two tall boys lay far from their kindred. The wife watching him could have echoed his sigh, because she, in her turn, thought how her husband was changed. "His hair is right gray," she said to herself, sadly, "and he stoops; he never did stoop before."

The Colonel's massive head, with its curly silver hair, thick as a boy's, was bent slightly, but not for better seeing; no, Ralph Rutherford's brilliant black eyes could catch the glint of a "'possum's" fur by moonlight still. The eyes were gentle and kind as well as brilliant, and held a twinkle of humor; Colonel Rutherford being, in fact, the famous story-teller of the country, and loving a good joke better than bread. He was a keen hunter also, and the best rider in his regiment, which need not disparage hundreds of good horsemen. Rather below than above the common stature, his figure inclined to heaviness, but showed iron muscles in the deep chest and long arms. His face, fringed by a short gray beard, was a round oval; the chin and jaws were square, but the mouth was small, the nose delicate, and the brows candid and beautiful. There was about the whole air of the man an extraordinarily winning expression of frankness and humanity, though just now the features were darkened into sadness.

"He ain't reading, he's studying," thought Mrs. Rutherford, "always studying about the boys. Oh, dear, if we'd only had a child! Maybe it wouldn't have been a boy, though, and Della's like his own daughter. But a little boy—he'd be fifteen, now. Well,

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there's Fair." She changed a sigh into a smile, as women learn to do, and said aloud: "I reckon there was a crowd round the mill this morning when they heard about the meal."

The Colonel nodded, his face brightening. "You may say so. I didn't know there were so many folks left in the country. We haven't enough left to feed a chicken."

"Dear me, Colonel, I hope you left enough for ourselves," cried Mrs. Rutherford, all the housekeeper aroused.

"Oh, Aunt Hizzie took care of that," answered the Colonel, laughing. "She had Unk' Nels on hand with a wheelbarrow plumb full of sacks. But those folks, they did seem terrible pleased to get the meal, and specially the flour. The poor critters have been eating the wheat in the dough."

"I hope you didn't take any of our money," said Mrs. Rutherford.

"Greenbacks or gold," said her husband. Then he laughed. "What I did take," added he.

"I expect you let them have it whether they had money or not."

"Well, yes, ma'am; those that had a little money wanted to get close to me for the first show; but, says I, 'N-no, p-poor folks get just as hungry as rich!'"

The Colonel always stuttered a little when excited.

"We will all be as poor as the rest of them, soon, if you go on that way, Ralph."

"We are better off than most of them, honey," answered the Colonel, easily; "there's that twenty—— "

But Mrs. Rutherford stopped him with a frightened look, drawing her chair nearer.

"There ain't a wall with plaster on it in the house, Colonel; do remember that."

"Nor there ain't a thief on this plantation either, black or white, Hettie. Oh, don't you worry; Della's all right at Fowler's, and she and Jim will be round this evening, peart as peart."

"Well, I hope so," answered Mrs. Rutherford, her voice lowered to a whisper. "Has Dick been doing anything lately?"

"Deviling round about as usual," said the Colonel; "heard he hung a poor Jew pedler down on Cash* 'tother day. He'd sold his cotton, and Dick 'lowed he had ought to have some money. 'Twas told me they hung him up four times, and ever' time they let him down he howled for mercy, but he wouldn't tell a word about the money, and the last time they let him down he was dead, and they couldn't do no more with him. They're fiends incarnate, those fellers, and if it hadn't been for this cursed leg I'd have had Dick Barnabas swinging! Look at it, we all sitting down at home a-shaking, w-waiting for Dick to come and murder us! *I* shan't wait—— "

"Oh, hush!" cried the lady, imploringly; "if anybody was to hear and tell, Dick would—— "

"He—w-wouldn't do nothing more than he's aiming to do now, my dear!" was the Colonel's answer, with a chuckle; "he's as mad as he can be, anyhow, and has been ever since he lit out of the army to escape being shot. A b-bad bargain for Arkansas he wasn't, too."

"Oh, dear, I wish he had been," sighed Mrs. Rutherford.

"There's a right smart of scoundrel in the country to carry on the devil's trade besides Dick Barnabas; but he's got a heap of 'em with him, and once hang his gang up we may have peace. The others are just ornery scamps, not sense enough to keep from stealing from each other; but D-Dick has a head on him. And I'm not denying that Dick has his good qualities."

"Dick Barnabas!"

"Yes, ma'am, Dick Barnabas; they ain't very many, but they're like old Aunt Tennie's teeth; she ain't got but three, you know, but they're on opposite sides, so she makes out to do a p-power of eating with 'em. That's the way with Dick's good points, not many, but they're jest where they'll do the most good. He's brave as the devil, and he's tolerable kind to beasts (knows a heap about them, too), and he'll stick to his bargains. I don't think I ever knew Dick to rue back. Not even his bad trade with Parson Collins. Say, Hettie, did I ever tell you about that trade?"

"If you did I must have forgotten,"

* Cash is a small river. They never say The Cash, but Cash simply.

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said Mrs. Rutherford, who had heard the story half a dozen times; but it was true enough also that she did forget her husband's stories; and true or not, the good Christian soul could have found warrant with her conscience for stretching a point if she might help him lose his sorrows, even for a little while.

He settled himself comfortably in his chair, with a twinkle of the eye. "Must 'a' been six or seven years ago that it happened," said he. "Yes, ma'am, I remember it was 'bout two years after Parson lost his wife, and there was talk of his marrying the Widow Bainbridge; I don't believe he ever did think of her, but you know the talk. That's how I fix the date. She married old man Warner in the spring, and this was the fall before—not that it's any consequence on earth.

"Dick, he was renting of me then, a m-mean Jew Injun, same like he is now, and getting most his livelihood swapping horses. Parson had a big white mule, they called her Ma'y Jane. She wasn't none too young, but she was terrible strong and spry, and the most remarkable animal for in-intelligence you ever saw. She wasn't exactly *ill*,* as they call it down here, but she had got a right smart of tricks like all those old mules—only, being so much cuter, she had more.

"One of her monkey-shines was to always refuse to go past a fence corner. I don't know why, but you couldn't get her past a fence corner no way on earth. If you pushed her *too* hard, she'd begin rearing and kicking, and finally lay plumb down on the ground, her four legs kicking away like boiling water. The only way with her was to get off and pat her and much her, and *lead* her round the corner. Then she was all right, and would step out right well until the *next* corner. Another trick was, she'd take a notion into her head that she had done travelling enough in one direction, and if you didn't politely turn round, she'd like's not run you spang up against a fence-rail and scrape your leg. But the blamedest fool notion she had was about the dinner-horn; whenever she'd hear the Parson's horn go, no matter where the critter might be—middle of the row ploughing, maybe—off she'd go, just the same, bullet line back to the barn. All such like tricks made her, in spite of her cuteness, a sorter uneasy beast for to have on a fyarm. So, Parson 'lowed he'd sell her. He tried to sell her to me, and for some reasons I'd have liked right well to buy the pesky critter. We'd a screw press then, and I never *did* see a mule on earth could pull down's big a bale as Ma'y Jane but Dad gum 'er—b-begging your pardon for the expression, my dear—if you left her by her lone a minnit, she'd break the gears, and jest naturally split the mud to the byarn. That's Ma'y Jane! So I wouldn't buy. Well, Parson he didn't know quite how he *could* fix it. Happened one day he was at the store and praising of Ma'y Jane, as usual, and, as his ill-luck would have it—providentially, I daresay he would put it—Dick Barnabas came along with a load of cotton. He saw the mule, and Parson looks out of the window, and there's Master Dick studying of his mule. He never let on. But he wags his finger at Unk' Nels and asks if we all didn't want Ma'y Jane up to the press for a spell that morning. Well, of course we did, for she could work powerful well. And just as Unk' Nels was going off Parson says, carelessly, 'Oh, Unk' Nels! If Mr. Dick Barnabas should look round to see how she can pull, I trust you all won't putt her under a bad character.' You had ought to seen that nigger's teeth flash; he hopped onto the notion in a second. All the niggers jest naturally hated Dick always, he used to knock 'em about so. Well, directly Dick santers over to the gin, where he finds Ma'y Jane pulling with all the power, and every nigger praising her. He gits her out and looks her over—oh, we could see him from the store, riding her round and walking about her. Dick was of the opinion nobody knew as much about a horse or a mule as he did. In a little while he goes back to the Parson, with trade in his eye. Kinder old mule; how'll Parson swap? Well, Parson shook his head, 'lowed he wouldn't trade—valuable mule, very intelligent, perfectly sound, etc. 'That's all right, Parson,' said Dick, growing eager; 'how's my

* Ill—ill-tempered, cross. They say of a patient in Arkansas, "He must be getting better, he is so *ill!*"

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clay back hoss?' 'No, thank you, Mr. Barnabas,' says the Parson; 'looks like we couldn't trade, and I must be going.' So Dick offered some more, but Parson grew cooler, the hotter he grew. 'I'll tell you all about that mule, Mr. Barnabas,' said the Parson, 'her good points and her bad.' 'Naw, ye don't,' says Dick, 'I kin see fur myself, ye ain't no need to praise the critter.' He was so suspicious he 'lowed the Parson meant to lie to him, and he reckoned himself to be smarter. Well, so they had it back and forth, till finally Dick offered two yearling steers that the Parson had been trying to get. Now, Parson knew that was the biggest kind of a trade, and the rest of us was nearly choking with laugh to see Dick getting stuck so neatly; but Parson wasn't going to seem too eager, so he wanted a calf thrown in; and finally they compromised; trade even, and Dick fetch over the steers. He done it that very evening before sundown, he was so possessed to get the mule. And when he discovered Ma'y Jane's little playful ways with fences and dinner-horns, he was the maddest man you ever saw. He was rarin' and chargin'. Accused the parson of swindling. I assure you, my dear, I was within an inch of pitching the scoundrel out of the window. Would if I hadn't wanted to hear what Collins would say. He was as cool as cool. 'Softly, softly, Mr. Barnabas,' says he, 'I told you the mule was intelligent—you won't deny she is; and perfectly sound—well, ain't she? And I offered to tell you her good and her bad points, but you wouldn't listen. Is it my fault you wouldn't?' says Parson, while the whole storeful of men laughed. 'But I'll tell you what,' says he, 'if you want to swap over again and have it said that Dick Barnabas rued back, you can.' 'Naw, by ——;' never mind, Dick always did swear like a steamboat captain; he swore a big oath and said he never had rued back, and he never would. The most comical pyart of the story is, Parson had been eying those steers for all summer, and wanting for Dick to trade for a horse he had that was nearly 'bout a hundred years old and a stump-sucker to the bargain, and Dick wouldn't look at it; but he got so terrible sick of Ma'y Jane's deviltry that he traded her off back to Parson for that identical aged horse. It made Dick most sick, that trade did. He swore he would get even with Parson Collins if it took him a hundred years."

"Ma'y Jane's little playful ways with fences and dinner horns."

"I wonder he hasn't done Mr. Collins a meanness before now," said Mrs. Rutherford.

"Oh, well," said the Colonel, gayly, "even graybacks have got to have some excuse, and Collins is the most popular man in the country. Chaplain all through the war and mighty kind to our boys, and brave as they m-make them. Then he knows more 'bout the beastis than any man around. He's doctored most everybody's horse or colt or cow—never charge a cent; and he's a mighty good, pious man, liberal and stirring, free house to everybody. No, ma'am, I don't guess even Dick could get the boys to do him mean unless they were to get a heap of money by it—and

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Collins is poor as the next man, nowadays. Why, the feller toted his own cotton to be burned when the order came. That's more than we did, honey, hey?"

"Well, I hope so, Colonel Rutherford," answered the lady. "*You* might have made such a useless sacrifice, but Adèle said General Marmaduke and General Shelby hadn't any right to burn our cotton."

"They did it for the best, undoubtedly, my dear; still, it certainly was too late, and it has only increased our hardships without helping the Confederacy."

"I don't see, Colonel, why you didn't wait and have the Federal colonel who is coming this way bring our—it."

"The money?" said the colonel, in his jovial loud voice, and Mrs. Rutherford actually had to lay her slim hand over his mouth. He gallantly kissed the fingers.

"I would," said he, "if I'd known I'd have smashed my leg and have to let Della go for me. But it looked like it was a good chance, the money coming far as Crowder's with the Yanks; and if I and half a dozen men could have gone out—but nobody will suspect Jim, nobody knows the money is coming, anyhow. Oh, Jim's safe enough. Don't you reckon *he* had better go out after Fair when he comes?"

"When do you expect Fair?"

"That's the trouble. I cayn't tell. He writes he will start immediately, but when will he get to St. Louis, and from there on here? Don't s-see what we all can do but wait."

"If Fair would only let us know in time," said Mrs. Rutherford, "there's a heap of things he could fetch us from St. Louis—little things he could bring in his saddle-riders, like soda and needles and pins; but I expect he won't think to do that. Pins we do need the worst; but, now, pepper and spices and thread—he wouldn't have a bit of trouble, if we could only get him word. And vanilla extract, we have been out of such things so long I've nearly forgotten they exist, and we used to call them necessaries."

"Nothing is a necessary but salt," said the Colonel; "we have to get that, *some way*, soon. If it wasn't for the Graybacks we could have a boat on the river and supplies regular. My lord, we're licked, and every man who aint a c-crazy fool knows it! What *is* the use of rarin' and chargin' round the country and burning the cotton? These precious jewels of Dick Barnabas are enough sight worse than the Yankees. Half of them d-deserters, too. Well, I wisht I had another chance at D-Dick!"

There was silence for a little space, because Mrs. Rutherford was absorbed in counting her stitches while the Colonel revolved fresh plans for Barnabas's destruction. From them he looked up again at the picture on the wall, the young girl in her white gown, with her sweet face. Had he been her lover, finding enough favor in her sight to win her heart from his handsome brother, ten years younger than he? Of all his life, full as it had been of robust exhilaration and ambition and emotion, what time had matched that with its sweetness and its pain? All the inarticulate poetry of the man's nature groped backward toward those years when she was with him. Only three years; Fair was a baby when she died; he could see the little trick playing on the floor with his father's great boots, the sunshine on his curls. The Colonel uttered a sigh like a groan, not conscious that he sighed.

"I reckon Della and Jim will fetch a letter from Fair," said Mrs. Rutherford, quickly, dropping her count.

"He will be grown a young man," said the Colonel; "they tell me he is a young man of very distinguished appearance and an elegant gentleman." The Colonel's diction, become slipshod during years of careless living in the wilderness, had fits of stiffening into that dignity which pertained to a Virginia gentleman's speech when he was young, and, long ago, Mrs. Rutherford had noted that such occasions of fine language were likely to accompany any mention of Fairfax. In truth, the Colonel was fonder and prouder (so Mrs. Rutherford often thought) of this lad, who had spent almost all his life away, than of the dutiful sons who had never left him, and who had fought and fallen at his side. She knew that he always carried Fair's letters in his pockets, ready to come out for reading aloud to

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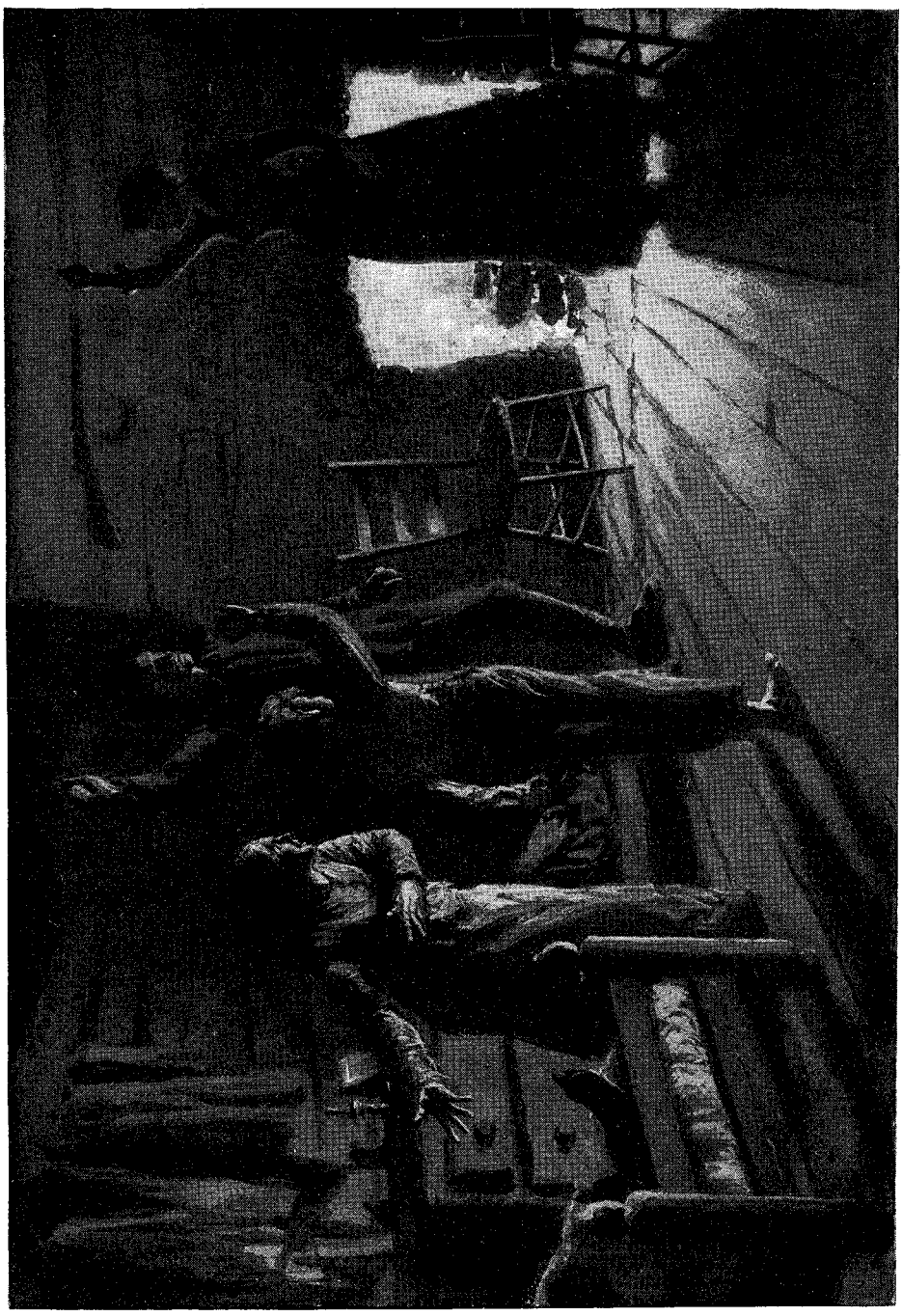

"We all sw'ar it!"—Page 61.

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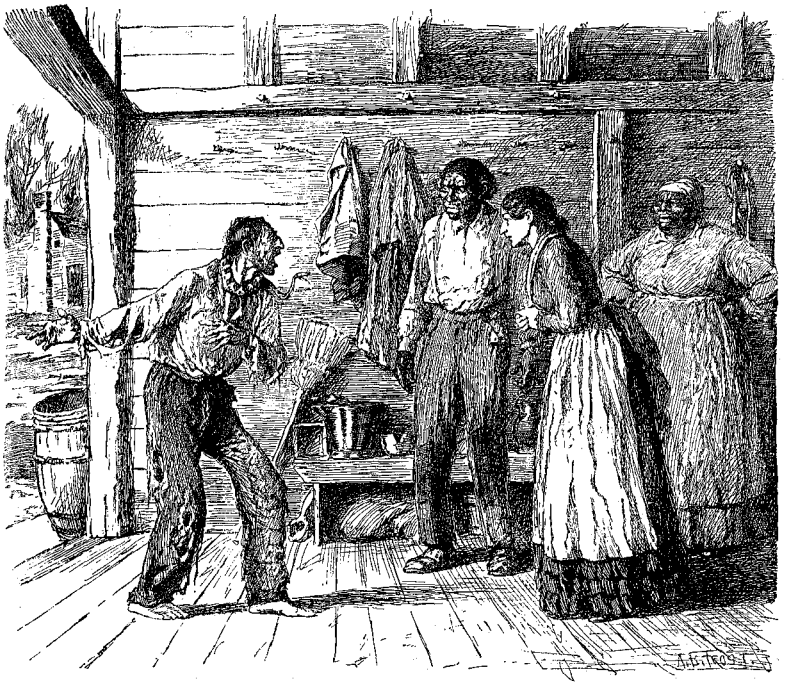

"And wound about the creature's neck, a gleaming and hissing snake."

anyone who might be interested in them, and in default of such listener to be pored over and chuckled over by the Colonel himself. If anything could have irritated her placid amiability it would have been her further knowledge that the Colonel often had gone shabby himself, in order to send money to Fair.

"And he doesn't need it the least bit on earth," was Mrs. Rutherford's silent comment; "Fairfax Rutherford's rich; he gets enormous prices for his pictures, and that rich old aunt left him all her New York property; he has ten times as much as poor Ralph." But she admitted that the Colonel only stinted himself for his Rachel's boy, he never took from the portion of Leah's sons.

"Ralph is right just and upright," said Mrs. Rutherford, "and I don't believe the boys ever suspected he didn't love them just as much as Fair. They thought Fair was the finest young gentleman in the world, too. Dear boys, they were so good!"

The poor lady felt the tears stinging her eyelids, and rose up hastily on a pretext of hearing Aunt Hizzie. She would not have her husband see her wet eyes. When two people have been through deep sorrow and trouble together, often each, for the other's sake, clings to a makeshift of cheerfulness. It is as if they hung by a board balanced over a precipice; let one loosen his hold, the safety-plank must fly up, and it will be all over with the other.

"There's Hizzie disputing with Unk' Nels again," cried Mrs. Rutherford. Then her simulated interest grew real, for she caught a few words.

"Bad news *you* reckons, does ye? How come ye ain't fotch 'im by tuh *me?*"

A mutter in a man's deeper tones was indistinguishable. Aunt Hizzie's voice rose again:

"Naw, ye wun't go tell ole marse or ole miss, needer. 'Pears like ye ain't got no sense. Whut ye sayin'? Ye talk so gross nobuddy on yearth kin foller you wuds—mum—mum—mumble—mum! Folkses got good sense cayn't, let lone igits. Lemme talk tuh 'im!"

Up went Hizzie's voice, as if she were talking to a foreigner or a deaf man. "Ye seekin' Miss Della, Slick Mose? Ole Miss? Ole Miss fo' sho'? Look at

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de critter, Nels. Well, *sah!* dar's blood all over 'im, sho's you bawn, Nels."

"My Lord, is there more affliction for this unhappy house?" the Colonel groaned, involuntarily struggling to rise.

"Oh, hush," said Mrs. Rutherford, soothing him, although she was visibly paler and trembled; "you stay still. It's only Slick Mose. I'll go out."

In the gallery the negro man and woman were staring at a truly hideous figure. It was the shape of a man, ragged, soaked, with blood-stains on the arms and on the tattered shirt; a crouching thin thing, bareheaded and barefooted; and wound about the creature's neck, a gleaming and hissing snake. The face, with its tangle of pale red hair, its little vacant eyes and working mouth, held the plain signs of Slick Mose's unhappy condition. He was an idiot lad whom Mr. Collins had found chained to a staple in his father's yard, and had given a good mule to rescue. He divided his time between the plantation and Mr. Collins's farm, and Adèle Rutherford was the only person, save the minister, who had any control over him. These two he would follow and obey like a dog. They understood the gibberish which passed for speech with him. The creature had a mania for hiding things, and so cunningly that it was the rarest thing in the world for them to be found unless Parson Collins or Adèle interfered. Thanks to them his idiosyncrasy did little mischief. Another trait was his grewsome liking for snakes. Between him and all the brute creation existed a strange sort of understanding, such as sometimes does exist between the lowest order of human kind and animals; but Mose peculiarly affected snakes. Half the terror the harmless, timid fellow inspired (and it was excessive) was due to this trait. For the other half, came his extraordinary physical agility and his uncanny wood lore, mocking the beasts' calls so well that they would answer him; familiar with every lead of timber* and every glade† in the swag;‡ climbing like a racoon and diving like an eel. Mrs. Rutherford shared the general shrinking, although she had always been kind to Mose. Now he ran to her, pulled at her gown, grovelled at her feet, and pointed toward the door, all the while uttering a harsh, inarticulate cry. "Lada," he repeated numberless times. Lada was his word for Adèle. It was supposed to be his effort to say "Lady." Then, gesticulating wildly, he poured out a torrent of incoherent sounds, of which the word "kill" was the only one to be distinguished.

"Who is killed?" cried Mrs. Rutherford. "Not—not Della?" In her sudden agony of anxiety she grasped Mose's shoulder.

He shook his head violently.

Instantly Mrs. Rutherford's fears flew to the money, the loss of which, indeed, meant nearly ruin to them. "Is it Jim Fowler?" she asked; "try, Mose, *try* to speak plain!"

Again the idiot shook his head, and with a look of agony repeated "Parson," "kill," and "Fair." He clasped his hands together, shrieking, "Oh, Fair! oh, Fair!" He extended his arms, the most violent grief and horror depicted on his countenance. Finally, he hurled himself on his knees and appeared to be straining to lift something from the ground.

"Dat Slick Mose aimin' tuh tell we uns how somebuddy done!" exclaimed Aunt Hizzie.

"Lord send nothing has happened to Fair," cried Mrs. Rutherford; "if there has it will kill the Colonel. But one thing is sure; he wants us to follow him, and we've got to do it."

(To be continued.)

* Timber grows in kinds on the Black River, here oaks, now ash, now gum; such a strip is called a lead.
† The old English word is retained for an open space in the wood.
‡ Low, damp place.

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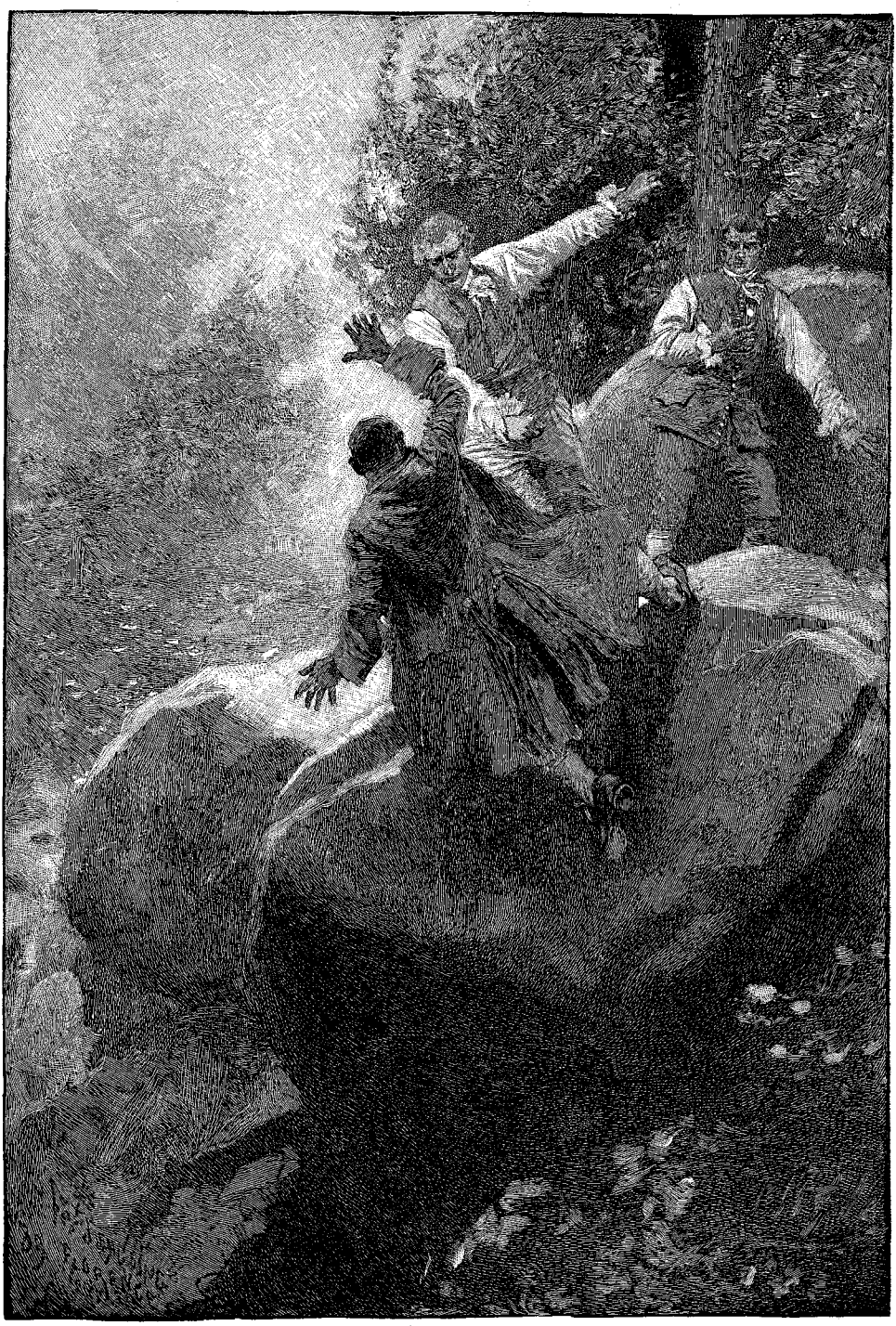

"The negro boy, arms whirling wide in air, shot over the side of the cliff."—Page 80.

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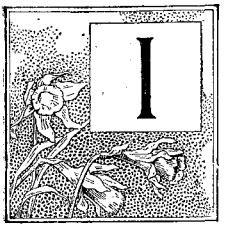
IN THE VALLEY.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RUDE AWAKENING FROM MY DREAM.



I LOOK back now upon the week which followed this home-coming as a season of much dejection and unhappiness. Perhaps at the time it was not all unmixed tribulation. There was a great deal to do, naturally, and occupation to a healthful and vigorous young man is of itself a sovereign barrier against undue gloom. Yet I think of it now as all sadness.

Mr. Stewart had really grown aged and feeble. For the first time, too, there was a petulant vein in his attitude toward me. Heretofore he had treated my failure to grow up into his precise ideal of a gentleman with affectionate philosophy, being at pains to conceal from me whatever disappointment he felt, and, indeed, I think, honestly trying to persuade himself that it was all for the best.

But these five months had created a certain change in the social conditions of the Valley. For years the gulf had been insensibly widening, here under our noses, between the workers and the idlers; during my absence there had come, as it were, a land-slide—and the chasm was now manifest to us all. Something of this was true all over the Colonies: no doubt what I noticed was but a phase of the general movement, part social, part religious, part political, now carrying us along with a perceptible glide toward the crisis of Revolution; but here in the Valley, more than elsewhere, this broadening fissure of division ran through farms, through houses, ay, even through the group gathered in front of the family fireplace—separating servants from employers, sons from fathers, husbands from wives. And, alas! when I realized now for the first time the existence of this abyss, it was to discover that my dearest friend, the man to whom I most owed duty and esteem and love, stood on one side of it and I on the other.

This was made clear to me by his comments—and even more by his manner—when I told him next day of the great offer which Mr. Cross had made. Not unnaturally I expected that he would be gratified by this proof of the confidence I had inspired, even if he did not favor my acceptance of the proffered post. Instead, the whole matter seemed to vex him. When I ventured to press him for a decision, he spoke unjustly and impatiently to me, for the first time.

"Oh, ay! that will serve as well as anything else, I suppose!" he said. "If you are resolute and stubborn to insist upon leaving me, and tossing aside the career it has been my pleasure to plan for you, by all means go to Albany with the other Dutchmen, and barter and cheapen to your heart's content. You know it's no choice of mine, but please yourself!"

This was so gratuitously unfair and unlike him, and so utterly at variance with the reception I had expected for my tidings, that I stood astounded, looking at him. He went on:

"What the need is for your going off, and mixing yourself up with these people, I fail for the life of me to see. I suppose it is in the blood! Any other young man but a Dutchman, reared and educated as you have been, given the society and friendship of gentlefolk from boyhood, and placed, by heaven! as you are here, with a home and an estate to inherit, and people about you to respect and love—I say nothing of obeying them—would have appreciated his fortune, and asked no more. But no! You must, forsooth, pine and languish to be off tricking drunken Indians out of their peltry, and charging some other Dutchman a shilling for fourpence worth of goods!"

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What could I say? What could I do but go away sorrowfully, and with a heavy heart take up farm affairs where I had left them? It was very hard to realize that these rough words, still rasping my ears, had issued from Mr. Stewart's lips. I said to myself that he must have had causes for irritation of which I knew nothing, and that he must unconsciously have visited upon me the peevishness which the actions of others had engendered. All the same, it was not easy to bear.

Daily contact with Daisy showed changes, too, in her which disturbed me. Little shades of formalism had crept here and there into her manner—even toward me. She was more distant, I fancied, and mistress-like, toward my poor old aunt. She rose later, and spent more of her leisure time upstairs in her rooms alone. Her dress was notably more careful and elegant, now, and she habitually wore her hair twisted upon the crown of her head, instead of in a simple braid as of old.

If she was not the Daisy I had so learned to love in my months of absence, it seemed that my heart went out in even greater measure to this new Daisy. She was more beautiful than ever, and she was very gentle and soft with me. A sense of tender pity vaguely colored my devotion, for the dear girl seemed to my watchful solicitude to be secretly unhappy. Once or twice I strove to so shape our conversation that she would be impelled to confide in me—to throw herself upon my old brotherly fondness, if she suspected no deeper passion. But she either saw through my clumsy devices, or else in her innocence evaded them—for she hugged the sorrow closer to her heart, and was only pensively pleasant with me.

I may explain now, in advance of my story, what I came to learn long afterward—namely: that the poor little maiden was truly in sore distress at this time—torn by the conflict between her inclination and her judgment—between her heart and her head. She was, in fact, hesitating between the glamour which the young Englishman and Lady Berenicia, with their polished ways, their glistening surfaces, and their attractive, idlers' views of existence, had thrown over her, and her own innate, womanly repugnance to the shallowness and indulgence, not to say license, beneath it all. It was this battle the progress of which I unwittingly watched. Had I but known what emotions were fighting for mastery behind those sweetly grave hazel eyes—had I but realized how slight a pressure might have tipped the scales my way—how much would have been different!

But I, slow Frisian that I was, comprehended nothing of it all, and so was by turns futilely compassionate—and sulky.

For again, at intervals, she would be as gay and bright as a June rose, tripping up and down through the house with a song on her lips, and the old laugh rippling like sunbeams about her. Then she would deftly perch herself on the arm of Mr. Stewart's chair, and dazzle us both with the joyous merriment of her talk, and the sparkle in her eyes—or sing for us of an evening, upstairs, playing the while upon the lute (which young Cross had given her) instead of the discarded piano. Then she would wear a bunch of flowers—I never suspecting whence they came—upon her breast, and an extra ribbon in her hair. And then I would be wretched, and gloomily say to myself that I preferred her unhappy—and next morning, when the cloud had gathered afresh upon her face, would long again to see her cheerful once more.

And so the week went by, miserably, and I did not tell my love.

One morning, after breakfast, Mr. Stewart asked Daisy to what conclusion she had come about our accepting Philip Cross's invitation to join a luncheon-party on his estate that day. I had heard this gathering mentioned several times before, as a forthcoming event of great promise, and I did not quite understand either the reluctance with which Daisy seemed to regard the thought of going or the old gentleman's mingled insistence and deference to her wishes in the matter.

To be sure, I had almost given up in weary heart-sickness the attempt to understand his new moods. Since his harsh words to me, I had had nothing

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but amiable civility from him—now and then coming very near to his old-time fond cordiality — but it was none the less grievously apparent to me that our relations would never again be on the same footing. I could no longer anticipate his wishes, I found, or foresee what he would think or say upon matters as they came up. We two were wholly out of chord, be the fault whose it might. And so, I say, I was rather puzzled than surprised to see how much stress was laid between them upon the question whether or not Daisy would go that day to Cairncross, as the place was to be called.

Finally, without definitely having said "yes," she appeared dressed for the walk, and put on a mock air of surprise at not finding us also ready. She blushed, I remember, as she did so. There was no disposition on my part to make one of the party, but when I pleaded that I had not been invited, and that there was occupation for me at home, Mr. Stewart seemed so much annoyed that I hastened to join them.

It was a perfect autumn day, with the sweet scent of burning leaves in the air, and the foliage above the forest-path putting on its first pale changes toward scarlet and gold. Here and there, when the tortuous way approached half-clearings, we caught glimpses of the round sun, opaquely red through the smoky haze.

Our road was the old familiar trail northward over which Mr. Stewart and I, in the happy days, had so often walked to reach our favorite haunt, the gulf. The path was wider and more worn, now—almost a thoroughfare, in fact. It came to the creek at the very head of the chasm, skirting the mysterious circle of sacred stones, then crossing the swift water on a new bridge of logs, then climbing the farther side of the ravine by a steep zigzag course which hung dangerously close to the precipitous wall of dark rocks. I remarked at the time, as we made our way up, that there ought to be a chain, or outer guard of some sort, for safety. Mr. Stewart said he would speak to Philip about it, and added the information that this side of the gulf was Philip's property.

"It is rough enough land," he went on to say, "and would never be worth clearing. He has some plan of keeping it in all its wildness, and building a little summer-house, down below by the bridge, within full sound of the waterfall. No doubt we shall arrange to share the enterprise together. You know I have bought on the other side straight to the creek."

Once the road at the top was gained, Cairncross was but a pleasant walking measure, over paths well smoothed and made. Of the mansion in process of erection, which like Johnson Hall was to be of wood, not much except the skeleton framework met the eye—but this promised a massive and imposing edifice. A host of masons, carpenters, and laborers, sufficient to have quite depopulated Johnstown during the daylight hours, were hammering, hewing, or clinking the chimney-bricks with their trowels, within and about the structure.

At a sufficient distance from this tumult of construction, and on a level, high plot of lawn, was a pretty marquee tent. Here the guests were assembled, and thither we bent our steps.

Young Cross came forth eagerly to greet us—or, rather, my companions—with outstretched hands and a glowing face. He was bareheaded, and very beautifully, though not garishly clad. In the reddish, dimmed sunlight, with his yellow hair and his fresh, beaming face, he certainly was handsome.

He bowed ceremoniously to Mr. Stewart, and then took him warmly by the hand. Then with a frank gesture, as if to gayly confess that the real delight was at hand, he bent low before Daisy and touched her fingers with his lips.

"You make me your slave, your very happy slave, dear lady, by coming," he murmured, loud enough for me to hear. She blushed, and smiled with pleasure at him.

To me our young host was civil enough. He called me "Morrison," it is true, without any "Mr.," but he shook hands with me, and said affably that he was glad to see me back safe and sound. Thereafter he paid no attention whatsoever to me, but hung by Daisy's side in the cheerful circle outside the tent.

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Sir William was there, and Lady Berenicia, of course, and a dozen others. By all I was welcomed home with cordiality—by all save the Lady, who was distant, not to say supercilious in her manner, and Sir John Johnson, who took the trouble only to nod at me.

Inquiring after Mr. Jonathan Cross, I learned that my late companion was confined to the Hall, if not to his room, by a sprained ankle. There being nothing to attract me at the gathering, save, indeed, the girl who was monopolized by my host, and the spectacle of this affording me more discomfort than satisfaction, the condition of my friend at the Hall occurred to me as a pretext for absenting myself. I mentioned it to Mr. Stewart, who had been this hour or so in great spirits, and who now was chuckling with the Lady and one or two others over some tale she was telling.

"Quite right," he said, without turning his head, and so, beckoning to Tulp to follow me, I started.

It was a brisk hour's walk to the Hall, and I strode along at a pace which forced my companion now and again into a trot. I took rather a savage comfort in this, as one likes to bite hard on an aching tooth. For I had a profound friendship for this poor black boy, and to put a hardship upon him was to suffer myself even more than he did. Tulp had come up misshapen and undersized from his long siege with the small-pox, and with very rickety and unstable legs. I could scarcely have sold him for a hundred dollars, and would not have parted with him for ten thousand, if for no other reason than his deep and dog-like devotion to me. Hence when I made this poor fellow run and pant, I must have been possessed of an unusually resolute desire to be disagreeable to myself. And in truth I was!

Mr. Jonathan Cross made me very welcome. His accident had befallen on the very day following his return, and he had seen nobody save the inmates of the Hall since that time. We had many things to talk about — among others, of my going to Albany to take the agency. I told him that this had not been quite decided, as yet, but avoided giving reasons. I could not well tell this born-and-bred merchant that my guardian thought I ought to feel above trade. His calm eyes permitted themselves a solitary twinkle as I stumbled over the subject, but he said nothing.

He did express some interest, however, when I told him whence I had come, and what company I had quitted to visit him.

"So Mistress Daisy is there with the rest, is she?" he said, with more vigor in his voice than I had ever heard there before. "So—so! The apple has fallen with less shaking than I thought for!"

I do not think that I made any remark in reply. If I did, it must have been inconsequential in the extreme, for my impression is of a long, heartaching silence, during which I stared at my companion, and saw nothing.

At last I know that he said to me—I recall the very tone to this day:

"You ought to be told, I think. Yes, you ought to know. Philip Cross asked her to be his wife a fortnight ago. She gave no decided answer. From what Philip and Lady Berenicia have said to each other here, since, I know it was understood that if she went to him today it meant 'yes!'"

This time I know I kept silence for a long time.

I found myself finally holding the hand he had extended to me, and saying, in a voice which sounded like a stranger's:

"I will go to Albany whenever you like."

I left the Hall somehow, kicking the drunken Enoch Wade fiercely out of my path, I remember, and walking straight ahead as if blindfolded.

CHAPTER XVI.

TULP GETS A BROKEN HEAD TO MATCH MY HEART.

Without heed as to the direction, I started at a furious pace up the road which I found myself upon—Tulp at my heels. If he had not, from utter weariness, cried out, after a time, I

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should have followed the track straight, unceasing, over the four leagues and more to the Sacondaga. As it was, I had presently to stop, and retrace my steps to where he sat on a way-side stump, dead-beat.

"Don't you wait for me, Mass' Douw, if you're bound to get there quick!" he said, gasping for breath. "Don't mind me! I'll follow along the best I can."

The phrase "get there"—it was almost the only English which poor Tulp had put into the polyglot sentence he really uttered—arrested my attention. "Get where?" I had been headed for the mountains—for the black water which dashed foaming down their defiles, and eddied in sinister depths at their bases. I could see the faint blue peaks on the horizon from where I stood, by the side of the tired slave. The sight sobered me. To this day I cannot truly say whether I had known where I was going, and if there had not been in my burning brain the latent impulse to throw myself into the Sacondaga. But I could still find the spot—changed beyond recollection as the face of the country is—where Tulp's fatigue compelled me to stop, and where I stood gazing out of new eyes, as it were, upon the pale Adirondack outlines.

As I looked, the aspect of the day had changed. The soft somnolent haze had vanished from the air. Dark clouds were lifting themselves in the West and North beyond the mountains, and a chill breeze was blowing from them upon my brow. I took off my hat, and held up my face to get all its cooling touch. Tulp, between heavy breaths, still begged that his infirmity might not be allowed to delay me.

"Why, boy!" I laughed bitterly at him, "I have no place to go to. Nobody is waiting for me—nobody wants me."

The black looked hopeless bewilderment at me, and offered no comment. Long afterward I learned that he at the moment reached the reluctant conclusion that I had taken too much drink in the Hall.

"Or no!" I went on, a thought coming to the surface in the hurly-burly of my mind. "We are going to Albany! That's where we're going!"

Tulp's sooty face took on a more dubious look, if that were possible. He humbly suggested that I had chosen a roundabout route; perhaps I was going by the way of the Healing Springs. But it must be a long, lonesome road, and the rain was coming on.

Sure enough, the sky was darkening: a storm was in the air, and already the distant mountain-tops were hidden from view by the rain-mist.

Without more words I put on my hat, and we turned back toward the settlements. The disposition to walk swiftly, which before had been a controlling thing, was gone. My pace was slow enough now, descending the hill, for even Tulp, who followed close upon my heels. But my head was not much clearer. It was not from inability to think; to the contrary, the vividness and swift succession of my thoughts, as they raced through my brain, almost frightened me.

I had fancied myself miserable that very morning, because Mr. Stewart had spoken carelessly to me, and she had been only ordinarily pleasant. Ah, fool! My estate that morning had been that of a king, of a god, in contrast to this present wretchedness. Then I still had a home—still nourished in my heart a hope—and these *were* happiness! I laughed aloud at my folly in having deemed them less.

She had put her hand in his—given herself to him! She had with her eyes open promised to marry this Englishman—fop! dullard! roysterer! insolent cub!—so the rough words tumbled to my tongue. In a hundred ways I pictured her—called up her beauty, her delicacy, her innocence, her grace, the refined softness of her bearing, the sweet purity of her smile, the high dignity of her thoughts—and then ground my teeth as I placed against them the solitary image my mind consented to limn of him—a brawling dandy with fashionable smirk and false blue eyes, flushed with wine, and proud of no better achievement than throwing a miller in a drunken wrestling bout. It was a sin—a desecration! Where were their eyes, that they did not read this fellow's worthlessness, and bid him stand back, when he sought to lay his coarse hands upon her?

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Yet who were these that should have saved her? Ah! were they not all of his class, or of his pretence to class?

Some of them had been my life-long friends. To Mr. Stewart—and I could not feel bitterly toward him even now—I owed home, education, rearing, everything; Sir William had been the earliest and kindliest of my other friends, eager and glad always to assist, instruct, encourage me; John Butler had given me my first gun, and had petted me in his rough way from boyhood. Yet now, at a touch of that hateful, impalpable thing, "class," these all vanished away from my support, and were to me as if they had never been. I saw them over on the other side, across the abyss from me, grouped smiling about this new-comer, praising his brute ability to drink and race and wrestle, complimenting him upon his position among the gentry—save the mark!—of Tryon County, and proud that they had by never so little aided him to secure for a wife this poor trembling, timid, fascinated girl. Doubtless they felt that a great honor had been done her; it might be that even she dreamed this, too, as she heard their congratulations.

And these men, honest, fair-minded gentlemen as they were in other affairs, would toss me aside like a broken pipe if I ventured to challenge their sympathy as against this empty-headed, satined, and powdered stranger. They had known and watched me all my life. My smallest action, my most trivial habit, was familiar to them. They had seen me grow before their eyes—dutiful, obedient, diligent, honest, sober, truthful. In their hearts they knew that I deserved all these epithets. They themselves time out of mind had applied them to me. I stood now, at my early age, and on my own account, on the threshold of a career of honorable trade, surely as worthy now as it was when Sir William began at it far more humbly. Yet with all these creditable things known to them, I could not stand for a moment in their estimation against this characterless new-comer!

Why? He was a "gentleman," and I was not.

Not that he was better born—a thousand times no! But I had drawn from the self-sacrificing, modest, devoted man of God, my father, and the resolute, tireless, hard-working, sternly honest housewife, my mother—the fatal notion that it was not beneath the dignity of a Mauverensen or a Van Hoorn to be of use in the world. My ancestors had fought for their little country, nobly and through whole generations, to free it from the accursed rule of that nest of aristocrats, Spain; but they had not been ashamed also to work, in either the old world or the new. This other, this Englishman—I found myself calling him that as the most comprehensive expletive I could use—the son of a professional butcher and of an intriguing woman, was my superior here, in truth, where I had lived all my life and he had but shown his nose—because he preferred idleness to employment!

It was a mistake, then, was it, to be temperate and industrious? It was more honorable to ride at races, to play high stakes and drain three bottles at dinner than to study, and to do one's duty? To be a gentleman was a matter of silk breeches and perukes and late hours? Out upon the blundering playwright who made Bassanio win with the leaden casket! Portia was a woman, and would have wrapped her picture—nay, herself—in tinsel gilt, the gaudier the better!

But why strive to trace further my wrathful meditations? There is nothing pleasant or profitable in the contemplation of anger, even when reason runs abreast of it. And I especially have no pride in this three hours' wild fury. There were moments in it, I fear, when my rage was wellnigh murderous in its fierceness.

The storm came—a cold, thin, driving rain, with faint mutterings of thunder far behind. I did not care to quicken my pace, or fasten my coat. The inclemency fitted and echoed my mood.

On the road we came suddenly upon the Hall party, returning in haste from the interrupted picnic. The baronet's carriage, with the hood drawn, rumbled past without a sign of recognition from driver or inmates. A half-dozen horsemen cantered behind, their chins buried in their collars, and their hats pulled down over their eyes. One of the last

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of these—it was Bryan Lefferty—reined up long enough to inform me that Mr. Stewart and Daisy had long before started by the forest-path for their home, and that young Cross had made short work of his other guests in order to accompany them.

"We're not after complaining, though," said the jovial Irishman; "it's human nature to desert ordinary mortals like us when youth and beauty beckon the other way."

I made some indifferent answer, and he rode away after his companions. We resumed our tramp over the muddy track, with the rain and wind gloomily pelting upon our backs.

When we turned off into the woods, to descend the steep side-hill to the water-fall, it was no easy matter to keep our footing. The narrow trail was slippery with wet leaves and moss. Looking over the dizzy edge, you could see the tops of tall trees far below. The depths were an indistinct mass of dripping foliage, dark green and russet. We made our way gingerly and with extreme care, with the distant clamor of the falls in our ears, and the peril of tumbling headlong keeping all our senses painfully alert.

At a turn in the path, I came sharply upon Philip Cross!

He was returning from The Cedars: he carried a broken bough to use as a walking-stick in the difficult ascent, and was panting with the exertion; yet the lightness of his heart impelled him to hum broken snatches of a song as he climbed. The wet verdure under foot had so deadened sound that neither suspected the presence of the other till we suddenly stood, on this slightly widened, overhanging platform, face to face!

He seemed to observe an unusual something on my face, but it did not interest him enough to affect his customary cool, off-hand civility toward me.

"Oh, Morrison, is that you?" he said, nonchalantly. "You're drenched, I see, like the rest of us. Odd, that so fine a day should end like this;"—and made as if to pass me on the inner side.

I blocked his way and said, with an involuntary shake in my voice which I could only hope he failed to note:

"You have miscalled me twice to-day. I will teach you my true name, if you like—here! now!"

He looked at me curiously for an instant—then with a frown. "You are drunk!" he cried, angrily. "Out of my way!"

"No, you are again wrong," I said, keeping my voice down, and looking him square in the eye. "I'm not of the drunken set in the Valley. No man was ever soberer. But I am going to spell my name out for you, in such manner that you will be in no danger of forgetting it to your dying day."

The young Englishman threw a swift glance about him, to measure his surroundings. Then he laid down his cudgel, and proceeded to unbutton his great-coat—which by some strange freak of irony happened to be one of mine that they had loaned him at The Cedars for his homeward journey.

If the words may be coupled, I watched him with an enraged admiration. There was no sign of fear manifest in his face or bearing. With all his knowledge of wrestling, he could not but have felt that, against my superior size and weight, and long familiarity with woodland footing, there were not many chances of his escaping with his life: if I went over, he certainly would go too—and he might go alone. Yet he unfastened his coats with a fine air of unconcern, and turned back his ruffles carefully. I could not maintain the same calm in throwing off my hat and coat, and was vexed with myself for it.

We faced each other thus in our waistcoats in the drizzling rain for a final moment, exchanging a cross-fire sweep of glances which took in not only antagonist, but every varying foot of the treacherous ground we stood upon, and God knows what else beside—when I was conscious of a swift movement past me from behind.

I had so completely forgotten Tulp's presence that for the second that followed I scarcely realized what was happening. Probably the faithful slave had no other thought, as he glided in front of me, than to thus place himself between me and what he believed to be certain death.

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To the Englishman the sudden movement may easily have seemed an attack.

There was an instant's waving to and fro of a light and a dark body close before my startled eyes. Then, with a scream which froze the very marrow in my bones, the negro boy, arms whirling wide in air, shot over the side of the cliff!

Friends of mine in later years, when they heard this story from my lips over a pipe and bowl, used to express surprise that I did not that very moment throw myself upon Cross, and fiercely bring the quarrel to an end, one way or the other. I remember that when General Arnold came up the Valley, five years after, and I recounted to him this incident, which recent events had recalled, he did not conceal his opinion that I had chosen the timid part. "By God!" he cried, striking the camp-table till the candlesticks rattled, "I would have killed him or he would have killed me, before the nigger struck bottom!" Very likely he would have done as he said. I have never seen a man with a swifter temper and resolution than poor, brave, choleric, handsome Arnold had—and into a hideously hopeless morass of infamy they landed him, too! No doubt it will seem to my readers, as well, that in nature I ought upon the instant to have grappled the Englishman.

The fact was, however, that this unforeseen event took every atom of fight out of both of us as completely as if we had been struck by lightning.

With a cry of horror, I knelt and hung over the shelving edge as far as possible, striving to discover some trace of my boy through the misty masses of foliage below. I could see nothing—could hear nothing but the far-off dashing of the waters, which had now in my ears an unspeakably sinister sound. It was only when I rose to my feet again that I caught sight of Tulp, slowly making his way up the other side of the ravine, limping and holding one hand to his head. He had evidently been hurt, but it was a great deal to know that he was alive. I turned to my antagonist—it seemed that a long time had passed since I last looked at him.

The same idea that the struggle was postponed had come to him, evidently, for he had put on his coats again, and had folded his arms. He too had been alarmed for the fate of the boy, but he affected now not to see him.

I drew back to the rock now, and Cross passed me in silence, with his chin defiantly in the air. He turned when he had gained the path above, and stood for a moment frowning down at me.

"I am going to marry Miss Stewart," he called out. "The sooner you find a new master, and take yourself off, the better. I don't want to see you again."

"When you do see me again," I made answer, "be sure that I will break every bone in your body!"

With this not very heroic interchange of compliments we parted. I continued the descent, and crossed the creek to where the unfortunate Tulp was waiting for me.

CHAPTER XVII.

I PERFORCE SAY FAREWELL TO MY OLD HOME.

The slave sat upon one of the bowlders in the old Indian circle, holding his jaw with his hand, and rocking himself like a child with the colic.

He could give me no account whatever of the marvellous escape he had had from instant death—and I was forced to conclude that his fall had been more than once broken by the interposition of branches or clumps of vines. He seemed to have fortunately landed on his head. His jaw was broken, and some of his teeth loosened, but none of his limbs were fractured, though all were bruised. I bound up his chin with my handkerchief, and put my neckcloth over one of his eyes, which was scratched and swollen shut, as by some poisonous thing. Thus bandaged, he hobbled along behind me over the short remaining distance. The rain and cold increased as nightfall came on, and, no longer sustained by my anger, I found the walk a very wet and miserable affair.

When I reached The Cedars, and had sent Tulp to his parents with a promise to look in upon him later, I was still without any definite plan of what to say or do upon entering. The immensity of

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the crisis which had overtaken me had not shut my mind to the fact that the others, so far from being similarly overwhelmed, did not even suspect any reason on my part for revolt or sorrow. I had given neither of them any cause, by word or sign, to regard me as a rival to Cross—at least, of late years. So far as they were concerned, I had no ground to stand upon in making a protest. Yet when did this consideration restrain an angry lover? I had a savage feeling that they ought to have known, if they didn't. And reflection upon the late scene on the gulf-side—upon the altercation, upon the abortive way in which I had allowed mastery of the situation to slip through my fingers, and upon poor Tulp's sufferings—only served to swell my mortification and rage.

When I entered—after a momentary temptation to make a stranger of myself by knocking at the door—Daisy was sitting by the fire beside Mr. Stewart; both were looking meditatively into the fire, which gave the only light in the room, and she was holding his hand. My heart melted for a second as this pretty, home-like picture met my eyes, and a sob came into my throat at the thought that I was no longer a part of this dear home-circle. Then sulkiness rose to the top again. I muttered something about the weather, lighted a candle at the fire, and moved past them to the door of my room.

"Why, Douw," asked Daisy, half-rising as she spoke; "what has happened? There's blood on your ruffles! Where is your neckcloth?"

I made answer, standing with my hand upon the latch, and glowering at her:

"The blood comes from my Tulp's broken head; I used my neckcloth to tie it up. He was thrown over the side of Kayaderosseros gulf, an hour ago, by the gentleman whom it is announced you are going to marry!"

Without waiting to note the effect of these words, I went into my room, closing the door behind me sharply. I spent a wretched hour or so, sorting over my clothes and possessions, trinkets and the like, and packing them for a journey. Nothing was very clear in my mind, between bitter repining at the misery which had come upon me and the growing repulsion I felt for making these two unhappy, but it was at least obvious that I must as soon as possible leave The Cedars.

When at last I re-entered the outer room, the table was spread for supper. Only Mr. Stewart was in the room, and he stood in his favorite attitude, with his back to the fire and his hands behind him. He preserved a complete silence, not even looking at me, until my aunt had brought in the simple evening meal. To her he said briefly that Mistress Daisy had gone to her room, weary and with a headache, and would take no supper. I felt the smart of reproof to me in every word he uttered—and even more in his curt tone. I stood at the window, with my back to him, looking through the dripping little panes at the scattered lights across the river, and not ceasing for an instant to think forebodingly of the scene which was impendent.

Dame Kronk had been out of the room some moments when he said, testily:

"Well, sir! will you do me the honor to come to the table, or is it your wish that I should fetch your supper to you?" The least trace of softness in his voice would, I think, have broken down my temper. If he had been only grieved at my behavior, and had shown to me sorrow instead of truculent rebuke, I would have been ready, I believe, to fall at his feet. But his scornful sternness hardened me.

"Thank you, sir," I replied, "I have no wish for supper."

More seconds of silence ensued. The streaming windows and blurred fragments of light, against the blackness outside, seemed to mirror the chaotic state of my mind. I ought to turn to him—a thousand times over, I knew I ought—and yet for my life I could not. At last he spoke again:

"Perhaps, then, you will have the politeness to face me. My association has chiefly been with gentlemen, and I should mayhap be embarrassed by want of experience if I essayed to address you to your back."

I had wheeled around before half his first sentence was out, thoroughly

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ashamed of myself. In my contrition I had put forth my hand as I moved toward him. He did not deign to notice —or rather to respond to—the apologetic overture, and I dropped the hand and halted. He looked me over now, searchingly and with a glance of mingled curiosity and anger. He seemed to be searching for words sufficiently formal and harsh meanwhile, and he was some time in finding them.

"In the days when I wore a sword for use, young man, and moved among my equals," he began, deliberately, "it was not held to be a safe or small matter to offer me affront. Other times, other manners. The treatment which then I would not have brooked from Cardinal York himself, I find myself forced to submit to, under my own roof, at the hands of a person who, to state it most lightly, should for decency's sake put on the appearance of respect for my gray hairs."

He paused here, and I would have spoken, but he held up his slender, ruffled hand with a peremptory, "Pray, allow me!" and presently went on:

"In speaking to you as I ought to speak, I am at the disadvantage of being wholly unable to comprehend the strange and malevolent change which has come over you. Through nearly twenty years of close, and even daily observation, rendered at once keen and kindly by an affection to which I will not now refer, you had produced upon me the impression of a dutiful, respectful, honorable, and polite young man. If, as was the case, you developed some of the to me less attractive and less generous virtues of your race, I still did not fail to see that they were, in their way, virtues, and that they inured both to my material profit and to your credit among your neighbors. I had said to myself, after much consideration, that if you had not come up wholly the sort of gentleman I had looked for, still you were a gentleman, and had qualities which, taken altogether, would make you a creditable successor to me on the portions of my estate which it was my purpose to entail upon you and yours."

"Believe me, Mr. Stewart," I interposed here, with a broken voice, as he paused again. "I am deeply — very deeply grateful to you."

He went on as if I had not spoken:

"Judge, then, my amazement and grief to find you returning from your voyage to the West intent upon leaving me, upon casting aside the position and duties for which I had trained you, and upon going down to Albany to dicker for pence and ha'pence with the other Dutchmen there. I did not forbid your going. I contented myself by making known to you my disappointment at your selection of a career so much inferior to your education and position in life. Whereupon you have no better conception of what is due to me and to yourself than to begin a season of sulky pouting and sullenness, culminating in the incredible rudeness of open insults to me, and, what is worse, to my daughter in my presence! She has gone to her chamber sick in head and heart alike from your boorish behavior. I would fain have retired also, in equal sorrow and disgust, had it not seemed my duty to demand an explanation from you before the night passed."

The blow—the whole crushing series of blows—had fallen! How I suffered under them, how each separate lash tore savagely through heart and soul and flesh, it would be vain to attempt to tell.

Yet with the anguish there came no weakening. I had been wrong and foolish, and clearly enough I saw it, but this was not the way to correct or chastise me. A solitary sad word would have unmanned me; this long, stately, satirical speech, this ironically elaborate travesty of my actions and motives, had an opposite effect. I suffered, but I stubbornly stood my ground.

"If I have disappointed you, sir, I am more grieved than you can possibly be," I replied. "If what I said was in fact an affront to you, and to—her—then I would tear out my tongue to recall the words. But how can the simple truth affront?"

"What was this you called out so rudely about the gulf—about Tulp's being thrown over by—by the gentleman my daughter is to marry? since you choose to describe him thus."

"I spoke the literal truth, sir. It was fairly by a miracle that the poor devil escaped with his life."

"How did it happen? What was the

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provocation? Even in Caligula's days slaves were not thrown over cliffs without some reason."

"Tulp suffered for the folly of being faithful to me—for not understanding that it was the fashion to desert me," I replied, with rising temerity. "He threw himself between me and this Cross of yours, as we faced each other on the ledge—where we spoke this morning of the need for a chain—and the Englishman flung him off!"

"Threw himself between you! Were you quarrelling, you two, then?"

"I dare say it would be described as a quarrel. I think I should have killed him, or he killed me, if the calamity of poor Tulp's tumble had not put other things in our heads."

"My faith!" was Mr. Stewart's only comment. He stared at me for a time, then seated himself before the fire, and looked at the blaze and smoke in apparent meditation. Finally he said, in a somewhat milder voice than before: "Draw a chair up here and sit down. Doubtless there is more in this than I thought. Explain it to me."

I felt less at my ease, seated now for a more or less moderate conference, than I had been on my feet, bearing my part in a quarrel.

"What am I to explain?" I asked.

"Why were you quarrelling with Philip?"

"Because I felt like it—because I hate him!"

"Tut! tut! That is a child's answer. What is the trouble between you two? I demand to know!"

"If you will have it"—and all my resentment and sense of loss burst forth in the explanation—"because he has destroyed my home for me: because he has ousted me from the place I used to have, and strove so hard to be worthy of, in your affections; because, after a few months here, with his fine clothes and his dashing, wasteful ways, he is more regarded by you and your friends than I am, who have tried faithfully all my life to deserve your regard; because he has taken—" but I broke down here. My throat choked the sound in sobs, and I turned my face away that he might not see the tears which I felt scalding my eyes.

My companion kept silent, but he poked the damp, smudging sticks about in the fireplace vigorously, took his spectacles out of their case, rubbed them, and put them back in his pocket, and in other ways long since familiar to me betrayed his uneasy interest. These slight signs of growing sympathy—or, at least, comprehension—encouraged me to proceed, and my voice came back to me.

"If you could know," I went mournfully on, "the joy I felt when I first looked on the Valley—*our* Valley—again at Fort Stanwix; if you could only realize how I counted the hours and minutes which separated me from this home, from you and her, and how I cried out at their slowness; if you could guess how my heart beat when I walked up the path out there that evening, and opened that door, and looked to see you two welcome me—ah! then you could feel the bitterness I have felt since! I came home burning with eagerness, homesickness, to be in my old place again near you and her—and the place was filled by another! If I have seemed rude and sullen—*that* is the reason! If I had set less store upon your love, and upon her—her—liking for me, then doubtless I should have borne the displacement with better grace. But it put me on the rack. Believe me, if I have behaved to your displeasure, and hers, it has been from very excess of tenderness trampled underfoot!"

At least the misunderstanding had been cleared up, and for a time, at all events, the heart of my life-long friend had warmed again to me as of old. He put his hand paternally upon my knee, and patted it softly.

"My poor boy," he said, with a sympathetic half-smile, and in his old-time gravely gentle voice. "Even in your tribulation you must be Dutch! Why not have said this to me—or what then occurred to you of it—at the outset, the first day after you came? Why, then it could all have been put right in a twinkling. But no! in your secretive, Dutch fashion you must needs go aloof, and worry your heart sore by all sorts of suspicions and jealousies and fears that you have been supplanted—until, see for yourself what a melancholy pass you have brought us all to! Suppose

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by chance, while these sullen devils were driving you to despair, you had done injury to Philip — perhaps even killed him! Think what your feelings, and ours, would be now! And all might have been cleared up, set right, by a word at the beginning!"

I looked hard into the fire, and clinched my teeth.

"Would a word have given me Daisy?" I asked from between them.

He withdrew his hand from my knee, and pushed one of the logs petulantly with his foot. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"I mean that for five years I have desired—for the past six months have, waking or sleeping, thought of nothing else but this desire of my heart—to have Daisy for my wife."

As he did not speak, I went on with an impassioned volubility altogether strange to my custom, recalling to him the tender intimacy in which she and I had grown up from babyhood; the early tacit understanding that we were to inherit The Cedars and all its belongings—and his own not infrequent allusions in those days to the vision of our sharing it, and all else in life, together. Then I pictured to him the brotherly fondness of my later years, blossoming suddenly, luxuriantly into the fervor of a lover's devotion while I was far away in the wilds, with no gracious, civilizing presence (save always Mr. Cross) near me except the dear image of her which I carried in my heart of hearts. I told him, too, of the delicious excitement with which, day by day, I drew nearer to the home that held her, trembling now with nervousness at my slow progress; now with timidity lest, grasping this vast happiness too swiftly, I should crush it from very ecstasy of possession. I made clear to him, moreover, that I had come without ever dreaming of the possibility of a rival—as innocently, serenely confident of right as would be a little child approaching to kiss its mother.

"Fancy this child struck violently in the face by this mother, from whom it had never before received so much as a frown!" I concluded; "then you will understand something of the blow which has sent me reeling."

His answering words, when finally he spoke, were sympathetic and friendly enough, but not very much to the point. This was, doubtless, due to no fault of his: consolation at such times is not within the power of the very wisest to bestow.

He pointed out to me that these were a class of disappointments exceedingly common to the lot of young men; it was the way of the world. In the process of pairing off a generation, probably ninety-nine out of every hundred couples would secretly have preferred some other distribution; yet they made the best of it, and the world wagged on just the same as before. With all these, and many other jarring commonplaces, he essayed to soothe me—to the inevitable increase of my bitter discontent. He added, I remember, a personal parallel:

"I have never spoken of it to you, or to any other, but I too had my grievous disappointment. I was in love with the mother of this young Philip Cross. I worshipped her reverently from afar; I had no other thought or aim in life but to win her favor, to gain a position worthy of her; I would have crossed the Channel, and marched into St. James's, and hacked off the Hanoverian's heavy head with my father's broadsword, I verily believe, to have had one smile from her lips. Yet I had to pocket this all, and stand smilingly by and see her wedded to my tent-mate, Tony Cross. I thought the world had come to an end—but it hadn't. Women are kittle cattle, my boy. They must have their head, or their blood turns sour. Come! where is the genuineness of your affection for our girl, if you would deny her the gallant of her choice?"

"If I believed," I blurted out, "that it *was* her own free choice!"

"Whose else, then, pray?"

"If I felt that she truly, deliberately preferred him—that she had not been decoyed and misled by that Lady Ber——"

"Fie upon such talk!" said the old gentleman, with a shade of returning testiness in his tone. "Do you comprehend our Daisy so slightly, after all these years? Is she a girl not to know

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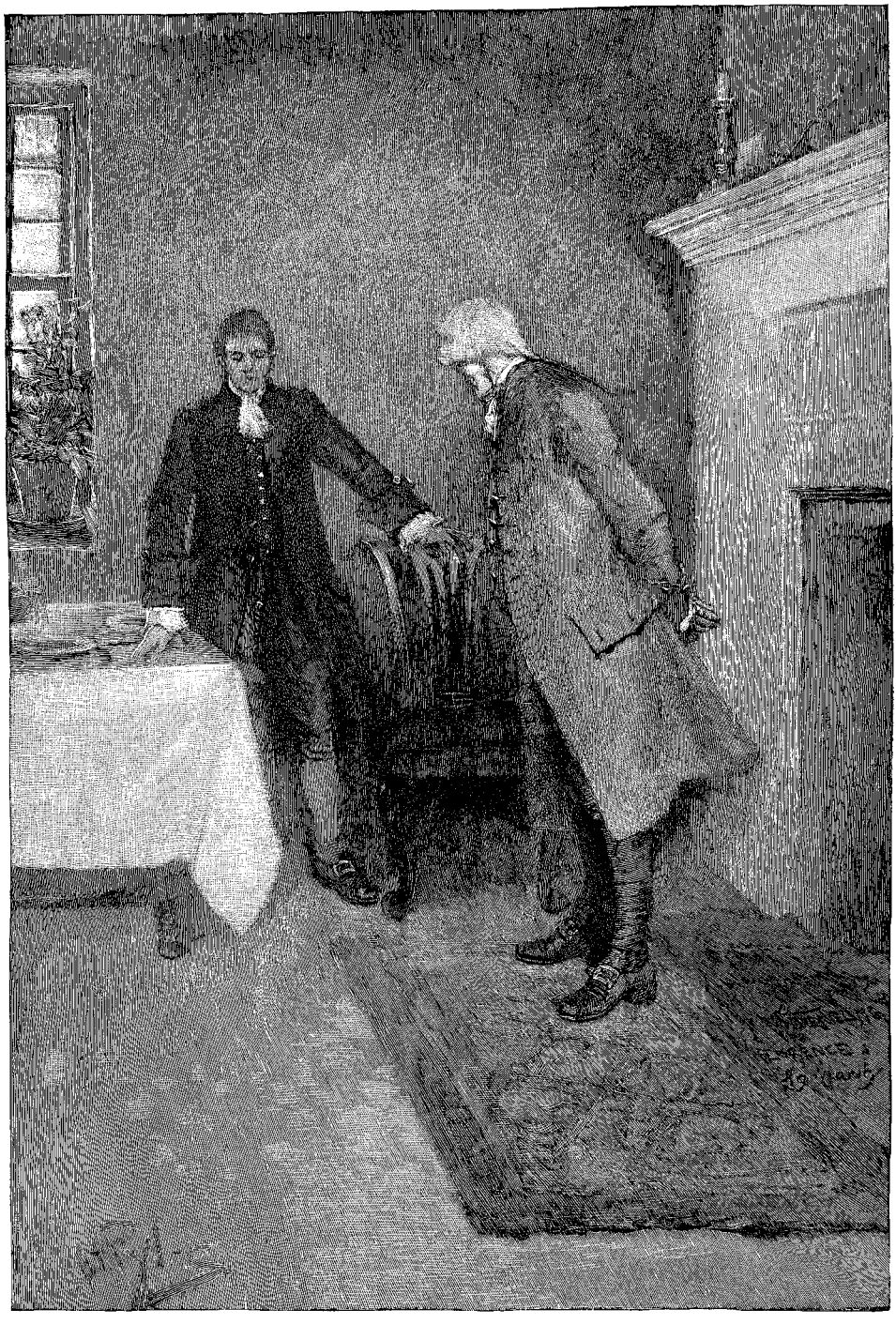

"The blow—the whole crushing series of blows—had fallen!"—Page 82.

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her own mind? Tut! she loves the youngster; she has chosen him. If you had stopped at home, if you had spoken earlier instead of mooning, Dutch fashion, in your own mind, it might have been different. Who can say? But it may not be altered now. We who are left must still plan to promote her happiness. A hundred bridegrooms could not make her less our Daisy than she was. There must be no more quarrels between you boys, remember! I forbid it, your own judgment will forbid it. He will make a good husband to the girl, and I mistake much if he does not make a great man of himself in the Colony. Perhaps—who knows?—he may bring her a title, or even a coronet some of these days. The crown will have need of all its loyal gentlemen here, soon enough, too, as the current runs now, and rewards and honors will flow freely. Philip will lose no chance to turn the stream Cairncross way."

My aunt came in to take away the untouched dishes—Mr. Stewart could never abide negroes in their capacity as domestics, and soon thereafter we went to bed—I, for one, to lie sleepless and disconsolate till twilight came.

The next morning we two again had the table to ourselves, for Daisy sent down word that her head was still aching, and we must not wait the meal for her. It was a silent and constrained affair, this breakfast, and we hurried through it as one speeds a distasteful task.

It was afterward, as we walked forth together into the garden, where the wet earth already steamed under the warm downpour of sunlight, that I told Mr. Stewart of my resolution to go as soon as possible to Albany, and take up the proffered agency.

He seemed to have prepared himself for this, and offered no strong opposition. We had both, indeed, reached the conclusion that it was the best way out of the embarrassment which hung over us. He still clung—or made a show of clinging—to his regret that I had not been satisfied with my position at The Cedars. But in his heart, I am sure, he was relieved by my perseverance in the project.

Two or three days were consumed in preparations at home and in conferences with Jonathan Cross either at Johnson Hall, or at our place, whither he was twice able to drive. He furnished me with several letters, and with voluminous suggestions and advice. Sir William, too, gave me letters, and much valuable information as to Albany ways and prejudices. I had, among others from him, I remember, a letter of presentation to Governor Tryon, who with his lady had visited the baronet during my absence, but which I never presented, and another to the uncle of the boy-Patroon, which was of more utility.

In the hurry and occupation of making ready for so rapid and momentous a departure, I had not many opportunities of seeing Daisy. During the few times that we were alone together, no allusion was made to the scene of that night, or to my words, or to her betrothal. How much she knew of the incident on the gulf-side, or of my later explanation and confession to Mr. Stewart, I could not guess. She was somewhat reserved in her manner, I fancied, and she seemed to quietly avoid being alone in the room with me. At the final parting, too, she proffered me only her cheek to touch with my lips. Yet I could not honestly say that, deep in her heart, she was not sorry for me and tender toward me, and grieved to have me go.

It was on the morning of the last day of September, 1772, that I began life alone, for myself, by starting on the journey to Albany. If I carried with me a sad heart, there yet were already visible the dawnings of compensation. At least I had not quarrelled with the dear twain of The Cedars.

As for Philip Cross, I strove not to think of him at all.

(To be continued.)

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A Belle of Tarragona.

THE BEAUTY OF SPANISH WOMEN.

By Henry T. Finck.

THE beauty of Spanish women has long been proverbial, and no question is so frequently asked of a tourist returning from Spain as, "Did you really find the women as pretty as they are said to be?" The writers of travel-sketches, and even the guide-books to Spain, instead of confining themselves, as in other countries, to such staple topics as railroads, hotels, palaces, parks, promenades, theatres, and galleries, seldom describe a province or a city without specially noting the characteristics of the women, and dwelling on their beauty. To give only a few instances: Ford, who perhaps knew Spain as thoroughly as any foreigner or native ever knew it, says, in speaking of Galicia, that "many of the maidens of from fifteen to twenty are strikingly handsome." In Andalusia "the female, worthy of her mate, often presents a form of matchless symmetry, to which is added a peculiar and most fascinating air and action." "The Valencian women, especially the middle and better classes in the capital, are by no means so dark-complexioned as their mates; singularly well formed, they are among the prettiest and most fascinating in all Spain." Schmidt-Weissenfels, in his "Charakterbilder aus Spanien," devotes a whole chapter to the women of Spain, in which he notes the disappointment which he, in common with many tourists, felt, because he had fancied that all the women of Spain must be beautiful; but ultimately he joins the chorus of discriminating worshippers. Another German, Dr. Moritz Willkomm, in his elaborate three-volume treatise on "Die Pyrenäische Halbinsel," never loses an opportunity to discourse on the phys-

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The Moorish Type—Granada.

ical and mental peculiarities and charms of the señoritas of each province. "The women of Malaga are noted for their beauty and grace," as are those of San Roque, Almeria, Baza, etc.; while to the maidens of Cadiz is accorded the rare distinction of being "the most graceful of all Andalusians." The most cosmopolitan of French writers, Théophile Gautier, in his delightful "Voyage en Espagne," records on every other page the impression made on his poetic mind by the black-eyed belles of Spain; and even Signor De Amicis, though he hails from a country in which beautiful women are much more abundant than in France, gives vent in every chapter to his rapturous admiration—so that, in coming across a book like the Rev. E. E. Hale's "Seven Spanish Cities," in which no reference is anywhere made to Spanish women and their appearance, one feels as if one had read a description of California in which no mention was

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made of the Yosemite Valley or Lake Tahoe.

The opinion seems to prevail that the women of northern Spain are less attractive than those of Andalusia, but my own observation did not bear out this belief. The Andalusian maiden is more animated and coquettish, and a shade more graceful, although the Castilian is by no means deficient in grace; but, on the other hand, regular, finely chiselled features are more common in Madrid than in Seville. Yet the mixture of types is so great everywhere that it is difficult to make general assertions with a satisfactory degree of accuracy; and in Spain the difficulty is increased by the climatic conditions which induce women to seek the seclusion of their cool and shady rooms and patios and avoid the streets, so that it is not easy to collect data unless one is familiar with all their haunts and habits. Formerly the bull-ring was a good place to study feminine types, and Gautier's happy sketch of the Malagueña was made in the Plaza de Toros; but at present, I am happy to say, the number of women who go to witness this vulgar spectacle is comparatively small. I attended only one fight, but I often made it a point to be outside the ring when the sport was over, and I estimated that not more than two or three per cent. of the spectators who passed out were women. Formerly, too, picturesque groups of women could always be found in the cathedrals, not too much absorbed in their devotions to shun the admiring gaze of strangers. But Spain is at present in a period of indifference, if not antagonism, to religion, and the consequence is that one may visit the most famous cathedrals at any hour and find only a small group of worshippers, except on the principal holidays. Walking along the streets in the evening one may catch a glimpse of a family group having their *tertulia*, or reception, in the patio or central court of their house; or, in the afternoon, see here and there on a shady balcony a couple of dark-eyed damsels not averse to fan-and-eye flirtations at a safe distance, when the duenna is out of sight.

From "At the Ball," by Madrazo.

But these are only scattered cases, and if one wishes to see a multitude of women together in a Spanish city, the only place where one can feel certain of finding them is in the alameda, or public promenade, generally framed in with fine trees and adorned with semi-tropical flowers, which every city, town, and village possesses. Busy and cosmopolitan Madrid alone (perhaps I should add Barcelona) affords an opportunity to review its women in the streets, namely, in the Puerta del Sol, the principal square of the city, into which half a dozen streets from every point of the compass converge, and which therefore receives from the different quarters of the city constant streams of all classes of the population, from the aristocratic young lady out shopping with her mamma or chaperon, to the factory-girl, or the peasant-woman on a visit to the capital. Among the most interesting types to be seen here are the *manolas*, who correspond to the Parisian grisette, though they are infinitely more graceful and pretty. True, it is said that the *manolas* have passed away, but it is only their picturesque costumes which have disappeared; the girls themselves are there, as fresh and lively, and plump and saucy, and black-eyed as ever.

From "A Spanish Marriage," by Fortuny.

But to see the women of the well-to-do classes (with a good sprinkling of the others), the best place in Madrid,

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as elsewhere, is the public promenade, or the Prado. Every afternoon, when the sun approaches the horizon and the air becomes cooler, they come out in swarms from their shuttered houses and form in procession in the alameda, which soon becomes as crowded as upper Fifth Avenue on Sunday afternoon. The stranger may join the procession, or for a penny occupy one of the thousands of seats which line the promenade, and observe the crowd at ease. Occasionally a carriage of aristocratic appearance passes by, holding among its occupants a striking beauty; but, as a rule, it is not among the degenerate nobility, but in the more democratic pedestrian throng, that the finest gems are to be found. The first thing that strikes a foreigner is that, except in the case of some family groups, the sexes are separated, the women and girls walking apart from the men, in couples or groups. This seems the stranger in view of the fact that this daily promenade is indulged in by Spanish society less from the hygienic motive of getting exercise and fresh air than as a sort of public reunion or reception — an open-air *salon*. But though the ladies do not walk or talk with the men, they know that they are the observed of all observers, and that none of their beauty is wasted on the desert air. Nor are they afraid to look at the men in return—for Spanish girls have none of the bashful timidity and coy hesitation which distinguish French and German, and most English girls. Rather do they resemble American girls in their frank natural gaze and unconstrained bearing; a trait which has the same cause in both countries—the polite and chivalrous treatment of the women by the men. American women, on first arriving in Spain, may feel inclined to doubt this, because the men stare at them so unblushingly on the street and in public vehicles. But it must be remembered that in Spain it is not considered rude to stare at a woman. On the contrary, it is taken by the women as a compliment, and a just tribute to their beauty. And, within limits, there is something to be said for this view. The Spanish women, half a century ago, appeared even in their promenades in low dress, and Théophile Gautier wrote that at first he had some difficulty in accustoming himself to "seeing women, *décolletées* as at a ball, with bare arms, satin shoes on their feet, flowers in the hair, and a fan in hand, promenading without an escort in a public place." If we may believe Augustus Hare, the Sevillanas appeared in low dress in the alameda as late as twenty years ago; but to-day these shapely arms and gracefully curved neck and shoulders are no longer to be seen out-doors, and the mortality from pneumonia has doubtless decreased considerably among the women since the fashion changed.

From "In a Corner of the Garden," by Casanova.

From "The Spanish Maiden," by Sohn.

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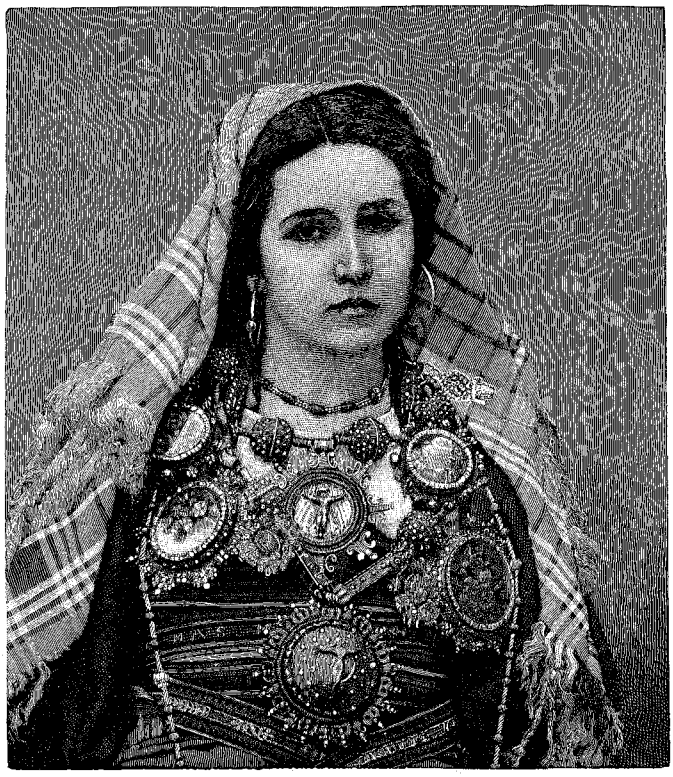

A Peasant Girl of Maragata.

With few exceptions the Madrileñas are neatly and tastefully dressed, so far as this is possible with the Parisian dresses which have almost entirely taken the place of the picturesque national costumes, except among the peasants. Unless a reaction sets in it will soon be difficult to distinguish a Spanish from a French lady by her dress. But it seemed to me as if a reaction had already set in at Madrid. I had read in several books that French hats and bonnets were worn by most of the Madrileñas, and that the mantilla was rapidly disappearing; but I found that, although the fashionable women in the carriages all wore hats, of those in the promenade the majority wore mantillas, while about ten in a hundred went bareheaded.

How any one can frequent the Prado of Madrid and say that feminine beauty is rare in that city, as some have done, is to me a mystery which can only be solved by supposing that in the eyes of those who passed this judgment the ideal of feminine beauty is a tall, stately blonde. With such an ideal a man must necessarily be disappointed in Madrid, where tall blondes are as rare as brunettes are in Sweden. The women of Madrid are in most cases petite or medium-sized brunettes, and those that specially attract the attention have plump, symmetrical figures, full busts, small hands and feet, and a complexion sometimes dark, sometimes as light as a blonde's; but blue or gray eyes and golden hair are far to seek. True, Théophile Gautier remarks, in his chapter on Madrid, that "you cannot walk down the Prado twice without meeting seven or eight blondes of all shades, to glaring red—*au roux barbe de Charles Quint*. It is a mistake to suppose that there are no blondes in Spain. Blue eyes abound there, but they are not so much admired as black eyes." This was fifty years ago, and the fact that I saw very few blue eyes and blondes in Ma-

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From Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," in the Louvre.

drid seemed to me a striking confirmation of the theory which I have endeavored to establish in my work on "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," that in every country the blondes have diminished and the brunettes gained in numbers during the last few generations. The circumstance noted by Gautier, that blue eyes are less prized in Spain than black eyes, helps to explain this.

To gain further light on this subject, I spent several hours in the magnificent galleries of Madrid, Seville, etc., studying the heads of female portraits and fancy paintings. In the canvases of Velasquez the hair, like the eyes, is generally dark, but in the portraits of royal personages occasionally light, and even flaxen, which may be accounted for, however, by the fact that female royalty is very apt to be an imported article. Female portraits are remarkably rare in Spanish galleries, owing, perhaps, to the jealousy of husbands, and one has to content himself, therefore, with Madonnas and other fancy types. An examination of the Murillos might lead to the inference that two or three centuries ago blondes were the typical women of Spain, for the hair of his Madonnas (as of his angels) is generally yellowish, or brown with a yellowish streak, and rarely black; although the Jewish nationality of the Virgin suggests a special reason why realistic art should have given her raven locks. But this inference would go too far, inas-

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much as there are other ways of accounting for Murillo's predilection for golden hair. It was one of the rules of his predecessor, Pacheco, that the Virgin should have light hair, and perhaps Murillo found the golden hue more fascinating to paint. Moreover, it is possible that the Italian fashion, which in those days favored blond hair, may have extended to Spain, and influenced Murillo. The Madrid gallery is full of master-works by Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Guido Reni, and other Italians, in all of which the hair of the women is blond, although their eyes are black, while the men have black hair as well as eyes. Now we all know how extremely rare is the combination of black eyes with yellow hair. Black-haired women very often have the eyes of blondes—gray, violet, or blue—but black-eyed women are almost always brunette in hair and complexion too. Hence we may suspect that the Italian women of that period dyed their hair; a suspicion which is confirmed by historic information. Taking all these facts into consideration, we can see that Murillo's Madonnas do not throw any light on the relative number of blondes and brunettes in his day. But they are interesting in a hundred other ways. Though a realist in his sketches of contemporary life, Murillo was not a realist in the historic sense, and there is no more of the typical Jewish nose in his Virgins than of the Jewish hair, and of the Oriental eye only so much as has found its way into that most glorious product of nature's workmanship, the Andalusian eye. These Madonnas are simply faithful portraits of young Andalusian girls of his time, and it is astonishing to see how little the type has changed in almost three centuries, for to-day you can see these self-same girls walking about in Seville and other Andalusian cities, and even as far east as Murcia. Spain has lost the finest of the Murillos, and the hundred and twenty thousand dollars of French money she received in return seems but a poor compensation for it. The Immaculate Conception in the Louvre is the most perfect Madonna ever put on canvas, not only on account of the general arrangement of the picture and the marvellous beauty of the features, but because of the natural, unaffected expression, so different from the simpering, pathologic facial contorsions of many Italian Madonnas, which seem like portraits of hysterical nuns.

Although Murillo makes no special concessions to the Semitic type in his Virgins, a trained eye can find plentiful evidence that there are some drops of Jewish blood in the international compound of Spanish beauty. This is more obvious in some cities than in others, and especially so in Toledo, which harbored a large number of Israelites before the time of their expulsion from Spain. As a German writer with a French name, G. von Beaulieu, remarks: "To-day we still find, in the narrow faces, the dark, almond-shaped eyes, and the clear-cut, almost contiguous eyebrows, traces of Arabic and Semitic blood." Few of the Jews, however, have ever returned from their exile, and to find their descendants one has to go to Morocco, where Jewesses may be seen of such rare beauty that one cannot but congratulate the Spanish women of to-day that some drops of Semitic blood were contributed to their veins by the ancestors of these African Jews, who still preserve the Spanish language and Spanish usages.

Cordova generally follows Toledo on the tourist's programme, and here he enters Andalusia, that wonderfully interesting province which includes five cities so widely known yet so diverse as Cordova, Seville, Cadiz, Malaga, and Granada, and famed more than any other part of Spain for the grace, beauty, and vivacity of its women. When I said, in a preceding page, that the alameda, in the evening, was the only place where one could get a good view of the women of Spain, I should have added, excepting on holidays or fairs. On these occasions the peasants and other *payesas*, or country-folks, flock into the cities by the thousand, and mingle with the burghers in the streets at all hours till long after midnight. I happened to be in Cordova on a holiday, but among the numbers that crowded the streets and the brilliantly illuminated alameda in the evening I saw far fewer beauties than in similar crowds at Madrid. The average face had features less regular, an expression

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less bright and quick, than in the capital. Evidently I had not yet reached the head-quarters of Andalusian beauty, and the city which, "during the darkest periods of European barbarism, was the Athens of the West, the seat of arts and science," had obviously degenerated. Still, there were many faces and figures that arrested the admiring attention; but I was disgusted to notice the encroachments of the French hat on the mantilla. The women in the two- and four-horse carriages of course wore hats, and of those in the promenade à much larger proportion than in Madrid; so that, if there really was a reaction against French hats at the capital, as I fancied, it had not yet reached Cordova, nor—as I discovered later—the other cities of Andalusia. Now, if there is one æsthetic opinion that I would defend with my last drop of ink, it is that the Spanish mantilla is infinitely more becoming to all women, and especially to brunettes, than the French hat or bonnet. Nor have I ever met a man who did not cordially agree with me on this subject. I have spoken with Spaniards of all classes, who regretted the disappearance of the mantilla; and of all the English, French, Italian, and German books on Spain that I have read, there is not one which does not go into raptures over the effects of the mantilla, and lament its displacement by the hideous, unbecoming Parisian hats.

There is little space for quotation in a magazine article, but I cannot refrain from citing two or three corroborative sentences. Mr. J. S. Campion, in his "On Foot in Spain," speaks of the mantilla as "a fashion giving even to the plainest a certain air of refinement;" and of the bonnet-wearing belles at Saragossa he says that "their appearance is not, as they fondly fancy, improved by their Paris coiffure—quite the contrary. Among the elegant headdresses of lace veils and mantillas, the bonnets, though as pretty ones as the centre of French taste ever sent forth, look flaunting, vulgar, almost barbarous." But as French testimony against French fashions is no doubt more valuable than that of an Englishman, let us hear what two competent French judges have to say. M. Germond de Lavigne, who wrote the valuable Hachette guide to Spain, and who is a member of the Académie Espagnole, exclaims: "As for the mantilla, may it please heaven to make its reign eternal, and that it may come out victorious in this war of bad taste and *ridicule audace* which is waged against it by French fashion, and the hat trimmed with ribbons and feathers." And how Théophile Gautier's artistic sensibilities were wounded by being pursued, even in Spain, by the products of Parisian "civilization," which, like Rousseau, he detested with all his soul, is indicated by several passages in his book. "The Spanish coiffure," he exclaims in one place, "is the most charming that could be imagined. With a mantilla a woman must be ugly as the three *vertus théologales* not to seem pretty." And when he arrived at Gibraltar, after tarrying in Andalusia for several months, he broke out into the following tirade: "For a long time I had not seen on the heads of women these horrible *galettes*, these odious paste-board caps, covered over with a piece of cloth, which go by the name of hat, and within which the beautiful sex shroud themselves in these so-called 'civilized' countries. I cannot describe the disagreeable sensation I felt at sight of the first Englishwoman I met, a hat with a green veil on her head, marching along like a grenadier, on her large feet shod in big boots. Not that she was ugly—on the contrary; but I had become accustomed to the purity of race, the delicacy of the Arab horse, the exquisite grace of gait, the Andalusian delicacy and grace, and this rectangular figure, with its *regard étamé*, lifeless physiognomy, angular gestures, with her prim and precise bearing, her flavor of cant, and the absence of all naturalness, produced on me a comically disagreeable impression."

The essence of Andalusian feminine charms could not be better described, positively and negatively, than in this sentence. Heaven knows, the stiff, clumsy hat looks ungraceful enough on the head of our women, who are used to be thus caged; but on the dark Andalusian head, hitherto entirely free, or but lightly covered by a silk veil, it seems like a saddle or harness thrown

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over a wild colt of the pampas. Fortunately, there are still some national festive occasions when all Spanish women wear the mantilla, so that there is hope that the opportunity for comparison may aid the survival of the fittest headdress. In Spanish cathedrals, too, none but foreigners ever wear a hat, and at the bull-fights the audience does not allow anything but mantillas—a custom which almost reconciles one to this barbarous sport; and which makes one wish that our audiences would follow the example. Why should not American women wear mantillas at the theatre, and thus end the reign of the odious and impertinent big hat? The peculiar value of the mantilla lies in this, that it can be adapted to the style of each individual face, like the hair itself; indeed, it may be looked upon as an addition to the hair; and everyone knows how much a fine crop of hair adds to a woman's beauty and apparent youth.

Even if the Parisian hats did not detract so much from the beauty of the women of Cordova, it would be hardly worth while to spend much time in studying the Andalusian type of beauty in this city, whose million inhabitants (in the days of Mohammedan rule) have dwindled down to 48,000, when Seville, with its 135,000 typical Andalusians, is only five hours distant by rail. Oddly enough, in Seville, so renowned for the charms of its *majas*, *cigareras*, and other classes of girls, a tourist unacquainted with the habits of Spanish women might walk about for days and only see a few hundred. For Seville is the warmest city in Spain, and more than elsewhere the women love the cool seclusion of their rooms, where they can lounge in deshabille, gossip, read, sing, and eat sweetmeats at their ease. Moreover, they have a slice of nature with the blue sky and plenty of fresh air right in the centre of their houses, in their patios adorned with flowers, statuary, and fountains, so that they do not feel tempted to go out except for the social five-o'clock promenade in the alameda. A glance at this promenade suffices to show that no reaction in favor of the mantilla has yet reached Seville. Still there are not a few who cling to that becoming garment, and it is they who chiefly attract the admiring gaze of strangers—to which, by the way, they are by no means indifferent. Indeed it is amusing to observe how quick Spanish girls are in noticing that they are observed. The eyes of these Andalusians, in which Oriental sensuousness is blended with European refinement, are the chief glory of Spain, and fortunately as abundant as blackberries in Oregon. Even young men and boys here often have eyes that would be the pride and the fortune of belles in other countries, and Murillo surely did not have to seek five minutes for the models of his lovely beggar-boys. Blue eyes, southern skies and oceans, and northern glacier centres, are deep and fascinating, but not so mysterious and unfathomable as these dark eyes behind the long, black-fringed curtain of their amorous lashes. No wonder the Spaniards care naught for blue eyes, though they have the advantage of rarity and novelty; for no blue eye can ever rival the color of the Spanish sky or the Mediterranean, but what is there in nature to match the black eyes of Seville? Hazel, horse-chestnut, ebony, even the lustrous coal-black stem of maidenhair fern—how dull and lifeless they all seem in comparison! One may tire of the eternal blue sky and the unshaded ocean, and long for a few clouds; but never of the Andalusian eyes; they are never monotonous; they have their passing clouds, their storms, and heavenly frowns. Gautier, indeed, seems to object that they are not sufficiently discriminating; that they smile on all and everything alike: "An Andalusian girl will fix her passionate eyes on a passing cart, a dog that runs round after its tail, children who play bull-fight. The eyes of northern people are dull and empty by the side of these; the sun has never left its reflection in them." But I am convinced that when this girl turns her eyes on her favored caballero, they are still more passionate and intense, and that this explains all the incredible stories of Spanish jealousy and dagger episodes.

Every nation seems to have a special æsthetic mission. England stands in the front line in literary and poetic development. Italy has achieved the highest in painting, and Germany in music. The mission of Spain has been to evolve

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the most perfect type of personal beauty and grace, the petite brunette, and to transmit to Europe what is best in Oriental and African physiognomy, especially the large black eyes and the long dark lashes, and arched black brows, without which no eyes, whatever their color, can be perfect. But the eyes are by no means the only features in which Andalusian brunettes are pre-eminent. In symmetry of figure they have no rivals in Spain or out of Spain. The complexion, though sometimes too dark and swarthy, is in most cases remarkably free from blemish, and the dark hair is luxuriant, long, and always neatly done up. In the market-place of Seville you will wonder at the long rows of flower-stands, mostly with red pinks and roses, the favorite Spanish flowers. Most of the girls wear one of these flowers in the hair; and a red pink or rose in the dark tresses of an Andalusian maiden is more beautiful than a cluster of rubies or diamonds. This simple device enhances the beauty of a girl more than the artifices of a dozen French milliners, and I have often wondered why the women of other countries so rarely follow this example. But it is with the art of personal adornment as with all other arts—simplicity of style is the test of perfection, and the most difficult to acquire.

The part of the Andalusian face which is least apt to be perfect is the nose, which often has a pronounced convex curvature of the bridge, so that in this feature the average Sevillana is inferior to the Madrileña and Valenciana. This, however, is only one type of the Sevillana; others have straight noses, while snub noses appear to be rare here as in other parts of Spain. It is true of Spain, as of every other country in Europe, that the lower part of the face is less apt to be good than the upper. Among the lower classes in Andalusia the chin is very apt to be fat and clumsy and the mouth large and vulgar, this being the unfavorable aspect of the æsthetic bequest from Africa. In the upper classes the mouth is smaller and more refined, and the lips less African. Their teeth, irreproachable as their eyes and hair, are as dainty as a mouse's, their foreheads more apt to be too low than too high; but the forehead is of secondary importance in the estimation of personal beauty, because its shortcoming can be so easily remedied by the arrangement of the hair and mantilla.

As regards her stature and mould, the Andalusian girl is almost invariably a petite brunette, and although not all are plump, and many are too stout, the majority have exquisitely symmetrical tapering limbs, well-developed busts (flat-chested women are almost unknown in Spain), and the most dainty and refined hands and feet. Regarding these feet Gautier makes the most astounding assertion, that "without any poetic exaggeration it would be easy here in Seville to find women whose feet an infant might hold in its hands. A French girl of seven or eight could not wear the shoes of an Andalusian of twenty." I am glad to attest that, if the feet of Sevillian women really were so monstrously small fifty years ago, they are so no longer. It is discouraging to see a man like Gautier fall into the vulgar error of fancying that, because a small foot is a thing of beauty, therefore the smaller the foot the more beautiful it must be. Beauty of feet, hands, and waists is a matter of proportion, not of absolute size, and too small feet, hands, and waists are not beautiful, but ugly. We might as well argue that since a man's foot ought to be larger than a woman's, therefore the larger his foot the more he has of manly beauty. If Andalusian women really had feet so small that a baby might hold them in its hands, they would not be able to walk at all, or, at least, not gracefully. But it is precisely their graceful gait and carriage for which they are most famed and admired. All Spanish women are graceful as compared with the women of other nations, but among them all the Andalusians are pre-eminent in the poetry of motion, and this is probably the reason that, although regular facial beauty is perhaps commoner in Madrid than in Seville, I found that you cannot pay a greater compliment to a girl in northern Spain than by asking her if she is an Andalusian. It would be useless to seek among land-animals for a gait comparable to that of

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A Peasant Girl of Tarragona.

the women of Seville, Cadiz, Malaga, and Granada; and when you compare it to the motion of a swan on the water, a fish in the water, a bird in the air, it is the birds and the fishes that must feel complimented. There is an easy, elastic movement of the neck, trunk, and limbs, with no more sense of conscious effort than in the drooping branches of a weeping-willow swaying about in the wind. In these two things, the avoidance of angularity and jerkiness, and the absence of conscious pose and effort, lies the essence of grace, and it is noteworthy that all classes in Spain have their share of it, even the peasants. Lest I be accused of exaggeration, let me cite the testimony of Mr. Campion, who, in speaking of a peasants' dance at Saragossa, says: "Valses, polkas, ma-

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zurkas, were danced with an agility, grace, and precision far superior to anything of the kind I have seen in France. Indeed, the worst dancing of these common peasants was better than the best English ball-room performances."

From "A Spanish Marriage," by Fortuny.

One of the sights of Seville which no tourist misses is the cigar factory, in which the Government employs about five thousand women and girls. The showing about of visitors is accordingly looked upon as a regular source of income by the porter and the matrons. After getting permission to enter, you are placed in charge of a matron who shows you through her own department, and then passes you on to another, and so on, until your stock of pesetas and half-pesetas put aside for fees is exhausted. These matrons accompany the visitors, not in order to prevent the girls from flirting with them (nothing could do that), but to see that no tobacco or bundles of cigarettes may disappear. Before entering each room a bell is rung to warn the girls, who are in great *déshabillé* on account of the heat, to put on their wrappers, and as the door opens scores of round arms and pretty shoulders are seen disappearing, while several hundred pairs of coal-black eyes are fastened on you. The passages are lined with cradles, and the poor young girl-mothers to whom they belong implore us with eyes and hands for a penny for the Murillos of the future lying in them. These girls are more frank than subtle in their flirtations. There is not one in the crowd who will not be immediately conscious of a man's gaze fixed on her, nor will she be the first to turn her eyes away. Some will wink, and even throw a kiss from a distant corner at the rich Inglese (all foreigners are supposed to be wealthy Englishmen). They are a merry lot, on the whole, these poor girls, the cleverest of whom make only two pesetas, or forty cents a day, for which they have to toil twelve or fourteen hours in a tobacco-reeking atmosphere. Not that they object to the tobacco at all. They are allowed to smoke if they wish, and many make use of this privilege. They are remarkably deft at rolling the cigarettes, but not all seem eager to make as many as possible; for some are idling, and others are asleep; but no one cares, as each is paid according to the number she rolls.

Cadiz, like Seville, has a cigar factory, which harbors about two thousand women. But as it is not mentioned in the guide-books as one of the "sights," it is rarely visited, and the porter and matrons have not yet taken to exploiting tourists. The lot of these girls is happier than that of the Sevillian *Carmens*, for their factory is built right by the bay, so that they have a fresh sea-breeze all day long through the open windows. Possibly the superior hygienic conditions of Cadiz are responsible for the fact that the average of beauty seemed higher here, and there were certainly fewer of those hideous old crones and vulgar-mouthed young women who lowered the average in the Seville factory. Among the most striking beauties was one of the matrons, over forty years of age—a proof that not all Spanish working women lose their charms with the first bloom of youth.

The Malagueñas, like the Gaditanas, seemed to me somewhat less petite and coquettish than the Sevillanas, and to approach in regularity of physiognomy somewhat nearer to the Madrileñas, though with a few more drops of African blood in their veins. Here I found myself thoroughly of a mind with Gautier when he wrote that he saw "admirable heads, superb types of which the painters of the Spanish school have not sufficiently availed themselves, and which would yield to a talented artist a series of valuable and entirely new studies." I may add in this connection that it is extraordinarily difficult in Spain to get satisfactory typical portraits or photographs of the abundant beauties. Even in Laurent's famous photographs, which are otherwise so good, attention appears to have been rarely paid to the faces,

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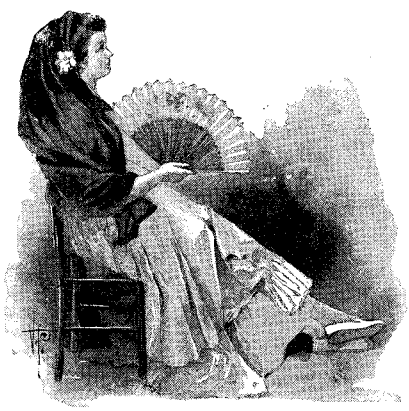
the costumes alone being considered. In these respects Italian women have been much more fortunate.

Owing to its world-wide commercial relations, and its fame as a winter resort, Malaga has a large foreign population, many of whom have intermarried with natives. One evening I was sitting on a bench in the alameda, wondering whether these foreigners exerted any perceptible influence on the manners and customs of the Spaniards, when an incident occurred which seemed to answer the question in the affirmative. Two young ladies, evidently of good family and breeding, were walking along, when an officer met them, bowed politely, faced about, and joined them. His officious gallantry toward both indicated that he was not a relative, and for a mere acquaintance or friend to join ladies in the alameda is entirely contrary to Spanish etiquette. The next day my suspicions regarding foreign influences were confirmed by the story of an American merchant whom I met at a club. He said he had lived in Malaga more than twenty years, and had married a Spanish girl. Spanish methods of courtship, however, did not meet his approval, and so he made up his mind to do his love-making in his own fashion. Accordingly he intimated to the parents, whom he knew to be favorably disposed toward him, that he had no desire to spend his evenings "eating iron," but wished to woo the maiden in the American style. The parents, who had travelled and seen the New World, agreed to his request, and allowed him to meet their daughter in the parlor, unchaperoned. Tourists who get their information out of old books will tell you that the Spanish lover courts his girl by planting himself under her window and serenading her with voice and guitar or mandolin. This was true a century ago; but even in Washington Irving's day it was a rare sight, as he tells us, and to-day you would have to go to regions very remote from railways to see it. And it seems as if even the Orientalish custom of "eating the iron," with its insulting insinuations against masculine honor and feminine discretion, were fast becoming obsolete; for although I spent many hours in the evening walking about the streets in search of such scenes, I came across only one. It was at Cordova, and the young lady was sitting on a chair in her iron cage, engaged in languorous conversation with her adorer outside.

The opinion prevails that Spanish girls are as restricted in their opportunities for meeting young men, and as little considered in the choice of a husband, as French girls; but this belief is utterly erroneous. In Spain, it is true, young girls of the "best" families are not allowed to go across the street without a chaperon, nor do they walk with the men in the alameda; but in other respects they have almost as many opportunities to meet the men as German and English girls. Instead of being deliberately secluded from the masculine eyes, as in France, they are placed on daily exhibition, as it were, in the alameda. In the evening a young man, if a relative, or if he has been once invited by a family, may meet all its members at the *tertulia*, or reception in the patio, and while the elders discourse politics or play cards, the young folks talk and flirt and sing and dance *ad libitum*. Should he be a total stranger he may even thus seek to win her favor by "eating the iron." He has perhaps repeatedly seen her on the alameda, and her



From a painting by Worms.

eyes may have told him that she certainly does not abhor him. So he follows at a respectful distance, notes where she lives, and in the evening seeks a stolen interview at the barred window. If he finds her agreeable he calls again, and after he has been there half a dozen

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times he becomes known as a *novio*, which is something half-way between an admirer and an accepted lover. A girl may have as many *novios* as she chooses to encourage, and if one of them tires of her he simply stays away, and no harm is done nor breach-of-promise suit instituted. There is no formal and public engagement, as in some European countries, but after the young man has come to an understanding with the parents he is permitted to see her inside of the iron bars. The Spaniards are a conservative nation, and their iron bars have been exported to their American colonies, where the young lovers likewise are compelled to "play the bear" before them before being admitted into the house. But ultimately these bars will rust away, and the *tertulia* become more and more accessible as a preamble to courtship. The modern Spanish novelists are gradually enlightening their countrymen regarding the march of civilization and the manners and customs of other countries, and in due time, without doubt, the American method of courtship will come into vogue in Spain, as it is now gradually gaining ground in England and Germany.

At Granada I was struck by seeing a larger number of blue and gray eyes than in other Andalusian cities, though this may have been accidental; for, on the other hand, it seemed as if there were an extra drop of African blood in the veins, darkening the complexion and intensifying the mysterious lustre of the large black eyes. History repeats itself in Granada, for, just as this city was the last stronghold of the Moors, four centuries ago, so to-day it has become the head-quarters of another vanishing race, the Spanish gypsies, whose number is now estimated at forty thousand. It is probable that, as the best authority on the subject, George Borrow, suggests, there is a sprinkling of gypsy blood in Andalusian veins; and if he is right in holding that "the race of the Romany is perhaps the most beautiful in the world," it would be an unpardonable oversight to omit reference to the Gitanas in an essay on Spanish women. The Granadan gypsies dwell, like animals, in caves dug into the hill-side opposite the Alhambra. It is a "street" where all are beggars, and the visitor soon finds himself surrounded by a mob of men, women, and children, all howling for coppers, and crowding him impertinently with uplifted palms. Their clothes are filthy rags, and the first man who accosted me had on nothing but a pair of trousers. The young women are plump, petite, and cast in symmetrical moulds, and if they wore the mantilla (which they never do) it would be difficult in some cases to distinguish them from Andalusians. Those that I saw agreed with the generalization in which Borrow summed up his wide experience, that "their forms, their features, the expression of their countenances are ever wild and sibylline, frequently beautiful, but never vulgar;" for even the ugliest had characteristic lines and gestures which made them interesting. One girl of sixteen, noticing that I was studying her face with an admiring glance, immediately saw her opportunity, and based her claims for a copper on the fact that she was so pretty. She had regular features, but her nose and lips were a trifle too thick. Her eyeball, mirroring a smile in its dark-brown iris, was beautiful, but the upper lid was somewhat irregularly shaped, and neither the brows nor the lashes so long and graceful as the Andalusian. Yet she was the prettiest of the group, with the exception of one sitting in front of a cave and having her hair done up by her mother. This one was of striking beauty, but the majority were plain, and the oldest ones positively hideous. I had a notion that all gypsies were black-eyed, but several of those in the Albaicin had gray eyes. They are of medium size, and have none of the Oriental features of the Andalusian eye, and the expression, too, is utterly different. Of the generality of gypsy eyes I should say that their chief peculiarity was the absence of a definite expression, possibly owing to an imperfect mobility of the upper lid, or to the fact that the pupil seems not clearly defined, causing a vacant gaze like that of a cat, which never seems to look directly at you but to squint, as it were. Borrow describes it as a "strange staring expression, which to be understood

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must be seen, and a thin glaze, which steals over it when in repose, and seems to emit phosphoric light."

Catalonia, the last Spanish province before reaching French soil, is already half-French in the aspect of the cities as well as the inhabitants. The Catalonians are a solemn, industrial people, with little of the animation and artistic impulses of the Andalusians. In regard to the beauty of the women the doctors once more disagree; for while one pronounces them "superbly beautiful," another denies them both the classic beauty of the Valencian profile and the poetic grace of the Andalusian. The truth, as usual, lies midway, and may be most pregnantly expressed by saying that if you come to Barcelona directly from France you will find the women more beautiful than you will if you come *via* Granada and Valencia. Contrast and comparison have much to do with our general estimate of beauty; and when I left Spain, and spent a few days in Marseilles and Geneva, I could not see any beauty or grace at all in French and Swiss women, though under other circumstances I would, perhaps, have been less fastidious. Yet, although I came to Catalonia direct from Valencia, I noted many striking beauties, not only in Barcelona but also in the country districts, especially during an excursion to Montserrat. Among the pilgrims to that elevated shrine were some of the handsomest and loveliest country-girls it had ever been my good luck to see; girls with sparkling black eyes, rosy cheeks, regular noses and mouths, and superb figures — the very embodiment of exuberant health.

What was, perhaps, most noticeable in these country-girls was their clear soft skin and delicate complexion. Yet these were by no means exceptional, for I had found that almost all Spanish women, except those who still persist in the nasty and suicidal use of paint and powder, had charming complexions. Nowhere in the world is there so much sunshine and so little shade as in treeless Spain, where you will constantly see crowds of country-women standing in the broiling sun without any headdress, fan, or parasol to shade them; yet in no country will you find the women so free from freckles and other skin blemishes. This affords most convincing proof of the theory, which I have elsewhere advocated, that the sun is not the cause of freckles, but is in reality a beautifier of the skin, which needs it as much for its healthy action and proper coloring as does a plant. And lest it be supposed that my faculties of observation were obscured by a preconceived theory, let me quote the remarks of Mr. Campion, who on his foot-tour through Spain had the best of opportunities for observation, and who had no theory: "The personal appearance of the females of the peasantry is a daily source of astonishment to me. They are continually exposed to the weather, wear nothing to protect their faces, their headdress is but a parti-colored kerchief, bound round their back hair; yet the majority of them have really beautiful complexions, not swarthy, not rough, but fair and quite delicate, with a rosy tinge and very smooth skin."

The Spanish complexion, in a word, is almost as sure to be fine as are Spanish eyes and teeth and hair. If I were asked to state in one sentence wherein lies the chief advantage of Spanish women over those of other countries, and to what they chiefly owe their fame for beauty, I should say that if a Spanish girl has round cheeks, and a medium-sized, delicately cut nose and mouth, she is almost certain to be a complete beauty; whereas, if an American or English girl has a good nose, mouth, and cheeks, the chances are still against her having a beautiful complexion and fine eyes, hair, and teeth, which Spanish girls are always endowed with, as a matter of course. But over and above everything else, it is the unique grace and the exquisite femininity, unalloyed by any trace of masculine assumption or caricature, that constitute the eternal charm of Spanish women.

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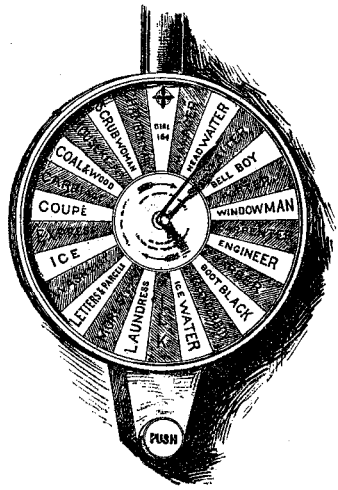
ELECTRICITY IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

By A. E. Kennelly.



An Electrical Call.

IT would be strange, indeed, if so readily controlled an agent as electricity, an Ariel before whom time and space seem to vanish, did not cross the threshold of our homes and enter into our household life. We find, in fact, that the adoption of electrical household appliances is daily becoming more widespread, here adding a utility, and there an ornament, until in the near future we may anticipate a period when its presence in the homestead will be indispensable.

The first application of electricity to household purposes was presented by the electric bell, early in the century, and annunciators of various kinds soon followed. For many years this was the only convenience it afforded, but the discoveries of the telephone, the electric light, and the electric transmission of power within the last thirteen years, have given it a tremendous impetus whose ultimate consequences are not yet within view. Even if, as seems unlikely, these brilliant achievements are destined to stand alone, not succeeded by further discoveries, many years must elapse before their full use shall have been reached; just as in the case of the pianoforte, which took more than a hundred years from its first invention to become the common guest we find it in the household of to-day.

In the electric bell, the pressure of the finger on a button brings two strips of metal into contact and completes a circuit, forming as it were an electrical endless chain from the battery through the wires, bell, and annunciator. The whole circuit instantly gives passage to a current of electricity, and in consequence becomes endowed with magnetic properties throughout. By means of an accumulation of wire, as a coil round a horseshoe bar of iron, the magnetism is locally intensified to an extent necessary for the attraction of the iron hammer bar, and by a simple automatic device the blow on the bell is reduplicated. A similar electro-magnet in the annunciator releases by its pull a shutter, indicating the room whence the call has come. No system can be imagined more simple, and in spite of many an overtasked battery or dust-invaded indicator, it everywhere holds its own. To put mechanical pull-bells into a modern dwelling, is an anachronism.

The same principle is the basis of every annunciator system, with such modifications as improvement in the particular direction of the design may have suggested. Even those complex-looking annunciators to be met with in large hotels, which by means of a dial in every chamber enable its inmate to call for almost any common requirement, from a newspaper to a complicated beverage, differ from the general plan only in their power to signify a particular summons by the aid of a definite number of successive contacts and corresponding electro-mechanical impulses. A good example is afforded by the burglar alarm apparatus. Every door and window through which entrance could be forced is fitted with a simple clip, adjusted to make, on the least opening, a metallic contact which sets an alarm

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bell in operation, and at the same time indicates the room where the invasion is being made. By means of a small key, or "switch," the battery is cut off during the day. Such a system adds greatly to the security of a household, and only needs occasional regular supervision, since all the contacts are necessarily somewhat exposed to dust and moisture. A trial once a week is a matter of a few minutes only, and is amply repaid by the greater sense of security it gives. It has been said that a burglar would soon ascertain whether a house were so guarded, and that before opening a window he could, by removing a pane, find means to cut the electrical wire connection at the sash. This objection is, however, invalid, for the system can be easily arranged to give the alarm equally well for any disconnection so made.

Another most useful system, on the same plan, controls the automatic regulation of temperature. How much discomfort and indisposition would be saved in many a household if the temperature were constantly maintained in every apartment at the desired point, both in summer and winter, independent of irregularities of the season! So far as concerns our winters this is quite within practicable limits, while in summer the temperature can always be moderated, if not actually kept uniform, by utilizing the controlling power of electricity. Thus in winter time, whether a house be warmed by water, hot air, or steam, it is only necessary to place in each room an automatic thermometer which makes a contact as soon as the temperature reaches the desired point, and to arrange that the contact so made shall electro-magnetically cut off the supply of heat from that chamber. The subsequent cooling of the room below the limiting temperature causes the thermometer to break the circuit and readmit the heat, and it is only necessary to keep an abundant supply in reserve in order to obtain a practically equable temperature. Such a thermometer, generally called a thermostat, is made by riveting side by side two strips of different materials—generally brass and rubber—which expand differently at the same degree of heat. The composite strip so formed is warped by changes of temperature which unequally affect the lengths of the components; and being free at one extremity while firmly fixed at the other, the effect of this warping is magnified into an appreciable range of movement at the free end. This enables a contact to be made at any point within that range, while a screw adjustment and dial arrange for the contact to take place at any temperature within desirable limits. The parlor thermostat can therefore be set at 70° while that in the hall is fixed for 60°. It is generally claimed by those who have adopted the system that a decided saving in fuel is effected, in addition to the comfort gained through the absolute prevention of overheating in any part of the house. The thermostats are so sensitive as to respond to the change of a single degree in temperature. The maintenance of the equilibrium, then, depends on the supply of heat and the facility for its distribution through each room when once admitted.

In the same way, during the summer months, this thermostat can, by an additional contact, control the supply of fresh or, if possible, ice-cooled air, so as to maintain a pleasant temperature within doors. Such a system has for two years been in successful operation at a large country house near Greenwich, Conn. In winter-time it is warmed by fresh air drawn in through an underground pipe, and heated by passing through a reservoir in which a long steam-pipe circulates. Thence it is fanned into the different rooms through dampers, each controlled electro-magnetically by a separate thermostat. In summer the water-supply of the house, as it comes from deep wells, takes the place of the steam in the circulating pipe of the reservoir, and so cools the incoming air; the same thermostats adjusting the distribution. In this way the temperature is maintained throughout the house at 70° in winter, and does not exceed 75° in summer; while the ventilation is controlled by the same apparatus.

The fire-alarm system depends upon a similar thermostat set for higher temperatures, usually from 120° to 160°. The contact in this case rings an alarm

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bell and indicates the room where there is danger. It is hardly possible to overestimate the utility of a well-arranged fire-alarm household-system, which makes it possible to extinguish a fire in its beginning. Statistics certainly show a marked decrease, by the use of electrical fire-alarm systems, upon the number of serious fires in towns; but the conflagrations that have been saved by the timely local warning of domestic apparatus, report can never tell.

In some town-houses fire is not the only rebellious element over which constant watch has to be maintained, water overflow from tanks and bursting pipes being almost as much to be dreaded. The *Journal of the Franklin Institute* called attention, six months since, to an electrical device which is set in operation by a float, the contact so established cutting off the water-supply or indicating the danger as soon as a definite level is reached. An electric door-opener has also been lately designed by which visitors can be admitted without delay. The closing of the door compresses a powerful spiral spring, which is then held in check by a lever until the latter is released by an electro-magnetic impulse. The spring forces open the door, the latch at the same moment being withdrawn.

Of inferior importance to these systems, which guard the safety of the household, but yet of great interest and utility, is the clock system. Appreciation of time and its value is said to be the test of a nation's activity; and it is surely a luxury to see all the clocks in a house keeping an even pace. There are several methods in use for this purpose, and they form two distinct classes, one adopting centralized government, the other local administration. In the former a single clock as standard drives all the others electro-magnetically, their operation depending entirely on the electricity supplied during its periodic contacts. In the latter, each clock is a free and independent timekeeper whose rate, however, is under regular electrical control from the standard. This control may be exerted continuously on the pendulums, but perhaps the simplest and most satisfactory household system yet tried is that in which the control is effected once in each hour. Exactly at the hour the standard clock makes a contact completing a circuit through all the controlled timepieces, and electrically exciting a magnet in each. In obedience to this impulse, a pair of arms spring from the dial at the figure XII, and meet swiftly in the centre with the minute hand tight in their embrace, and vanish the next instant behind the dial, where they await the next hourly summons. Each clock is thus mechanically corrected every hour, as the arms sweep over three minutes' space on each side of the true vertical, and the clock that fails to keep time by three minutes in the hour may well be submitted to internal examination.

Another convenience which is sometimes added to a system of time regulation is an arrangement for electrically winding up the clocks at regular intervals. So long as the electrical supply is maintained, and the clockwork continues in proper working order, such a system forms as near an approach to perpetual motion as the conditions of our planet give us the right to expect.

The electric time-detector is an instrument much used in large buildings over which continual supervision is needed. It serves to register the time at which visits are paid to any particular part of the premises, and, in fact, successfully solves the problem of keeping watch upon the custodian. A dial, rotating by clock-work once in twelve hours, carries round a paper disk over a perforated metal plate. Each push button in the house controls, by its own pair of wires, one electro-magnet, the armature of which, on attraction, punches a hole in the paper disk through a particular aperture in the plate. This hole is always in a certain ring marked for the purpose. The watchman going round the building pushes the various buttons on his way, thus registering his progress on the paper disk by punched holes; the rings marking the buttons and the angular position indicating the time.

The discovery and introduction of the electric telephone has marked an era in

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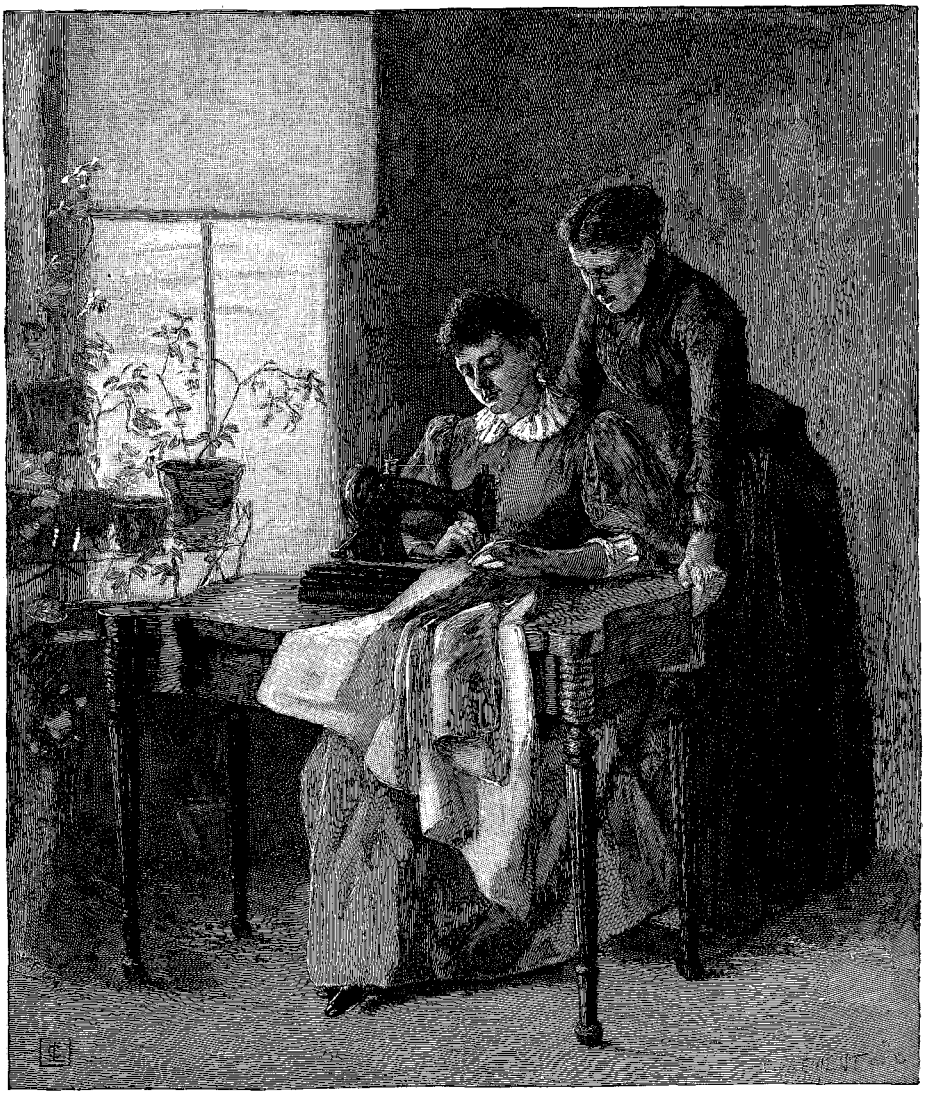

Sewing Machine Run by Electricity; the entire motor concealed in the wheel-case at the left.

the annals of household affairs, as the existence of four hundred thousand in the United States to-day amply attests. The economy of time its use has effected is incalculable. Its greatest fault is perhaps an occasional tendency to mingle the speech of one interlocutor with the conversation of less interested neighbors. Within the limits of a residence, no better interior communication can generally be had than by the ordinary speaking-tube; but in connection with outbuildings on an estate, the telephone is a great advantage. When several such houses are connected by telephone with the main building, it is possible to arrange that any two can communicate with each other on the same wire without calling the attention of the rest, a system saving much time and trouble. As many as eight telephones are sometimes worked in this way on the same wire, and although only two can employ the line at one time, the calling of any particular person is not heard by the others.

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A Conservatory Lighted with Incandescent Lamps.

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The Electrical Fan.

Among the greatest gifts that electricity has bestowed on domestic life, is the incandescent electric light. There can be little doubt that, when experience shall have given confidence in its trustworthiness, while time shall have rendered its many excellences familiar, it will be adopted in all households. It neither consumes nor pollutes the air in which it shines, whereas the ordinary sixteen candle-power gas-burner vitiates the atmosphere with its products of combustion to the same extent as the respiration of five persons. Besides, those products ultimately injure books, paintings, and ceilings continually exposed to their influence. As the gas-jet develops some fifteen times as much heat as the electric lamp of equivalent power, the latter adds greatly to the comfort of a house in warm weather. In the nursery it is particularly welcome, for it requires no matches, cannot set fire to anything, even if deliberately broken while lit, and effectually checks the youthful tendency to experiment with fire.

In addition to this, its complete amenability to control, and submission to all change of position or equilibrium, render it everywhere admirably adapted to the purposes of adornment. Some of

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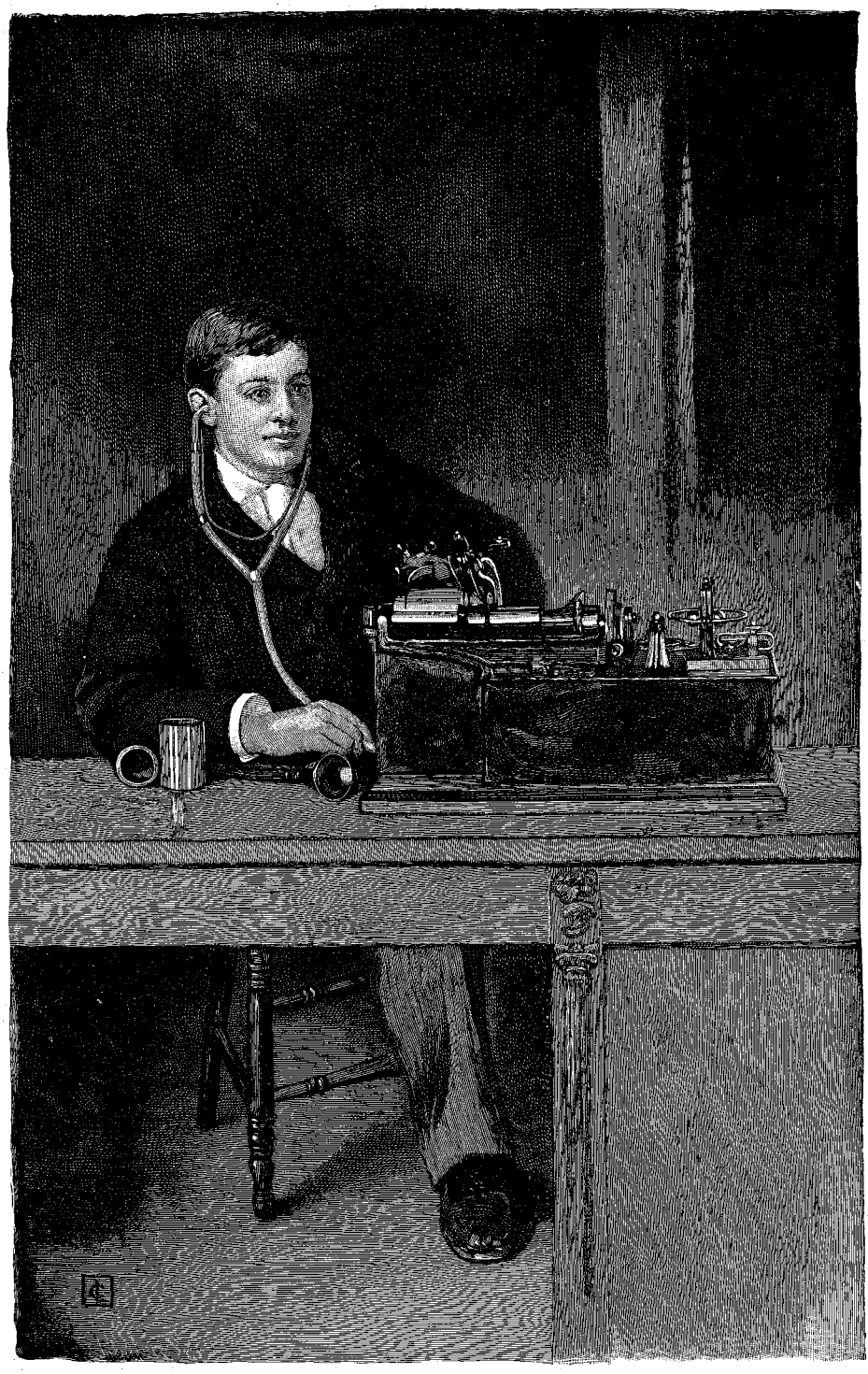

The Edison Phonograph.

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the most charming effects can be produced by good taste in the choice of centres of illumination, together with appropriate surroundings. In the parlor an illuminated painted vase, lighted from within, may vie in attractiveness with the pictures on the walls, whose colors are almost as readily appreciated by incandescent as by day light; while opalescent globes of varied shade tone the brightness everywhere into subdued harmony. In the billiard-room the table is brilliantly lit, without danger of soot or oil marring the baize, and on the veranda the lamps shine heedless of the wind. A very pretty effect can be also produced in conservatories, by suspended lamps of different colors half-hidden in the foliage.

The electric light can also be made to give a very beautiful effect in illuminating garden fountains. For this purpose a chamber has to be excavated beneath them, and immediately under the jet a thick plate of glass is inserted, watertight. An arc-lamp directs its light directly through this plate into the column of water rising vertically above it, and the enclosed air, together with the broken surfaces of the jet, scatters this light in all directions, thus giving the liquid the appearance of being self-luminous. The color of the illumination is varied by means of tinted slides passed horizontally beneath the glass plate in the roof of the vault. A very handsome display of this description was made at the Paris Exhibition this year.

The steps in the development of an incandescent lamp during manufacture have been traced in the article on "Electricity in Lighting," in the issue of this Magazine for August, 1889. When the completed lamp is placed in circuit, the carbon filament conducts electricity but only imperfectly, and the latter thus requires a certain pressure to force it through the lamp. The work done in overcoming the resistance so offered is developed into heat proportional to the square of the velocity of flow. The frictional opposition of a pipe to the passage of water it conveys, generates heat at greater rate than the square of the velocity; but these two cases of motion present many analogies, although the pipe deals with the transmission of matter itself, while the filament deals with the transmission of a condition of matter only.

At a certain electrical pressure on the filament the right quantity of electricity flows through it to bring its temperature to the incandescent point of due candle power. At this pressure the lamp will last probably two thousand five hundred working hours. If our best microscopes had a magnifying power perhaps ten thousand times greater than that they now reach, and it were possible to subject the glowing filament to their examination, we might expect to find the ultimate particles or molecules of carbon vibrating and colliding with an intensity that now baffles the imagination. We can fancy that at the surface of the filament an occasional molecule, projected outward with more than usual force, would bound beyond the range of retractive influence, and be hurled past recall (like the celebrated projectile of M. Jules Verne) against the distant inner surface of the glass globe. Gradually the latter would be darkened by the thickening meteoric accumulation, while the filament would weaken, as its dwindling substance (enduring such tremendous internal commotion) suffered structural decay, until at some point disruption would ensue, followed immediately by loss of conduction and extinction of the light.

The greater the electrical pressure brought to bear upon the lamp, the higher the incandescence attained. The lifetime of a lamp, endowed at the outset with average vitality, thus depends entirely on its treatment, and can be made almost what we please, from a few moments to even many years, according to the degree of incandescence it is called upon to produce.

In fitting up a house with the electric light, a little consideration is required to obtain the greatest convenience. The switches by which the lamps are turned on and off should usually be placed just inside the door, where they can be reached on entering or leaving the apartment. In the bedrooms, however, they should be suspended from the ceiling in such a manner as to be accessible on first entry, over a bracket by the door, and then movable to within easy

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reach of the bedside; or, better still, there may be two alternative switches—one at the door and the other by the bedstead. One test of a well-designed installation is that the householder should be able to visit the entire building, commencing with the hall door, from attic to cellar and back, without once being left in the dark, or leaving lamps burning on any floor behind him as he makes the journey. A good plan, that has been carried out in more than one instance, is to have a spare lamp in each room under sole and direct control of the burglar- and fire-alarm systems, in such a way that the forcing of any window, or any dangerous excess of temperature, may not only ring the alarm, but also light up the whole house.

In many cases where electricity is not itself the illuminant, the electric spark is often adopted for the purpose of lighting the gas. In theatres, for example, a frictional electrical machine is employed which, when rotated by hand, is connected in succession to the various wires leading to different jets or clusters, and the sparks, passing between two metallic points set close to the burner, ignite the gas. Similar arrangements on a smaller scale are in household use. The pull on a pendant chain or the pressure on a button allows the current to pass from a battery through a small induction coil, the spark of which flashes at the burner.

The most ingenious apparatus of all, however, is the hand gas-igniter, which, without any battery, produces a spark between two points in its tip on the simple pressure of a button on its side. This compact instrument is, in fact, an electrical rotating influence machine (acting on similar principles to some of the most powerful generators of high-tension electricity), and it is difficult to realize that this safe and simple apparatus can produce sufficient electricity to light the gas, when the electrical pressure between the points at the moment of emitting a spark must be many times greater than that exerted upon an incandescent lamp. Its operation depends upon the rotation of an internal cylinder which causes the initial charge to be augmented at a rapid and increasing rate until the tension is sufficient to create a spark between the opposed points.

The transmission of power is another application of electricity which has practically been evolved only within the last decade, and which is still in its infancy. Its usefulness in the household is second only to that of illumination. Ignorant as we still are of the real nature of this marvellous agent, we know at least that electricity implies power; all the evidences by which we are rendered sensible of its presence are manifestations of energy.

The electric motor is the machine by which electrical power is rendered mechanically available. Its principle is entirely magnetic; the pull that a wire conveying an electric current is seen to exert upon a compass needle in its vicinity being here enormously intensified by having a large horseshoe electro-magnet for the compass needle, and many turns of wire close up within its grasp instead of the single conductor. The revolving cylinder of separated copper segments on which the brushes rest, called the commutator, is nothing more than an electric treadmill, by which the current is cut off each wire in turn as it reaches the point of most powerful attraction, so that the current is always kept advancing toward the magnetic pole, but never reaches it [see p. 654, June, and p. 182, Aug., 1889].

The qualifications which peculiarly fit the electric motor for household use are its compactness, perfect control, silence, and cleanliness. It is a wonderfully compact piece of mechanism, for, in domestic sizes it weighs under one hundred pounds per horse-power, and its amenability to control is evident from the fact that the turning of a switch will stop or start it. One great secret of this compactness lies in the fact that the motion is rotary, and not oscillatory like that of a piston; hence the great speed it can attain, as also the absence of jar and noise in its work. A small motor may thus become an ornament, as well as a useful instrument. The illustration on page 105 shows a Diehl motor attached to a sewing-machine spindle. In any house supplied with the electric

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light it is only necessary to connect the motor with the electric mains, like a lamp, and turning the switch sets the machine at work, thereby saving the hundredth part of a horse-power, which is the usual amount of energy needed to drive it by treadle, not to mention the comfort gained and nerve-force conserved.

As another example of use and ornament united, circular fans driven by motors are not uncommon, and are luxuries in hot weather, when even the exertion of waving a fan counteracts the comfort so produced [p. 107].

The electric motor is destined to enter largely into the operation of elevators in town-houses, all its good qualities being in this case shown to advantage. In dwellings supplied with the electric light it is only necessary to fix in position a motor fitted with the requisite gearing, and connect the same to the elevator with wire ropes, the power being taken direct from the electric mains. In this respect, also, electricity, as a power-distributor, contrasts favorably with other sources in the reach of modern engineering. For, if elevators were to be operated from a central station by hydraulic power supplied to each house through pipes, then an elevator in motion would take as much energy from the station when empty, as when fully occupied by passengers — unless, indeed, complicated devices were introduced to avert this waste. The electric motor, on the contrary, would, if properly selected, only draw from the mains the proportional amount of power required for the load to which it was subjected, in addition to what little it expended in overcoming the friction of its own mechanism, and consequently, so far as the supply of power was concerned, would be much more economical.

Another suitable task for the electric motor in country-houses is pumping. Where water has to be elevated from wells or cisterns to the attic level for household distribution, art and science lend the means, while electricity supplies the power. By the use of the rotary pump, the plant, which may be placed in the cellar, can be made wonderfully compact and quiet in its performance. How vivid is the contrast between this simple apparatus and the blindfolded horse, that, for the same purpose, has so often been condemned to describe endless circles, with a long trail-beam as radius and a well as centre. A float in the reservoir above breaks a contact as soon as the level of water there has reached the desired limit, and so automatically stops the motor until further supply is demanded.

In the same way motors have been applied to lawn-mowers, to carpet-sweepers, to shoe-polishers; and, in fact, there is no household operation capable of being mechanically performed, of which, through the motor, electricity cannot become the drudge and willing slave. It has even been applied to serving at table. A miniature railroad track runs round the table within easy reach of each guest, and thence, by ornamented trestlework, to the wall, disappearing through a shutter. The dishes, as electrically signalled for by the hostess, are laid on little trucks fitted with tiny motors, and are started out from the pantry to the dinner-table. They stop automatically before each guest, who, after assisting himself, presses a button at his side and so gives the car the impetus and right of way to his next neighbor. The whole journey having been performed, the cars return silently to their point of departure.

The electric motor is also perhaps the most nearly perfect means known of obtaining steady, smooth, and continuous mechanical motion, and largely, with this object in view, it has been introduced into the Edison phonograph, an instrument destined to play the very important parts of music preserver, recorder, and amanuensis in the household of the future. On the surface of its cylinder the delicate wavelets that the voice has impressed sometimes cannot exceed the fifteen-thousandth part of an inch, and on their due representation in vibrations of the air the reproduction of the stored-up sound has to depend. The electric motor enables all these to be reproduced in a manner that would not be possible if there was any unsteadiness or tremor in the movement of the working parts [p. 108].

The motor also supplies parlor organs

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with air, and has been applied to automatic pianos. A bright prospect also opens for the application of electricity in country-houses, in the direction of artificial horticulture. Among the conditions that differentiate vegetable and animal life there seems to be this remarkable fact, that plants do not essentially require sleep or periods of intermittence in growth and activity. This is evidenced by the continuous and rapid growth of plants in the far North during that brief but happy summer in which the sun never sets. The electric arc lamp has been found, by the late Sir William Siemens and others, to practically replace the sun in its effects on plant life, over a somewhat contracted range, so that an extensive conservatory lit by powerful arc lamps would be efficiently supplied for night growth by some two candle-power per square foot of area. A hot-house in reality artificially produces latitude in all respects save sunlight, which the electric light is ready, in part at least, to replace.

Public attention has latterly been drawn to the question of electric heat-supply to houses, and it has been frequently supposed that the apparent novelty of the plan favored its commercial success. The fact is, however, that of all the practical applications of electricity, there are none whose limits and possibilities are more clearly defined and better understood than heat distribution, for the simple reason that it has been attentively studied for the last ten years. This is apparent from the fact that the problem and task of electric lighting is, primarily and essentially, electric heating. Almost all the energy supplied electrically for the purposes of illumination is dispensed in the form of heat, and this heat is expended with the maximum economy that the engineering of the day permits in maintaining our carbon filaments at incandescent temperature. Despite the high economy in the consumption of power that the electric lamp possesses in comparison with combustible sources of illumination, it has lately been shown, by experiments at Cornell University, that only some five per cent. of this heat is yielded in rays of light, the remainder (at present essential to securing this result) being spent in raising the temperature of the air and surrounding objects. Consequently, whatever improvements the art of electric lighting may effect in economizing this large heat expenditure, and raising it into visible radiance, science appears to have determined that a given supply of electrical power can only yield the same amount of heat that it now develops in passing through our lamps. One form of electric heater operating within narrow limits might bring a piece of metal to melting-point, while another only slightly raised the temperature of a large volume of water; still, the total quantity of heat developed in each for a given supply of electrical energy would be precisely the same. The only economy that can be looked for in the distribution of heat lies, therefore, in saving the waste incurred by forcing electricity through the mains, and this is a margin that modern engineering has already rendered comparatively narrow.

Heat being already distributed electrically on a large scale to houses for the operation of incandescent lamps, can be, and already has been, applied for heating purposes exclusively. The difficulty of carrying out this plan on a large scale, in order to replace household stoves and furnaces, is a purely economical one. The question ultimately reached is, whether labor can be saved to a community if all the coal necessary for their heat-supply through the medium of electricity be burned in one central station, and the electrical power so obtained distributed generally, instead of continuing the usual custom of burning the coal in each house locally. On the one hand, the local process of combustion is at present a wasteful, as well as a dirty one, most of the heat escaping by the chimneys; while, on the other hand, the steam-engine is necessary in the central station to convert the furnace heat into electricity, and the best modern engines are only capable of utilizing ten per cent. of the heat developed from the combustion of coal under their boilers; so that, when the machinery and conducting system of mains are taken into account, the verdict (notwithstanding

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household smoke and waste) has been hitherto against the economic possibility of the electrical distribution of heat on a large scale. But every improvement effected in the machinery for the conversion of furnace heat into electricity, every advance made in the progress of electrical engineering, modifies in proportion the balance of advantages in this great social problem, and it is well within the reach of possibility that electric heating may be as successful at some future date as electric lighting itself. Even now there are many occasions where heat is required to be applied very locally, in culinary purposes, for instance, and where the cleanliness and convenience of the electrical method might outweigh the objection of slight extra expense. The advantage to a man whose duties call him out during the night, of being able, from his bedroom, to set an electric coffee-heater at work in his dining-room, so that by the time he is ready to leave the house he finds hot coffee awaiting him, and all without arousing any person in the house, far outweighs the three or four cents for electrical power that the beverage has probably cost him. Similarly, there are times when a foot-warmer is worth many times over the expense of electrically preparing it at a few minutes' notice.

Both of these commodities are in actual use. The stove is an ornamental case enclosing a coffee-pot, or, in another form, it may be a kettle in an asbestos lining, round which circulate coils of wire, the passage of the electric current through these coils generating the heat. In one convenient form the current that would feed fifteen ordinary incandescent lamps will produce hot coffee in ten minutes.

For the working of all the electrical household appliances that have been mentioned, some source of electrical supply is, of course, required, and the best to adopt must depend upon the position of the house, its size, and the precise amount of duty that electricity will perform in it. The different bell-annunciator and alarm systems generally require surprisingly little power to operate them, and no difficulty will be found in supplying each system from a battery; or it may even be possible to let one battery suffice for all. Three or four cells of the Leclanché type will sometimes work a bell system continuously for two years without any attention, but it is always well to replenish a battery in time before its activity is exhausted, lest at some important moment it fail in its duty.

When, however, it is desired to supply a house with electric light, heat, or motive power, batteries for these purposes, unless on a very small scale, are hardly to be recommended. In the first place they would necessarily be troublesome to maintain, and in the second they would, in the present state of the art, be very costly. Power is obtained from a battery by the slow combustion of the zinc in its plates, and as metallic zinc is not found like coal, ready prepared in nature, the process for obtaining it is by comparison expensive. Probably no battery in existence can furnish electrical power at theoretically less than twenty-five cents per horse-power per hour in material alone, while actually the best cost, as a rule, fifty cents; and a horse-power is well applied locally if it gives illumination equivalent to two hundred candles. The only prospect that seems open to the extended successful application of the primary battery to light and power is in the possibility of its chemically producing, during its work, compounds which have directly or indirectly a commercial value. If this end, which has long been striven for, could be successfully attained, and a sufficiently large market found for the produce, the battery might come forward as the most advantageous source of electrical supply.

At present, however, recourse is had to mechanical sources of electricity—dynamo-machines driven by steam-engines—and it is no exaggeration to say that the practical success of electric lighting is due to the dynamo-machine as a source of electric supply.

In towns electric lighting from central stations is developing so rapidly that it is now very generally possible to obtain electricity from street mains like gas or water—a plan that will always be more economical and convenient than local production. Large buildings,

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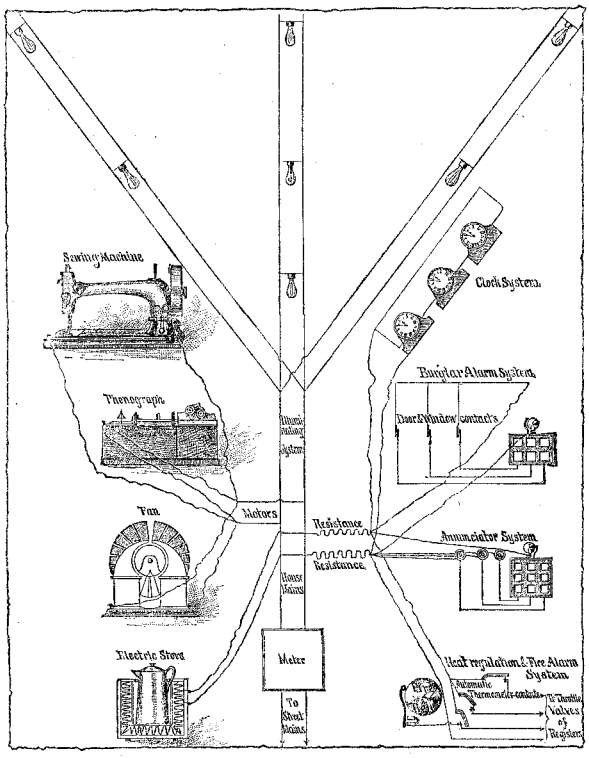
or groups of buildings, may sometimes be lighted advantageously by a local plant, but for a town dwelling a separate engine and dynamo is generally out of the question. The great convenience attending electrical supply from street mains is the absence of all batteries and their attendant requirements. The arrangement of the different interior systems on this plan is illustrated in the accompanying diagram.



Plan of Wiring a House for its Various Electrical Appliances.

It will be seen that the house mains are connected through an electricity meter direct with the street mains; that the lamps, heaters, and motors, wherever they may be situated, are operated directly from the house mains or their ultimate ramifications; while the annunciator, clock, and alarm systems are all operated from submains connected to the central mains through simple regulating coils of wire, termed resistances. Their object is to reduce the electrical pressure on these subsystems to the desired limit for their effective operation, since the whole electrical supply they need probably does not exceed that given to one incandescent lamp burning continuously. In this way electrical economy is obtained and the safety of the more delicate apparatus insured.

The diagram shows that the house mains receive their supply through a meter which keeps a register of all the electricity traversing it. The electricity on entering the meter has two paths open to it, one by wavy metal strips above, and the other through coils of wire and bottles beneath. The proportions of these are so arranged that the strips conduct, let us say, one thousand times better than the coils and bottles, and, as electricity always divides between two paths in the exact ratio of their conductivity, the quantity which passes through the strips will be just one thousand times as great as that passing though the bottles. These latter are filled with a weak solution of zinc sulphate, and each contains two zinc plates about one inch square. In obedience to laws discovered by Michael Faraday, fifty-five years ago, the electricity which passes through this bottle from one zinc plate across to the other through the solution, causes a certain quantity of zinc to be dissolved from the plate it leaves, and the same quantity to be deposited on the plate it reaches—the quantity of metal so transferred bearing an invariable known ratio to the electricity that has passed. These bottles are removed and replaced every month, and the change of weight in the dried plates compared after the lapse of that term. The amount of zinc found to have been transferred then determines the quantity of electricity that has passed through the bottle, and one thousand times this quantity has entered the house through the metal strips during that time. There is thus no machinery to get out of order, no moving parts to clog, or friction to overcome, and with the bottles exchanged every month the meter itself is almost imperishable.

For country-houses beyond the limits of central station distribution, electricity must be locally produced to furnish light and power. For installations not exceeding fifty lamps, the gas-engine advantageously replaces steam when coal gas is obtainable at a moderate

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rate, as there is then no boiler, and less attention is also required. A gas-engine and dynamo in a barn or neighboring outhouse form a very convenient electrical supply, and, as a matter of fact, a given quantity of gas so burned in a good engine, not only expends its vitiating products of combustion out of doors, but will also yield from twenty-five to thirty per cent. more illumination through the medium of electricity than when furnishing light directly. That is to say, the electric lamp is so much more economical in energy that it gives this excess notwithstanding the necessary loss in the engine and dynamo inherent to the conversion of heat into electrical power.

The mistake is sometimes committed of sealing up wires in the plastering of walls, as though they were not liable to a mortality from which even the electricity they convey does not render them exempt. It is certainly best to have wires placed out of sight, but where access to them can always be had if needed; and generally, if an electric system is worth introducing into a household, it is worth carrying out, not lavishly, but thoroughly and well. It is also unfair to suppose that an appliance needs no supervision or repair because it is electrical. Every such instrument is essentially of mechanical nature and inevitably subject to the requirements our knowledge of mechanism leads us to expect. On the other hand, when proper care and judgment have been exercised upon the introduction of these appliances, the superiority of electricity for domestic purposes over every other known power (even in the matter of independence from supervision) is incontestibly exemplified.

Nor is it to be supposed that any of the applications above alluded to are visionary, for all are in actual use. Some are still regarded in the light of luxuries, it is true, but almost all necessaries were once in that favored class. Even tobacco is regarded to-day as a necessity of existence, and if history tells truly, table knives and forks were luxuries of the most extravagant type two hundred years ago.

Considering, then, that the household is in itself the condensed history of a nation's past, the centre of its present, and the cradle of its future, it is doubtful whether, among the many triumphs of the age that electricity may claim, any can be quoted of brighter renown than the rapid progress it has already made in the cultivation of the arts of life, and its adaptation to the needs and graces of the household.

THE LOST PLANT.

(A CONSULAR EXPERIENCE.)

By John Pierson.

THAT evening we were playing whist at the Governor's house, as we had the habit of doing two or three times a week. I had as partner my French colleague, M. Dorat, still a young man, who had arrived in the island as consul two or three months before. I had not seen very much of him, for it was the season of the year when we old fellows feel disinclined to much movement; with the exception of an occasional outing in a boat, or on a donkey, I had confined myself chiefly to my books and my garden. With most of us our gardens were great sources of amusement and delight. There was always a pleasurable excitement when a new package of seeds arrived from Europe—for everything grew so well and fast; and many were the tin-boxes of bulbs and plants imported in the generally vain hope that something new might possibly be found. No one was contented with the productions of the island; we all wanted something different. Each had his own little fad, and mine was to reproduce in this tropical country an old-fashioned English garden, with its hollyhocks and larkspurs, its columbines and daffodils, its lavender

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and rosemary and sweet-scented shrubs and herbs. Dorat had not been there long enough, we thought, to catch the prevailing taste; his garden, which was large, and in the time of his predecessor had been very fine, was now neglected and had gone to waste; and if he occasionally put into it some wild plant which he had found, it was only for his experiments on the food and ways of life of the insects which he was always collecting and studying. He had also a pronounced taste for ornithology, and for natural history of every kind; and, in pursuit of specimens, accompanied by an old native whom he had somewhere picked up, made constant excursions—often for days at a time—into the swampy and little known interior of the island.

Just behind my chair was standing a young English officer, named Furniss, apparently a family connection of the Governor—at all events, a member of his official and personal household—who had arrived by the last steamer. He was waiting for the end of the rubber to take a hand, and while the cards were being dealt was asking some questions about the methods of travelling and announcing his intention of making some botanical excursions. One or two things struck me in what he said, and, looking over my shoulder, I jestingly remarked, "So you are going to look for *Humm's Simœa*." As I turned back I intercepted such a look, seemingly of hatred, from beneath the dark brows and lashes of my partner that I almost dropped the cards I was dealing. There was something which made me feel thoroughly uneasy. Furniss had started a topic to which my chance remark had given more interest; and, after we had begun to play, the conversation still went on behind my back. Although my partner kept control of his game, and made no mistakes, I could see that he was listening to every word that Furniss said, and closely watching every movement that he made. I grew more and more nervous, till at last I could stand it no longer, and called out, rather abruptly, as others thought: "My dear Furniss, if you keep on looking at my cards and talking of botany at the same time I shall think each trick a new and rare species and shall lose all the points." Furniss, somewhat offended at my tone, walked away from the table.

When the rubber was over Dorat withdrew, by rights, and I refused to play longer, which was misinterpreted by some of the party, as was also a whispered remark of mine to Furniss in passing, which was overheard by someone, that I would see him again later. I went into the other room, to a balcony overlooking the sea, and lighted a cigar, while reflecting on what course I ought to pursue. The fact is that a German botanist named Humm had discovered in this island a plant which possessed singular curative virtues, used among the natives, but the existence of which they carefully concealed. Medically—as Humm had shown by experiments—it was as important as cinchona or condurango, or the more recently introduced coca. Humm had brought away a sufficient amount of the drug for it to be thoroughly tested in European laboratories and hospitals; but the plant had never been found again. One academy after another had offered prizes for its discovery, which in the aggregate then amounted to a large sum—a sum sufficient to encourage an enterprising man to encounter great risks in its search. It was evident from what Furniss said that he had come out to look for it; hoping that his connections and his official position would enable him to conduct his explorations more easily and more thoroughly than those who had gone before him. Several had already visited the island for this purpose; but they had either fallen victims to the climate, or had given up the quest in despair, in consequence of the difficulties put in their way by the natives. It was equally plain to me, from his conduct at the card-table, that Dorat had come out for the same purpose; although he had so far concealed his plans and his interest in plants, in order to blind the eyes of the English. He had the advantage of being in better relations with the natives, because French prestige and French influence are persistent in any place which has once been under French rule; and the only foreign words which the natives used were also French. Although the English have held the island for a long

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time they hold it simply as conquerors, and have never succeeded in identifying themselves with the people.

I had not been smoking long before I was joined by Dorat, who was evidently looking for me. With great politeness and delicacy he offered me his services as to a colleague in difficulties; and, when he saw my look of astonishment, in answer to my questions told me that everybody believed that I was to have a duel with Furniss. English customs, we see—especially on such points—were not yet predominant in the island; and duels were not yet uncommon, although they were generally innocuous. I of course thanked him for his kindness, and promised to call on him if I stood in need of a friend; but explained that between an old, irritable fellow like myself, and a young man like Furniss, there would probably be no difficulty which could not be settled with an explanation, or, if need be, with an apology. The talk passed on to other things, when suddenly Dorat asked, "How did you come to mention the *Simœa Hummii?*"

"Oh!" I said, "that is an old idea of mine; I thought of looking for it when I first came; so that I naturally suspect every fresh man of the same desire."

"And you never did look for it?"

"No, I was always naturally indolent; I broke my ankle a week after I arrived; that and the heat and malaria, and the bother of travelling in the interior have kept me quiet. But I have never lost a Platonic interest in it, and if you find it I shall congratulate you heartily."

"But why should I look for it?"

"In the first place, my dear colleague, why should you mention it at all, if it were of no interest to you? And, secondly, you must know as well as I do that very large rewards are offered for finding it, with which will follow a wide scientific fame. Why shouldn't you find it? You are young and vigorous; being French, you have influence with the natives; you already, if I mistake not, speak something of their language; you make frequent shooting excursions into the interior; and you can perfectly well make botanical experiments in your neglected garden at the consulate. The spirit of old Hume would, I am sure, be delighted if you should carry out his beneficent intentions."

"You call him Hume; do you mean Humm?"

"Yes, the last was his German name; but when he got naturalized in America he was so laughed at on account of his name that he changed it to Hume."

"You knew him, then?"

"Yes, I met him first when I was quite a boy, when I joined a scientific party to the Rocky Mountains, and, as I had been a comrade of Eaton and Brewer, was much interested in botany. We got to be very good friends then; but I had almost forgotten about him until I met him again when I was vice-consul at Tripoli. He had come there to study assafœtida and laserpitium and other precious plants which the ancients obtained from that region. I was able to lodge him in my house, and we renewed our old acquaintance; you know he died there, or, rather, in the interior; but he left me his papers, and—well, come and breakfast with me to-morrow, about twelve, and I will show you something that will interest you."

Throwing away the end of my cigar I went back to the drawing-room, and finally found Furniss—to whom I at once apologized for my brusque language—and asked him, if he did not mind my limp, to walk home with me, as I had something to tell him. He readily consented, and as soon as we could get away we walked down the quiet tree-lined street until we reached my garden. Then I persuaded him to sit awhile with me in the veranda, where I knew that we could not be overheard. My faithful servant brought us out narghilehs, for this souvenir of my life in Asia and Africa still clings to me; the broad-leaved plants looked fantastic in the moonlight, and we were glad to neutralize the strong, heavy odors with the smoke of our pipes. The outlook on the garden gradually brought us to the subject of plants, and, after we had got warmed up on this topic, with the help of a glass or two of good old Madeira, I told him that I had overheard enough of his conversation to make me understand that he had come out expressly to find the lost plant. He frankly admit-

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ted his purpose, without the slightest hesitation; and gradually was led on to talk of his past life, of the influences which had moulded it, and of his hopes for the future.

"Well," I said, "I will do all I can for you; and perhaps I can give you certain information which you do not possess. But I must be fair all round. Dorat is a colleague of mine, with whom I am on the best possible terms; and whatever information I give you I must give him."

"Dorat," he said, "the French consul, who was your partner to-night? Has he come here, too, for this purpose?"

"Yes; I never suspected it till this evening; now I know it. He is coming to tiffin with me to-morrow; and the best way to manage the thing will be for you to meet him. But, as I want a witness or two, bring the Governor with you. I'll send him a little note early in the morning, and I will try to find one or two others also."

"Oh, I think there will be no difficulty about that, as the Governor has already told me of your breakfasts; besides, to-morrow is Sunday, and he will have no engagement after church. But you're as solemn and mysterious as though some great event were impending. What is the matter?"

"The matter, my dear fellow, is simply this, that you must entirely forget all that I tell you, and act entirely on your own judgment. Be on your guard against your rival. Never trust yourself alone with him, if you meet him in the interior. From what I saw to-night I believe him quite capable of killing you, if need be, to prevent your succeeding to his detriment."

"Not so bad as that, I hope."

"Not a word more ever on this subject. You know all that I fear. Take your own course. We shall see you to-morrow at noon."

II.

Our breakfast was unusually pleasant, for I had succeeded in getting hold of M. Blancsubé, one of the richest and most hospitable planters of the island, a man universally liked for his wit and his good company, and respected for his intelligence and probity. The Governor was in better form than I had ever seen him, gave us amusing stories of his experiences in other colonies—and he seemed to have lived in some capacity in nearly every part of the globe—and by great good luck assisted me by appearing in an entirely new and unexpected character. Apropos of some of the fruit, he launched out in a discourse on the vegetable productions of the different places where he had been which would have done credit to Grant Duff himself.

When we began to smoke I brought out a portfolio and showed some of the very curious things that I had been able to retain in my wandering life—autograph letters of Bruce and Burckhardt; a sketch-map of Humboldt; a relic of Connolly and Stoddart from Bokhara which had not been found by Dr. Wolff; photographs of *Convolvulus Sabbatius* and *Campanula Sabbatia* which I had myself taken from living plants at Capo di Noli, the only place in the world where they grow; and a few similar things.

"You are an amateur photographer, then?" said M. Blancsubé.

"Don't be alarmed for yourself, monsieur, there are no instantaneous cameras concealed in the walls to take you in an unguarded moment; I photograph only plants. And I could show our friends here, if they were not already too learned to need them, photographs of nearly every plant growing on the island, except of the one we all want most to see, the *Simœa Hummii*. I can, however, show you something about that; but before I open this envelope I must make a bargain with them. What I want is the drug. At one time I should have been glad of the fame of the discovery, but now I am too old to care much about that, as well as of the great reward offered for the plant; but, while money is always an object, I have luckily a few weeks ago received a legacy large enough to enable me to live wherever I please in tolerable comfort. Therefore if I show now what I have carefully preserved, in the hope that I might myself some day be fortunate enough to come across the plant, I must ask both Dorat and Furniss, or whoever is the discoverer, to furnish me with one living root,

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after he has taken proper measures to secure his priority of discovery."

To this they both agreed, and after telling them in detail of my acquaintance with Humm or Hume; of his tragic death in the desert, on the eve of another voyage to our island; and of how he came to make me the heir of his secret, I showed them, first, a careful water-colored drawing of the plant, and then a dried specimen of it just as it was coming into bloom. Finally, I unfolded a leaf of paper on which Humm had drawn from memory a sketch of the locality where the plant was found, and of the route which he had taken from the coast. Unfortunately the paper had got worn out at the folds, from being carried in the old botanist's pocket-book; and the chart was so illegible and confused as to be of comparatively little value. The astonishment and interest with which my revelations were received by all present, although Blancsubé needed a few words of explanation in order further to understand the matter, were so great as to justify me to myself for the little *coup de théâtre* which I had prepared. When one gets old, one's vanity is pleased with even such little harmless successes.

While the map was being carefully examined by the Governor, who was trying to identify localities, Blancsubé suggested — what, strangely, never occurred to me—that it might be photographed. This I offered to do at once and to give both Dorat and Furniss copies, as well as to allow them the use of the little herbarium I possessed and of all my photographs of plants.

"But," I said, "you will notice from Humm's note that the plant was found just coming into bloom on October 6th, and to-day is September 20th. If either of you intend to look for it in earnest you must lose no time. You will, of course, take your own ways of announcing the discovery so as to secure the priority; although I believe that, according to the conditions of most of the rewards offered, the plant must be brought back in a living condition and planted in a botanical garden. The Governor has one here under his charge, though I am surprised to learn to-day that he takes such a personal interest in it. I must tell you, also, that I have still deposited in a safe place a bit of the drug, which, however, is not unknown to others, and which will serve for the identification of the plant; and I shall be greatly pleased if, when you find it, you will send a messenger to let me know. When you come back I hope to be able to show you a fairly good specimen of it growing in my own garden."

They all laughed at my last remark, which they thought a mere bit of chaff; but, in very truth, I had a few days before planted in an out-of-the-way place a tuber which I had every reason to believe was that of the *Simœa*.

III.

Within the week both Furniss and Dorat started on the quest, the former taking the route which he had combined with the Governor's from Humm's sketch-map; and the latter preferring, on hints received from the natives, to begin with the other end of the island, whither he went by sea. For some days we heard nothing. At last one afternoon a negro brought me a laconic note from Furniss, saying simply: "I have found it, and, with due ingratitude, I hope that I am ahead even of you." I immediately went out and looked again at my precious plant; for the tuber had sprouted, and the rapidly unfolding leaves were beginning (at all events to my imagination) to present a strong resemblance to the dried specimen given me by Humm. I am ashamed to tell how many times that day I had already looked at the plant; and, indeed, I was beginning to grow nervous, anxious, envious, and jealous of my rivals; and to think that I had made a precious old fool of myself in being so generous with my information. After all, what difference did it make to me if they did kill each other—people whom I hardly knew? But as the cool freshness of evening approached my amiability returned; and I resolved to go to the Governor's and invite myself to dinner, and find out what information he had received; for I felt sure that he knew something more. Sir Thomas was in very good spirits, but could tell me nothing that I did not know. He was glad to see me, and, for a wonder, we were

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quite alone. We concluded that piquet would be better than the usual double-dummy; the card-tables were brought out, the lights were being arranged, and the soda-water and glasses exposed on the side-table, when a clatter of hoofs was heard coming down the road, and in a moment more a message was brought to us from a coffee-planter that the body of a man had been found at the bottom of a precipice, in a place about twenty miles away, but hard to reach. It was thought to be that of an Englishman, apparently a scientific man, as he had been collecting plants; and the request was made for the despatch of someone to identify, if possible, the corpse, with instructions as to its burial. We had no question but that it was Captain Furniss, as we knew of no one else corresponding to the description. From what I knew, or rather suspected, it flashed through me at once that there had been foul play. But I considered it best, for the moment at least, to keep my suspicions to myself, as they might be entirely unfounded. After a hurried consultation with me as to the best course to pursue, Sir Thomas decided that two or three men from the hospital should go on at once with extra horses, and that he and the doctor would leave before daybreak, driving as far as the road was practicable, so as to reach the field of the accident at the earliest possible moment in the morning. I readily acceded to his suggestion to accompany him.

We had little time for sleep, as we started very early, and the sun was just rising when we had to leave the high-road and mount our horses. Had it not been for the errand on which we were bent and our desire to hasten, I should have greatly enjoyed this early ride on one of our delightful Southern spring mornings. As we descended the ridge we had opposite a hill-side, which we had to cross later, covered with plantations of coffee and pepper, while the valley below was green with the sugar-cane. Flowers of all kinds grew in profusion along the roadside, and I could not help observing them carefully and mentally repeating their names. But the detour was long, and it was a toilsome march.

That the body was that of Captain Furniss there could be no doubt. There were no signs of stabs or shots, but it was so bruised and cut by the rocks that, although it had been carefully covered with leafy boughs, decomposition had already begun, and it was necessary to bury it as soon as possible. Due note, however, was taken of its position and of various apparently petty details. One circumstance I could not help noticing at once, and I naturally called the Governor's attention to it. The botanical specimen-box lay at a little distance from the body; it had evidently been opened and a search had been made among the plants it had contained; for they were lying in a confused heap, not as if they had been accidentally shaken out. This certainly looked strange. The plant that was sought for was not among them. The pressing-boards were missing, and as I felt sure that he or one of his men would carry them, that also seemed strange. Those, however, we afterward discovered, caught on a ledge of rock above. One of the men climbed up with difficulty and threw them down to us; they were still strapped together, but the drying-paper contained no plants of any kind, and in all probability they had not been used in that last day's excursion. Out of pardonable curiosity I looked carefully at every sheet, even holding them up to the light; and it seemed to me as if on one I detected the outline of the *Simœa*.

With the consent of the planter who owned the land, a grave was dug for poor Furniss close to the spot where he fell, and his body was tenderly and reverently placed in it, Sir Thomas reading, in a broken voice, the English burial service, with only myself to make the responses. We resolved to place a tablet or cut an inscription upon the nearest rock in commemoration of this martyr to science. I could not help thinking of a similar tablet I had once seen in the old quarries near Syracuse where the Athenians had been imprisoned and starved. But that was to an American midshipman, named Nicholson, who had fallen in a duel with a British officer, in maintaining the honor of his flag, in the opening years of the century.

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It needed no hint of mine as to my private suspicion to induce Sir Thomas to proceed to a minute investigation of the rock from which Furniss had fallen. For that it was necessary to return to the high road, proceed along it some distance farther, and then turn to the left over a difficult bridle-path, and then a foot-path among the rocks. I did not feel equal to this, and stayed in the little hut on the roadside where we had left the carriage; while Sir Thomas, who had kept up wonderfully, went on with the others to the scene of the accident.

The report which they brought back was, in one sense, very satisfactory. The place from which Furniss had fallen was identified, close to a splendid clump of that lovely, fragrant flower which the natives call *naruna*—the botanical name of which escapes me now—which was somewhat rare, and was the finest Sir Thomas had ever seen. The marks were seen where Furniss's foot had slipped, and there were no traces of a struggle or of the presence of anyone else. He had apparently been engaged in securing fine specimens of the *naruna*, when a treacherous branch or twig broke and down he went. Nevertheless it was impossible entirely to exclude the hypothesis that he might have been pushed off by some barefooted native coming up in silence behind him.

We had wondered what had become of Furniss's servants; but while we were resting from the fatigue and emotion of the day, we were joined by them. They did not yet know of his death. Two mornings before, owing to the illness of the special man who carried his traps and assisted him in placing the specimens between the drying-papers, the captain had insisted on starting out alone, with the expectation of returning in the course of a couple of hours. It was only, however, toward night that his absence caused any apprehension. They looked for him in vain that night, and had been searching for him without result ever since. So far their evidence all agreed. They utterly denied having met any other white man for several days before that, and had seen no suspicious character either on the day of Furniss's disappearance or since. They had not seen Dorat. But when they tried to explain why they had not brought away the whole of their master's collections, or even all of his kit, there were strange and suspicious hesitations and contradictions. They professed to know nothing of any living plants, planted, or otherwise preserved by Furniss. As the place which had been the captain's last headquarters was a long way off and difficult to reach, Sir Thomas decided not to go himself, but to send one of the men from the hospital, on whom he thought he could thoroughly depend, back there with one of Furniss's black followers, in order to make a thorough investigation of the camp, and bring away everything, explaining to him the importance of the matter.

It seemed to us quite plain that someone — whether a rival or a native herb-doctor, or, rather, herb-charmer, or, perhaps, one of the plantation-hands who had discovered the body—had searched the botanical case found near the corpse; and that someone had probably also searched his tent; at the same time we had no actual proof that Furniss had yet attempted to dig up and remove any specimens of the plant, even if he had found it. He had perhaps waited to do that until the instant of starting on his return, when it would be in the more developed state. Nor did we find out anything subsequently to make us change that opinion.

We were just taking a hasty bite before starting on our return to town, when there suddenly came on one of those torrential showers which are not unusual in tropical countries. Fortunately the hut in which we were stood on high ground, or we should have run the risk of being swept away. Rain fell in sheets. The continued thunder and vivid flashes of lightning frightened the horses, while the poor natives cowered on the floor of the hut from fear. It seemed as if the storm would never end; but just when the thatched roof was becoming like a sieve, and we were beginning to be wet by the drizzle, the storm passed away as suddenly as it had begun.

It was, however, impossible to move. The ground was water-soaked and the road too heavy for our vehicles; more than that, the dry bed of the little

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stream we had crossed in the morning was now filled with a rapid, raging river. There was nothing to do but to wait.

By sunrise the stream had fallen sufficiently to allow us to proceed, and we reached the town without any serious difficulty, but through what a scene of desolation! Everywhere the lowlands were covered with gravel and mud; good land had been temporarily ruined, and the sugar-canes were broken down and destroyed. We heard afterward that in other places serious damage had been done to the coffee and spice plantations.

My servant, as he opened the door for me, had a careworn and dejected look, as if reproaching me for having stayed out all night; and when, while waiting for a cup of tea, I started down the garden-path, he warned me to be careful as the ground was undermined and treacherous, or something of that sort. A fear passed through my mind, which, alas! was only too well founded. The consulate was not far from the edge of a little stream, which, in swelling so suddenly, had cut for itself another temporary channel and had swept away a part of my garden—a part which had contained many plants which were dear to me, and, more than all, that precious plant which I before believed and now felt sure was the *Simœa*.

IV.

Days passed, and there was no news from Dorat. The accident to Furniss, the destruction of my garden, and the silence of Dorat, worked so strongly upon my nerves that I became disgusted with the island and everything in it, and I had serious thoughts of resigning. My work had not been hard at this post, for the trade with the United States was not great, and American ships came so infrequently that the quarrels and complaints of the crews were rather a diversion than a burden. But a few busy days happened to come just then, and made me feel how wretched my life would be were I deprived of just that kind of work to which I had been accustomed from my youth up. I was too old to engage in another occupation—even had I needed so to do—and could not bear the thought of absolute idleness. Besides, the position itself is a pleasant one to a man old in the service, who neither overrates its advantages nor neglects its opportunities. Some of my friends used to think me unpatriotic because I had lived so many years abroad. But they forgot that I was all this time in the Government service; and I am sure that, if anything will make a man patriotic, it is to feel that it is his sole duty in life to guard and advance the interests of his country without other cares or occupations. He is not, like people who remain at home, distracted by the struggle for existence, and thinking of the duty he owes to his country only when drawn on the jury, or dunned by the tax-collector, or inspirited by party enthusiasm just before an election. Abroad, his consular or diplomatic duties form the chief object of his life; and distance and time make him love and cherish more some manifestations of our national life which, it is true, might after a long absence in other lands prove irksome to him were he living at home.

I therefore thought better of this, and sent by steamer—to be telegraphed from Suez—a request for a leave of absence, to be taken at once. Before resigning, I thought I would go home on leave, and see whether I could not obtain promotion or a change of post; but, as I had no intention of ever returning to the island, I proceeded to pack up or otherwise dispose of my goods and chattels.

At last, one morning I received a message from the *gérant* of the French consulate saying that Dorat was ill with malarial fever at the other end of the island. He had been very low for several days, but had finally roused sufficiently to send word, and hoped to see me before he died. Much as I could have wished to go to him, the journey was at that time beyond my strength. We decided to send a good doctor, who agreed that, if Dorat were in a state that he could be moved, he should be brought down to the nearest point on the coast, and from thence, if possible, to Port Philip by sea. I even gave the doctor the bit of the precious drug that I had preserved so long, explaining its

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qualities, with the idea that it might possibly be of use.

In a few days Dorat was brought to town, very weak, pale, and emaciated; but the doctor seemed to think that he had passed the crisis, and that if carefully nursed he would slowly recover. Although I was expecting to sail in the next steamer—for I had received a favorable reply to my telegram—I felt that I could not under the circumstances leave Dorat in this condition, and—to make a long story short—I threw up my passage, stayed on, and devoted myself to looking after him, making him comfortable, and cheering the hours of his convalescence until he was strong enough to be sent home, when we came to Europe in the same steamer. It was impossible not to be impressed with his patience, his gentleness, his strong will, and his devotion to science. His character appeared to me in an entirely new light, and all my foolish suspicions and prejudices speedily vanished. It was a long time, however, before I dared tell him of the accident to Furniss, and of my own personal disappointment. To this he seemed to pay no attention, and I said nothing more. It was only some days afterward that he seemed suddenly to remember the incidents just preceding his journey to the interior, and inquired how Furniss had fared. He was evidently sincerely shocked and astonished at the story I had to tell him. Indeed, at first, all memory of recent events seemed to have passed away from him, leaving his mind a blank. When he had recovered his memory he felt sure that just at the time when he was fighting with the fever he had seen and handled the *Simœa*, and made preparations for its transport; intending to start on his return on the very day when he was stricken powerless. But these may have been delusions of his fevered brain. From that time his most ardent desire was to get well quickly in order to visit again that locality where he was sure the *Simœa* grew. For my part, I tried to persuade him that we had probably all been victims of a delusion, and that the quest was hopeless.

I should perhaps have succeeded in this had not the incoming steamer brought, with introductions to me, a small scientific party organized and sent out by Cornell University with the intention of making a careful exploration of that and the neighboring islands, which had been never really explored since the time of Bougainville, and then only superficially. Among the special objects of the expedition was that of discovering the *Simœa*, as well as the finding of some traces of the dodo. My part of the play was ended; and I therefore not only gave all the information that I could—telling these enthusiastic young men the outward story of the most recent events; but I also made over to them for the museum of the university all my collections and special books, about the disposal of which I had been somewhat in a quandary. I have not yet heard, however, that the expedition has discovered either the lost bird or the lost plant.

THE TODDVILLE RAFFLE.

By Edgar Mayhew Bacon.

THE day of the big raffle had arrived. All the sporting men of the township, and that included about two-thirds of the male population, gathered in the bar-room of Jackson's tavern and prepared for the annual event by deep potations of crude whiskey and the unsavory combustion of alleged Havanas.

Toddville had a custom, all its own, which was sufficiently unique to merit a prefatory word of explanation. All property forfeit to the town through non-payment of taxes, as well as unredeemed securities or such chattels as had been accepted for debt or fine, were appraised by a committee, who took their aggregate values as a basis and prepared a certain number of lottery tickets which were sold at a uniform price to all comers. In purchasing

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these tickets it had long been customary to throw dice for choice of numbers, and as such a selection could be nothing more than guesswork the result of every drawing was watched with great interest.

Among the prominent loungers at Jackson's, upon the day in question, was Jerry Winkle. He had but little money, and that little he had invested in a single chance for a ticket; but the very wealthiest capitalist of them all, even old Major Gumble, who had paid for ten "goes" with the air of a man who could afford ten more if he wished, did not support a loftier mien. Winkle's broad-brimmed felt hat, worn at a rakish angle, suggested a challenge. Over the frayed front of a shirt of questionable purity an unbuttoned waistcoat disclosed the flowing ends of a necktie. To wear a necktie was in itself a distinction in a town where most men were content to go collarless. Jerry's hands were thrust into his pockets, and his trousers into his boots. The fact that these boots were red as to tops and foxy about the heels, did not at all interfere with the impression that they were intended as a groundwork for spurs.

Newbury King rested one elbow on the bar, shook the dice-box and threw. Ace, three, four, and six spots were the result. "Six 'n four's ten, 'n four's fourteen," chanted Jackson. "Next!" Major Gumble took the box. He peered into its depths with an air of great authority and rattled the cubes as one who has but to command fortune. He cast; six chances: sixteen, eleven, fourteen, twenty-two, thirteen, ten—he looked annoyed and called for a whiskey; then, with glass in one hand and box in the other, he smiled once more on the attentive crowd and threw again: eleven, nine, twenty, twenty-three. "Twenty-three is hard to beat," he said serenely.

From Major Gumble the box passed to Jerry Winkle. After a little flourish he rolled out four sixes. "That beats it, Major!" he laughed.

The number of those who ventured was so large that the afternoon was nearly spent before the last one had tried his luck. Once the cast of four sixes was equalled and Jerry was called in from the porch to match his rival. Again he won, and drank at his opponent's expense. He had been drinking during the day at almost everybody's expense, so that it was no wonder that his gait was becoming unsteady and his speech more rapid than coherent. "Shame, ain't it?" commented John Bulow, one of the village trustees. "Jerry didn't never have no head onto him: anyway not for licker."

When the sunset had faded and the deep shadows began to rest in the valley the poor drunkard lay on a wooden settee on the tavern porch. The noise of carousing, the excitement of the raffle, had subsided. Something curious had happened, and from the manner of those who surrounded the prostrate, slumbering man in the growing dusk it was difficult to tell whether that something was a joke or a tragedy.

"Hi, Jerry! wake up, shake yourself. The prizes has been named." The sleeper growled something but refused to be awakened.

"Who beat?" asked a late-comer, stepping in from the road at that moment.

"Jerry Winkle, here, drawed first cut and got the biggest card."

"What'd he draw?"

"Why, you see," the spokesman looked around as though he suspected that the matter might have a humorous side to it, and waited to catch anyone laughing; "you see he's ben an' drawed—Oh, blast it, *I* can't tell ye, it's too redeeklous;" and here he began to laugh, the others joining in. The absurd inconsistency of what they knew to be coming captured the imagination of that audience, and the more they guffawed and shouted over it the funnier it seemed. At last the noise they made partially aroused the sleeper. "Wha'ish th' mat?" he mumbled, feebly. "Why, Jerry," gasped the Major; "Jerry, you drunken reperbate you, you've ben an' drawed the *church*."

Toddville had had a church once, but its organization lapsed, and the building, long mortgaged, had gone to the hammer and sold for a song. This was the prize that Jerry Winkle had gambled for, sworn over, got drunk about, and won. There it stood, down

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in the valley, its white clapboarded sides gleaming dully in the twilight. Will Dorset, the last-comer, did not join in the general mirth as he looked first at the unconscious owner and then at the newly acquired property.

The news of the raffle and its result spread like wildfire. Country places have no need for newspapers. News travels across lots and up lanes and over fences with a celerity that nothing but its growth can equal for marvellousness. Anent Jerry and his church. "It was a shame." The Squire, to whom Will had reported the matter, said so, and the sentiment was echoed by the best people in that little community. But neither the verdict of the more conservative towns-people, neither the dictum of those who had lost their right to conduct the church's affairs, nor the scoffing of the stranger within the village gates could alter the incongruous fact.

On the Sunday following the raffle Jerry was on his way to witness a ball match which was to take place in a lot two miles down the valley. He paused in passing the church, and looked at his big possession with a feeling that was part pride and part shame.

"That there church is mine," he thought. "But I ain't no sort to own a church neither." He went around and inspected the sheds. "Good sheds, too," he soliloquized. He tried the basement door. It was locked. "Wonder who in creation has got the key? Kinder funny, too, not to know where the key to a man's own church is." Next he essayed to open a window. The nail which had fastened the sash down fell out and it yielded to his vigorous push. With somewhat the feeling of a burglar he clambered in and surveyed his property. There was the pulpit, with well-worn cushion, where old Dominie Rees had long ago pounded and expounded. Jerry could well remember how, when he was a little boy, he had used to sit in one of the pews and dangle his short legs as he squirmed under that ponderous eloquence. That pew on the north aisle, just under the window, was the one that had belonged to his people. He seated himself there, where his father had sat, and reaching out his hand to the book-rack took therefrom the old hymn-book. It had "Jacob Winkle, Esqr." written in bold characters across the fly-leaf. Jerry had worn his hat during these first moments of occupancy. He now took it off and placed it on the seat in front of him. As he did so the whimsical aspect of the proceeding struck him so that he laughed aloud. Then, hushed in spite of himself by the cold echo of his own mirth, he looked nervously around. At the moment he could almost have sworn that the old audience-room was full of the old worshippers looking at him, the intruder, in condemnation.

It was broad daylight, and the empty place, even with its shutters closed, afforded no suggestive shadows where a ghost might lurk, yet in its Sabbath stillness it was populous. Across the aisle was where the minister's family used to sit. Up yonder by the pulpit, still stood the chair once occupied by the gray-haired precentor. It was easy to picture his tall form, clad in the claw-hammer coat and voluminous stock of an older time, as he rose, book in hand, to "raise the tune." Over the whole room was that pervading, peculiar atmosphere that long-disused apartments often have; not mouldy, nor close, nor damp; but obsolete. There was a distinct flavor of antiquity about it, as though the last sexton, when he shut the big door for the last time, had shut in a fragment of that year.

Beside the new proprietor, stuck between the cushion and pew-back, was a large palm-leaf fan. It had his mother's name written in faint pencil lines upon one of its radial divisions.

Yesterday Jerry had thought to sell the building as old lumber, if nothing better offered; perhaps put up a shanty of some sort for himself upon the site. But to-day the matter took a different aspect. He might almost as readily resolve to sell the modest tombstone that marked the last resting-place of his parents out there in the little graveyard.

He rose with a start, intending to leave the building. There were people coming up the road; so he waited till they had passed before climbing out again. Off in the distance he could hear the shouts that encouraged some batsman to make a home run. The game

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was in progress. For him to be absent would excite more comment than he cared to face just then.

Reaching the field he lounged up to that angle of the snake fence where a group of rustic sportsmen had congregated, and received a running fire of greeting and comment. "Hello, Jerry! jes' got up?" "Jerry, how's the church?" "When you goin' to begin preachin'?"

The poor fellow's new relation to the big building up the valley had at last been generally accepted as ludicrous.

"Jerry wouldn't jine the church, so the church had to jine Jerry." This from one of the wits. Another added: "Like the ole man in the tale that wanted the mountain. Mountain wouldn't come to the ole man, so the ole man had to mosey along to the mountain, as the feller sez."

The subject of these remarks did not enjoy them. The influence of his recent quiet half-hour in the church was still strong upon him. He could not summon his usual ready wit to answer jibe with jibe; so he turned his attention to the game and was soon among the loudest of those who encouraged the players.

"Should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, Jerry, a-spendin' your Sunday this way when you've got a hull meetin'-house of your own!" said one, joking him. Jerry swung half round, supporting himself on the arm of one of his companions. "You shet up," he responded. "I had 'nuf of that. Some folks have got neither church *nor* releegion." Those who laughed most heartily at this retort were careful to keep farthest away from an arm that they knew was still powerful; but after his outburst Jerry became sullen and silent.

As time passed people began to notice and comment upon a change in this man. It was not that he was better than before, only less companionable and enjoyable. If anything he was drunk oftener—only he drank in a morose, unsociable way that his friends could not understand. He did not swear less than he had always done, but his conversation between whiles was less entertaining. His very hat lost the jolly, aggressive air which had distinguished it and sat soddenly on the back of his head. Men act so when they are in love or in debt, and sometimes when they are in arrears to conscience.

One thing he would not do if it was possible to avoid it—to pass the church alone after nightfall. In daytime it was bad enough. Since his visit it had seemed more and more the harboring place for a band of reproachful spirits who saw his character and course in its naked ugliness—as he was beginning to see it himself.

No doubt the special direction of his imagination was due rather to whiskey than sober conscience. The effect was not less real. He made, in his walks, long detours, crossing fields and sneaking along fences till the dreaded spot was avoided.

Yet wherever he went he could not get rid of the sight of the white box that stood in lieu of a spire, and which always seemed to be saying to him, "What a disgrace to me you are." He tried to sell it, but, partly no doubt because he hated so to talk about it, he failed to find a purchaser who wanted a meeting-house anyhow. If it had been a cow or a horse, or even a good bull-dog of fighting stock, he might have done better. But a church! As long as it stood there it was impossible to get even the worth of the little piece of ground it stood upon. People do not attach much value to a few feet of soil in a country where farms are measured by the hundred acres. It became, with its memories, its traditions, its sanctity, a Nemesis always watching his unsteady footsteps.

At last he resolved to put an end to his torment. He would destroy the church.

One starlight night, having brooded long over this purpose, Winkle started out to put it in execution. Making a wide circuit, to avoid meeting anyone who might be travelling upon the highway, he stole cautiously across the meadow toward his property. He had provided himself with a bundle of straw well saturated with oil, and this he carried in his arms, so that it was with difficulty he could pick his way. He stumbled across a ploughed field to the fence row of elms, and kept well in their

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shadow till he had gained the brook with its bordering wall of moving willows. This he skirted, approaching the burying-ground. That had not entered into his calculations. There lay the very people the recollection of whom had made the building unbearable to him. For a long time he crouched there in the shade, hugging his bundle of inflammable stuff close, and staring at the few white, irregular stones that seemed to do sentry duty for the great, square, vacant house beyond them. "That is where my father and my grandfather lie," was the thought that forced itself in on his mind. "There is where I shall be, too, some day, in the old churchyard." And quickly followed the reflection that when the church was gone the churchyard would be naught.

In haste now, perhaps because the night air or some other chill was making it difficult to keep his teeth from chattering, or perhaps because he doubted the strength of his resolution, he piled the straw against one corner and placed a lighted match under it.

An opportune gust of wind fanned the flame into instant blaze, lighting for a moment the white clapboards upon which the paint was beginning to crack and peel in places, illuminating the sheds and even casting a glory upon the faces of the carven marble cherubs on the graveyard stones. But had any other spectator been there he would have been most struck with the look upon the incendiary's face. Swift repentance, self-hate, condemnation of his own evil deed, lined it with an expression of lively remorse that the dancing light served to intensify.

Then with a spring he threw himself upon the blazing heap and tore it away, trampling it under foot, scorching and scarring himself (as we most of us have done) in the effort to undo the mischief he had begun.

One Monday morning Mrs. Busbee was standing by her clothes-lines, basket at foot, learning the latest news from Liza Jane Green, who had just run over with her budget.

"An' it's the *queerest* thing. They ain't no sense into some men. What d' you s'pose ever led him to go away that fashion, 'thout ever sayin' ay, yes, or no to any of his folks? I ben down at his aunt's house an' she say *she's* satisfied 't 's 'bout the bes' thing and the sensibles' thing he ever did."

"They *do* say he ain't ben quite right in his upper story sense he drawed the church in that there raffle, which I claim was about the redic'lousest thing a body ever hear tell about."

"Right er wrong, he's gone clean away out o' this place, an' I d'no but what his aunt's mor' 'n half right. He ain't but small loss."

At the tavern, at the store, down by the blacksmith's forge the same topic was variously discussed. Before the raffle Jerry had been a popular man with a certain class of people, and his sudden departure consequently created a wider ripple of excitement than yours or mine, dear reader, might cause in our community. For a few days his memory was kept green, then his name was occasionally mentioned in a reminiscent way, and at last his old-time cronies found it necessary to preface any story in which he figured with the formula, "You remember Jerry Winkle what used to live here; the same one that drawed the church?"

At length the place that had known him well, and knew little good of him, seemed to know him no more. Once, indeed, a statement was made by a salesman who came in his yearly round to the place, that he had seen Jerry running a "wheel" at a county fair; but that may have been error, or malice, or simple mendacity. He had faded out of the village life completely. But the church remained and our story henceforth has to do with it.

What had become of its owner no one knew; that is to say, no one but Squire Dorset, and he laid out money for the necessary paint and repairs, and paid the taxes when they were due, without ever betraying his principal; for no one doubted that he was simply acting as an agent in the matter. There was not the slightest suspicion that the Squire had purchased the property. He had been an intimate friend of our reprobate's father, and he had, perhaps, on that account exerted himself to find a purchaser for the son.

But if such was the case the Squire

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was certainly a most exemplary agent. He not only kept the exterior of the edifice in good condition, but he busied himself as well with the interior, so that the broken benches were repaired, the pulpit furniture furbished up, and even the walls whitewashed. In fact, as though having faith in the dawn of a better day for Toddville, the Squire—or rather, that unknown someone whom the Squire represented—kept the Lord's house ready for occupancy.

Once in a while, it is true, his neighbors shook their heads and whispered strange things about the Squire. He was getting to be an old man, and it was more than intimated that he was not without the childishness of age. The church had been the cause of one man's unaccountable behavior, and now it really seemed as though—well, at any rate, there was no sense in spending good money for such an object. Some very zealous friends, after thoroughly canvassing the matter among themselves, actually summoned courage to advise young Dorset, the Squire's son, to put the old man under restraint. Young Dorset rather surprised his advisers by the readiness with which he listened to the suggestion.

"I only see one way to do that," he replied, quietly, "and that is to employ a keeper to go around with him."

It is wonderful the interest that we take in our neighbors' misfortunes. In twenty-four hours all Toddville knew that Will Dorset thought his father ought to have a keeper. "The ole man must be a heap sight wuss 'n we any of us ca'c'lated," observed Jackson.

Not long after this a buggy drove up to the Squire's door and a quiet-looking, rather powerfully built man alighted. He was met by Will Dorset. They went quickly into the house together.

For a day or two no one had a chance to interview the Squire's son, but at last Major Gumble "jes' took the bull by t' other horn, sir," and stopped him on the road.

"How's your father, Will?"

"Oh, he's pretty well, considering."

"I wanted to ask you, Will, whether that there was the—h'm—the pusson you was speakin' about."

"Oh, yes," said the young man. "You may call him a sort of keeper, I guess. He *is* a sort of a keeper."

The new keeper seemed to humor his charge in every possible way. It is a trick that these skilled persons have of keeping their patients from actual outbreak. And of course everybody was mightily interested. Really the old gentleman seemed harmless enough, only some of his acts were amusing. For instance, on the Saturday following the advent of his attendant he was seen busily tacking up notices on the trees at every prominent point and cross-road within a radius of three miles from the church. These notices read:

"There will be Divine service to-morrow (Sunday, June 12th) in the church at Toddville, at half-past ten o'clock."

People read, grinned, and passed on.

But, supposing that the notices might indicate some new phase of mania which nobody wanted to miss, when ten o'clock drew near there was a large crowd gathered on the road in front of the church. Nor was their coming bootless. Just before the hour arrived the writer of the notices appeared, attended as usual by his keeper. Together they entered the church, after a brief whispered dialogue during which the stranger seemed to expostulate and the Squire to insist upon some point he was urging. The crowd followed.

Squire Dorset walked steadily to his old pew and reverently bowed his head there. The keeper made directly for the pulpit, stood for a moment waiting for the rustle and bustle of the incoming congregation to subside, as, with the force of old custom, all found seats, and then gave out the opening hymn:

"God moves in a mysterious way."

Fairly trapped, the people of Toddville joined in the singing, bowed their heads in at least the semblance of worship, and listened to the sermon.

When they finally dispersed light on more than one subject began to break upon their understandings. Has the reader also guessed the conclusion?

The Rev. Jeremiah Winkle had come home to his church.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

BARYE'S place in the history of art is more nearly unique, perhaps, than that of any of the great artists. He was certainly one of the greatest of sculptors, and he had either the good luck or the mischance to do his work in a field almost wholly unexploited before him. He has in his way no rivals, and in his way he is so admirable that the scope of his work does not even hint at his exclusion from rivalry with the very greatest of his predecessors. A perception of the truth of this apparent paradox is the best result anyone can carry away with him after a visit to the exhibition of Barye's works now being held in this city. No matter what you do, if you do it well enough, that is, with enough elevation, enough spiritual distinction, enough transmutation of the elementary necessity of technical perfection into true significance—you succeed. And this is not the sense in which motive in art is currently belittled. It is rather the suggestion of Mrs. Browning's lines:

> "Better far
> Pursue a frivolous trade by serious means
> Than a sublime art frivolously."

The exhibition is nominally in aid of a fund to erect a monument to Barye in Paris—in aid, thus, of a most worthy project, and of American self-esteem in æsthetic matters; the Barye Monument Association is perhaps counting on making the Parisians blush a little. But there are already many Parisians who "appreciate" Barye. The exhibition's real function is an educational one, and a wider-spread comprehension of the heroic character of Barye's work, in spite of its apparently narrow scope, will be its best outcome.

Nothing could be more misleading than to fancy Barye a kind of modern Cellini. Less than any sculptor of modern times is he a decorative artist. The small scale of his works is in great part due to his lack of opportunity to produce larger ones. Nowadays one does what one can, even the greatest artists; and Barye had no Lorenzo de' Medici for a patron, but, instead, a frowning Institute, which confined him to such work as, in the main, he did. He did it *con amore*, it need not be added, and thus lifted it at once out of the customary category of such work. His bronzes were never *articles de Paris*, and their excellence transcends the function of teaching our sculptors and amateurs the lesson that "household" is as dignified a province as monumental, art. His groups are not essentially "clock-tops," and the work of perhaps the greatest artist, in the line from Jean Goujon to Carpeaux, can hardly be used to point the moral that "clock-tops" ought to be good. Cellini's "Perseus" is really more of a "parlor ornament" than Barye's smallest figure.

Why is he so obviously great as well as so obviously extraordinary? one constantly asks himself in the presence of the bronzes now on exhibition. Perhaps because he expresses with such concreteness, such definiteness and vigor, a motive so purely an abstraction. The illustration in intimate elaboration of elemental force, strength, passion, seems to have been his aim, and in everyone of his wonderfully varied groups he attains it superbly—not giving the beholder a symbol of it merely, in no degree depending upon association or convention, but exhibiting its very essence with a combined

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scientific explicitness and poetic energy to which antique art alone furnishes any parallel. For this *fauna* served him as well as the human figure, though, could he have studied man with the facility which the Jardin des Plantes afforded him of observing the lower animals, he might have used the medium of the human figure more frequently than he did. When he did, he was hardly less successful; and it is a great pity that reproductions of the four splendid groups which decorate the Pavillons Denon and Richelieu of the Louvre are not shown in the current exhibition. They are in the very front rank of the sculpture of the modern world. It is a pity, too, from the point of view of popularizing Barye, that the inevitably more popular part of the exhibition should be composed of one of the most remarkable collections of the pictures of the "men of 1830" that have ever been assembled.

So much of Thackeray's private life is still unfamiliar that not many people were aware that he ever allowed himself the luxury of a private secretary. It seems that he did, and there is a holding up of hands more or less general over the intelligence that a certain Mr. Langley, who served him in that capacity for a year or two along about 1860, kept a diary during the term of his employment wherein he set down many sayings and notes of interest about his employer, and that this diary is very shortly to be offered to the world. Whether this Mr. Langley is living or not, and to whom or under what conditions his notes are to be sold, has not transpired at this writing; but there have appeared divers intimations, the nature of which can be accurately gathered from a paragraph of the *Tribune*, which runs:

"Reminiscences of a writer so great, and a man so wise and witty and so loved, would be very delightful no doubt; but what are we to think of one who could record for the public such intimate details of a hero so reserved? If Mr. Langley be publishing them himself, it must be said that he is an ungrateful cur; if he be dead and this is the work of sordid survivors, not much less can be said of them. Thackeray's feelings on this matter were so strong that honorable people have regarded his expressed wish with something of the same respect inspired by the legend on Shakespeare's gravestone."

That Thackeray should have wished that his private life should remain hid was natural enough. A great many persons now living have similar feelings, and are quite as indisposed as ever he was to be "ripped up," as Baron D'Eyncourt would say, and have their personal concerns published to the world. That his personal wishes in the matter should have bound his daughters and near friends was to be expected, but that they are binding on all men for all time is by no means so clear.

For convenience' sake a man is permitted, within certain limitations which vary in various countries, to say who shall have his property when he dies. He can bequeath his houses and lands, his stocks, bonds, money, books, cattle, and bric-à-brac. But he cannot bequeath his wife or his grown children, for they belong not to him but to themselves. No more can he bequeath the story of his life to anyone's exclusive use, or to disuse, for that is not his either. That is part of history, and belongs to any son of Adam who cares to investigate and use it. The notion that the world's acquaintance with the man Thackeray is to be only so intimate as Thackeray might have chosen to permit, is not sound. What is told or said of a man while he is alive he is permitted to resent, if he doesn't like it; but if he tries to bind posterity not to explore his record after he is dead, he tries to control what is no longer his. What he did in the world he left in the world, and it belongs to the world; and, if it is worth while exploring, the world is perfectly at liberty to look it up at its convenience. History is the record of human lives and their results. Considering what Thackeray got out of history, he was the last man who should have objected that history should get its own from him.

The truth is that there are few things in the world so valuable as the records of the lives of great men, and particularly of great men who were good. The more complete such records are—the more they include those matters of daily private life which mark the growth of character—the greater is their value. It is not alone the story of a strong man's strength or a great man's greatness that the world needs. The weaknesses he overcame, the adversities he struggled through, the thousand mistakes that he survived—those are what mankind

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has most need of for its encouragement and help.

A great deal of information has come out about Lincoln lately that must be rather painful reading for his children, and distasteful to people who want to canonize him, but not a line of it can be spared. He was one of the men about whom the world has a right to know the whole truth and to strengthen itself with every fact that tells how man can suffer and grow strong. And another man of whom the same is true, though in a less measure, was Thackeray: a great man, a great-hearted gentleman, who loved the truth and struggled toward it all his life long, and whose heart was so tender, and his pity and love for humanity so gentle and constant, that hosts of readers who never saw his face have learned to love him with an intimate personal regard. That the personal history of such a man shall never become known is altogether too much to expect. It is much too valuable to be lost. There are fitnesses of time that may properly be respected, but in due season Thackeray's life must be written, if not adequately, at least as fully as possible. Let us hope that these notes of Mr. Langley may add something of value to the existing materials for such a work.

A PERSON whose identity it is unnecessary to publish here, but a very important person, was grumbling the other day about those ambitious paragraphs in the untrammelled press which record from December to May that Mrs. Thompson Jones had a party, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. Rogers Smith were there, expressed himself as fatigued with the record of these events, and with the constant repetition of the same names in connection with them. Why these names and no others, he wanted to know, and argued that the apparent recognition of their worth conveyed in this exclusive notice was one thing that lulled these people in the delusion that they were "the folks," and made them feel above other persons whose movements gained less notoriety. He wanted something done about it.

This, to tell him that he is fretting over something that ought not to disturb him. When he goes to the theatre does he complain because his name and yours and mine are not on the play-bill, but all the space there is given up to identifying a lot of actors who are not a bit more worthy, when it comes down to real worth, than we are? Let him take rich New York society from the same point of view. The persons whose social achievements get so much more notice than ours may not be really more admirable than we, but they are occupying the stage. So far from being vexed at them, he ought to regard them from afar off with grateful emotions, as persons who are employed to perform social feats at their own expense for his diversion, and whose operations are kindly set forth in the public press so that he can easily inform himself about them when personal observation is not convenient. Not the books in the Astor Library, not the pictures in the Metropolitan Museum, nor Cleopatra, her needle in the Park, are more distinctly ours to use and to profit by than these Brown Robinsons and Rogers Smiths. When their splendor has its setbacks it is for us spectators to draw moral lessons therefrom for our use. When young Thompson Smith elopes with a ballet-dancer we can wag our heads as we read about it and be thankful that our sons are not exposed to the demoralizing influences of large means; and the same when Benita Brown Robinson marries some scarecrow prince, or Lawrence Perry the Younger's difficulties with the governors of the Union Club are advertised to the world. Be sure the recording angel takes regular note of the advantage it is to us to have these rich always with us, and that we shall be held to strict accountability for all the profit we ought to have received from our newspaper familiarity with their ingoings and outcomings, and all their vicissitudes of experience.

ADMITTING all the moral degradation of the lively Gaul, let us for one brief moment try to keep our excelling virtue from the question: Why is it that our educated people read novels still of style so bad, of texture so light, of meaning so vacant that no Palais-Royal book-stall would venture to imprint them? Or, rather, why are they of France such artists, and yet such wicked

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ones? Why do they still care for excellence in art, if in nothing else? Incomparable in "the calm pursuits of peace," they throw together a few thousand oils, a few hundred aquarelles, a few million bits of fused sand or baked clay, and all their mighty neighbors flock to Paris and step gingerly, admiring, through the show-shelves of this beaten people. Such artists are they! so delicately, so consummately do they work, each in his quiet little shop, or field, or study! And all the time one has the consciousness of Germany, like some healthy, burly boy, beating noisily for mischief on the outer gates.

Yet three things more impressed one than the Exposition, there, abroad, last summer. In one corner of the Place of Peace stands a statue, the typical figure of Strasburg, of Alsace-Lorraine—one of the nine or ten figures that personify the old provinces of France. I do not mean such cowardly abstractions of convenient government as Indre-et-Loire, Seine Inférieure, Oise-et-Cher, and the like, but Gascony, Burgundy, Brittany, Touraine—entities, persons, that were flesh and blood, and faith, and wine, and fire; things that had a being, and a spirit-of-body, as we say, when France seemed like to have some further history; and hence grew inconvenient, as a heroine in a *mariage de convenance*. The other statues stand naked; but Alsace-Lorraine is buried in a pyre of wreaths and flowers—funeral flowers, immortelles; with faded roses, lilies, violets, now a brownish dust, the sentimental offerings of nigh twenty years of Frenchmen. And, over all, a canvas legend—written on the gates of Strasburg—

QUI VIVE? . . . . . LA FRANCE!
1871 . . . . . 18—

Hardly a Frenchman in all Paris thought that an overweening phrase, when put there first; and now scarce ten years remain; and yet, not yet, has once the German sentinel at Strasburg, roused at night, called, *Who goes there?* to the Western fields, and heard the answer, France.

And then, one day last August, all the master-singers of the French nation were called together in the Trocadéro to sing the "Marseillaise." Four thousand of them sang it through, and they sang it well and sweetly; and the audience was orderly, and applauded with discrimination. And their harmonies seemed to me to give a gentle answer to that unanswered question of the Alsace statue. For whereas, in the hundred years last past you could not get three Frenchmen in a cellar, and let them sing the "Marseillaise," under their breaths for fear of the law and the Imperial guards, with safety to the roof—but here, with those four thousand Frenchmen singing, the criticism was of lack of force; *aux armes!* was sung like *aux amours*.

The *décadence*, it is, they tell us there in Paris; and they have a school of writers who affect the name. Perhaps it is so; and with the arts come the vices. Yet surely there may be, as there has been, a greater literature—Elizabethan, Greek—that breathes of the sea and the free field, that springs from commerce, not the factory, that beseems a rising people and a doing world, and yet is built for men and women, not commercial travellers and girls. And then you went to that Rhine no longer French, and there, on the first backward bend of the river, you find the answer again; the huge figure of Germania, planted on the Niederwald, her back to Germany, guarded by the Hohenzollern eagles, and facing to the French frontier. Barbarian it may be; like some nightmare of the dark ages it may seem to enlightened Paris; but it stands there, in the German forest, counter to that recumbent Alsace-Lorraine at the streets' corner, to remind a dainty age that strength, after all, must underlie craft, and that hearts do more of this world's work than heads, to-day.

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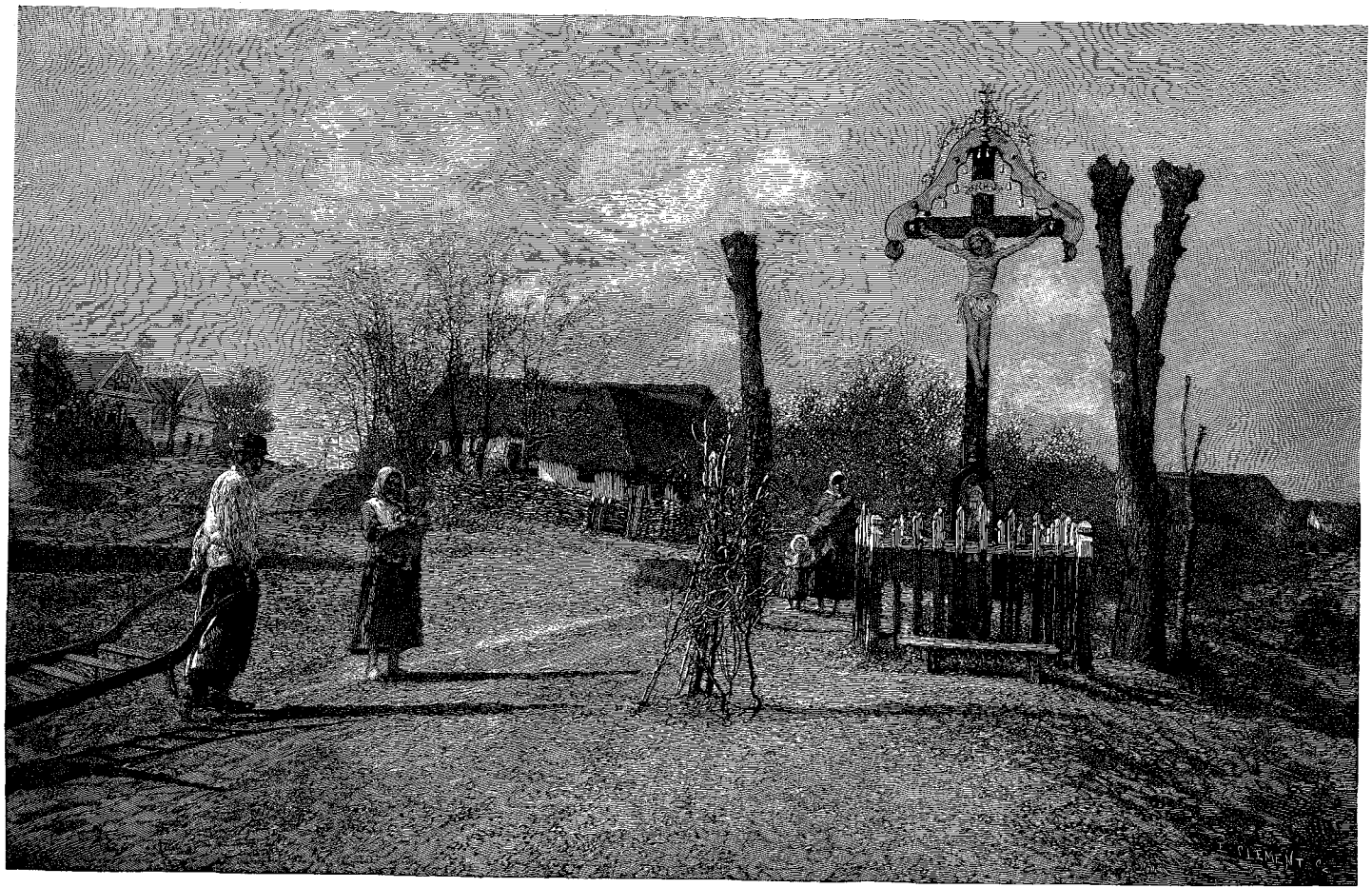

IN A HUNGARIAN VILLAGE.

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